THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Christmas in History

The Birth of Christ—Drawing by C. L. Hinton

GARM - A Hostage

By Rudyard Kipling

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I DROVE one night to a military cantonment called Mian Mir to see amateur theatricals. At the back of the Infantry barracks a soldier, his cap over one eye, rushed in front of the horses and shouted that he was a dangerous highway robber. As a matter of fact, he was a friend of mine, so I told him to go home before anyone caught him; but he fell under the pole, and it was then that I heard voices of a military guard in search of someone.

The driver and I threw him into the carriage—he was a little man—drove home swiftly, undressed him and put him to bed, where he waked next morning with a sore headache, very much ashamed. Now that man bore two good-conduct stripes on his sleeve, and I did not wish him to lose them. When his uniform was cleaned and dried, and he had been shaved and washed and made neat, I drove him back to barracks with his arm in a fine white sling, and reported that I had accidentally run over him. I did not tell this story to my friend's sergeant, who was a hostile and unbelieving person, but to his Lieutenant, who did not know me quite so well.

Three days later, my friend came to call, and at his heels slobbered and fawned one of the finest bull-terriers—the old-fashioned breed, two parts bull and one terrier—that I had ever set eyes on. He was pure white, with a fawn-colored saddle just behind his neck, and a fawn diamond at the root of his thin, whippy tail. I had admired him distantly for more than a year; and Vixen, my own fox-terrier, knew him, too.

"'E's for you," said my friend; but he did not look as though he liked parting with him.

"Nonsense! That dog's worth more than most men, Stanley," I said.

"'E's that an' more. 'Tention!"

The dog rose on his hind legs and stood upright for a full minute.

"Eyes right!"

He sat on his haunches and turned his head sharp to the right. At a sign he rose and barked thrice. Then he shook hands with his right paw and bounded lightly to my shoulder. Here he made a necktie, limp and lifeless, hanging down on either side of my neck. I was told to pick him up and throw him in the air. He fell with a howl, and held up one leg.

"Part o' the trick," said his owner. "You're goin' to die now. Dig yourself your little grave, an' shut your little eye."

Still limping, the dog hobbled to the garden-edge, dug himself a hole and lay down in it. When told that he was cured he jumped out, wagging his tail and whining for applause.

He was put through half-a-dozen other tricks, such as showing how he would hold a man safe (I was that man, and he sat down before me, his teeth bared, ready to spring), and how he would stop eating at the word of command. I had no more than finished praising him when my friend made some sort of gesture that stopped the dog as though he had been shot, took a piece of blue, ruled canteen-paper from his helmet, handed it to me and ran away, while the dog looked after him and howled:

> *Sir*,—I give you the dog because of what you got me out of. He is the best I know, for I made him myself, and he is just as good as a man. Please do not give him too much to eat, and please do not give him back to me, for I am not going to take him, and I am not going to be the fool any more if you will keep him. So please do not try to give him back any more. I have kept his name back, so you can call him anything and he will answer, but please do not give him back. He can kill a man as easy as anything, but please do not give him too much. He knows more than a man.

Vixen sympathetically joined her shrill little yap to the bull-terrier's despairing cry, and I was annoyed, for I knew that a man who cares for dogs is one thing, but a man who loves one dog is quite another. Dogs are at the best no more than verminous persons, self-scratchers, foul-feeders, and unclean by the law of Moses and Mohammed; but a dog with whom one lives alone for at least six months in the year; a free thing, tied to you so strictly by love that without you he will not stir; a patient, temperate, humorous wise soul, who knows your moods before you know them yourself, is not a dog under any ruling.

I had Vixen, who was all my dog to me; and I felt what my friend must have felt at tearing out his heart in this style and leaving it in my garden. However, the dog understood clearly enough that I was his master, and did not follow the soldier. As soon as he drew breath I made much of him, and Vixen, yelling with jealousy, flew at him. Had she been of his own sex, he might have cheered himself with a fight, but he only looked worriedly when she hit his broad iron sides, laid his heavy head on my knee, and howled anew. I was dining at the Club that night, but as darkness drew in, and the dog snuffed through the empty house like a child trying to recover from a fit of sobbing, I felt that I could not leave him to suffer his first evening alone; and so we fed at home, Vixen on one side and the stranger-dog on the other.

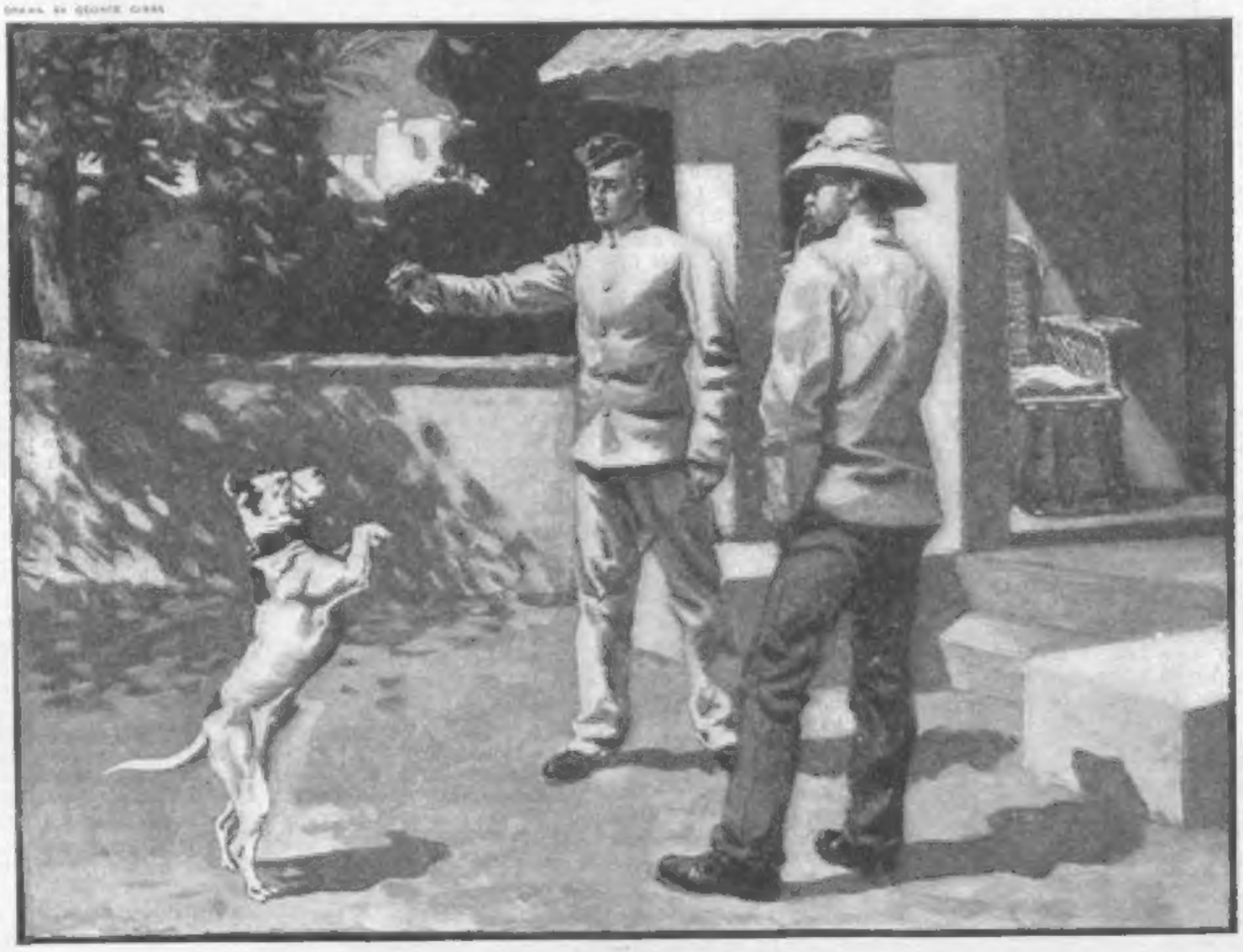
It was Vixen's custom, till the weather grew hot, to sleep in my bed, her head on the pillow like a Christian, and when morning came I would always find that the little thing had pushed me to the very edge of the cot. This night she hurried to bed, every hair on end, one eye on the stranger who had dropped on a mat in a helpless hopeless sort of way, all four feet spread out, sighing heavily. Vixen settled her head on the pillow several times, to show her little airs and graces, and struck up her comfortable whiney singsong before slumber. The dog softly edged toward me. I put out my hand and he licked it. Instantly my wrist was between Vixen's teeth, and her warning *aaarh!* said as plainly as speech that if I took any notice of the stranger she would bite.

I caught her behind her fat neck with my left hand, shook her severely, and said: "Vixen, if you do that again you'll be put into the verandah. Now, remember!"

She understood, but the minute I released her she mouthed my wrist once more and waited with her ears back and all her body flattened, ready to bite. The big dog's tail thumped the floor in a humble and peacemaking way.

I grabbed Vixen a second time, lifted her out of

"'TENTION!"



bed like a rabbit (she hated that and yelled), and, as I had promised, set her out in the verandah with the bats and the moonlight. At this, she howled. Then she used coarse language—not to me, but to the bull-terrier—till she coughed with exhaustion. Then she ran round the house, trying every door. Then she went off to the stables and barked as though someone were stealing the horses—that was an old trick of hers. Last she returned, and her snuffling yelp said: "I'll be good! Let me in and I'll be good!"

She was admitted and flew to her pillow. When she was quieted I whispered: "You can lie at the foot of the bed."

The bull jumped up at once, and though I felt Vixen quiver with rage, she knew better than to protest. So we slept till the morning, and they had early breakfast with me, bite for bite, till the horse came round and we went for a ride. I don't think the bull had ever followed a horse before. He was wild with excitement; and Vixen, as usual, squealed, and scuttered, and scooted, and took charge of the procession.

There was one corner of a village called Mozang which we generally passed with caution, because all the yellow pariah-dogs of the place gathered about it. They are half-wild starving beasts, and though they are utter cowards, yet when nine or ten of them get together they will mob and kill and eat an English dog. I kept a whip, with a long lash, for them. That morning they attacked Vixen, who, perhaps of purpose, had moved from my horse's shadow. The bull was ploughing along in the dust, a hundred yards behind, rolling in his run and smiling as a bull-terrier will. I heard Vixen squeal; half-a-dozen of the curs closed in on her; a white streak came up behind me; a cloud of dust broke near Vixen, and when it cleared I saw one tall pariah with his back broken, and the bull wrenching another to the earth. Vixen retreated to the protection of my whip, and the bull paddled back covered with the blood of his enemies. That decided me to call him "Garm of the Bloody Breast," who was a great person in his time—or "Garm" for short; so leaning forward I informed him what his name would be. He looked up while I repeated it, and then raced away. I shouted "Garm!" He stopped, raced back, and came up to ask my will.

Then I saw that my friend was right; and that the dog was worth more than a man. I gave an order which Vixen knew and hated: "Go home and be washed!" Garm understood the first part of it, and Vixen the second, the two trotted off together soberly. When I came in Vixen had been washed and was very proud of herself, but the dog-boy would not touch Garm; he was afraid. I stood by while he was scrubbed, and Garm looked at me to make sure that the soap and the sluicing was what I expected him to endure. "Another time," I said to the dog-boy, "you will wash him with Vixen when I send them home."

"Does *he* know?" said the dog-boy, who understood the ways of dogs.

"Garm," I said, "you will be washed with Vixen another time."

The great, honest eyes were full on me, and I knew that Garm understood. Indeed, next washing-day when Vixen, as usual, fled under my bed, Garm stared at the doubtful dog-boy, stalked to the place where he had been washed last time, and stood rigid in the tub.

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But the long days in my office tried him sorely. We three would drive off in the morning at half-past eight, and come away at six or later. Vixen, knowing the routine of it, went to sleep under my table; but the confinement ate into Garm's soul. He generally sat on the verandah looking out on the Mall, and I well knew what he expected. Sometimes a company of soldiers would move along on their way to the Fort, and Garm rolled forth to see them; or an officer in uniform entered into the office, and it was pitiful to see poor Garm's welcome to the cloth—not the man. He would leap at him, and sniff and bark joyously, then run to the door and back again. One afternoon I heard him bay with a full throat—a thing I had never heard before—and he disappeared. When I drove into my garden at the end of the day, a soldier in white uniform scrambled over the wall at the far end, and the Garm that met me was a joyous dog. This happened twice or thrice a week for a month. I pretended not to notice, but Garm knew and Vixen knew. He would glide home from the office about four o'clock, as though he were only going to look at the scenery, and this he did so quietly that but for Vixen I should not have noticed him. The jealous little dog under the table would give a sniff and a snort—just loud enough to call my attention to the flight. Garm might go out forty times in the day and Vixen would never stir, but when he slunk off to see his master in my garden, she told me in her own tongue. That was the one sign she made to prove that Garm did not altogether belong to the family. They were the best of friends at all times, *but*—I was never to forget Garm did not love me as she loved me.

I never expected it. The dog was not my dog—could never be my dog—and I knew he was as miserable as his master, who tramped eight miles a day to see him. So it seemed to me that the sooner the two were re-united the better for all. One afternoon I sent Vixen home alone in the dog-cart (Garm had gone before), and rode over to cantonments to find another friend of mine, who was an Irish soldier and a great friend of the dog's master.

I explained the whole case; and wound up with:

"And now Stanley's in my garden crying over his dog. Why doesn't he take him back? They're both unhappy."

"Unhappy! There's no sense in the little man any more, an' we've tould him so a hunder times. But 'tis his fit."

"What *is* his fit? He travels thirty miles a week to see the brute, and he pretends not to notice me when he sees me on the road; and I'm as unhappy as he is. Make him take the dog back, Terence."

"YOU'LL STAY 'ERE AN' BE'AVE AN'— AN' I'LL GO AWAY AN' TRY TO BE'AVE, AN' I DON'T KNOW 'OW TO LEAVE YOU. I DON'T KNOW——"

"'Tis his penance he's set himself. I tould him by way of a joke, nither you'd run over him so convenient that night whin he was strapped—I said if he was a Catholic he'd do penance bekaze you'd saved him his sthripes. Off he wint wid that fit in his little head *an'* a dose of fever, an' nothin' would suit but givin' you the dog as hostage. We laughed at him, but he hild on, an' he's broke in two wid it."

"Hostage for what? I don't want hostages from Stanley."

"For his good behavior, av coorse. He's keepin' straight now, so as ut's no pleasure to associate wid him."

"Has he taken the pledge?"

"If 'twas only that I need not care—nor Jock, either. Ye can take the pledge for three months on an' off. He sez he'll never see the dog again, an' *so*, mark you, he'll be straight forevermore. Ye know his fits? Well, this is wan of thim. Faith, the longer I live the less do I know what any man will do or why. How's the dog takin' it?"

"Like a man. He's the best dog in India to-day. Can't you make Stanley take him back?"

"I can do no more than I have done. I've been over the little man twice wid a belt. But ye know his fits. He's just doin' his penance. What will he do when he goes to the Hills? The doctor's put him on the list."

It is the custom in India to send a certain number of invalids from each regiment up to stations in the Himalayas for the hot weather; and though the men ought to enjoy the cool and the comfort, they miss the society of the barracks down below, and do their best to come back or to avoid going. I felt that this move would bring matters to a head, so I left Terence hopefully, though he called after me:—

"He won't take the dog, sorr. Lay your month's pay on that. Ye know his fits."

I never pretended to understand Private Stanley Ortheris; and so I did the next best thing—I left him alone.

That summer, the invalids of the regiment to which my friend belonged were ordered off to the Hills early, because the doctors thought marching in the cool of the day would do them good. Their route lay south to a place called Umballa, a hundred and twenty miles or more. Then they would turn east and march up into the Hills to Kasauli, or Dugshai, or Subathoo. I dined with the officers the night before they left Subathoo. I dined with the officers the night before they left—they were marching at five in the morning. It was mid-night when I drove into my garden, and surprised a white figure flying over the wall.

"That man," said my butler, "has been here since nine, making talk to that dog. He is quite mad. I did not tell him to go away because he has been here many times before, and because the dog-boy told me that if I told him to go away that dog would immediately slay me. He did not wish to speak to the Protector of the Poor, and he did not ask for anything to eat or drink."

"Kadir Buksh," said I, "that was well done, for the dog would surely have killed thee, and, afterward, I believe the white soldier man, who, as thou knowest, is a friend of mine, would have slain thee a second time. But I do not think he will come any more."

Garm slept till that night, and he whimpered in his dreams. Once he sprang up with a clear, ringing bark, and I heard him wag his tail till it waked him and the bark died out in a howl. He had dreamed he was with his master again, and I nearly cried. It was all Stanley's fault.

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The first halt which the detachment of invalids made was some six miles from their barracks, on the Amritsar Road, and ten miles distant from my house. By a mere chance one of the officers drove back for another good dinner at the Club (cooking on the line of march is always bad) and there I met him. He was a particular friend of mine, and I knew that he knew how to love a dog properly. His pet was a big fat retriever who was going up to the Hills for his health, and, though it was still April, the round, brown brute puffed and panted in the Club verandah as though he would burst.

"It's amazing," said the officer, "what excuses these invalids of mine make to get back to barracks. There's a man in my company now asked me for leave to go back to Mian Mir to pay a debt, he'd forgotten. Fancy Tommy paying a debt! I was so taken back by the idea I let him go and he jingled off in an *ekka* as pleased as Punch. Ten miles to pay a debt! Wonder what it was, really?"

"If you'll drive me home I think I can show you," I said.

So we went over in his dog-cart with the retriever; and on the way I told him the story of Garm.

"I was wondering where that brute had gone to. He's the best dog in the regiment," said my friend. "I offered the little fellow twenty rupees for him a month ago. But he's a hostage, you say, for Stanley's good conduct. Stanley's one of the best men I have."

"That's the reason why," I said. "A second-rate man wouldn't have taken things to heart as he has done."

We drove in quietly at the far end of the garden, and crept round the house. There was a place close to the wall all grown about with tamarisk trees where I knew Garm kept his bones. Even Vixen was not allowed to sit near it. In the full Indian moonlight I could see a white uniform bending over the dog.

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"Good-by, old man," we could not help hearing Stanley's voice. "For 'Eving's sake, don't get bit and go mad by any measly pi-dog. But you can look after yourself, old man. *You* don't get your stripes an' get drunk an' run about 'ittin' your friends. You takes your bones an' you eats your biscuit, an' you kills your enemy like a gentleman. I'm goin' away—don't 'owl—I'm goin' off to Kasauli, where I won't see you no more."

I could hear him holding Garm's nose as the dog threw it up to the stars.

"You'll stay 'ere an' be'ave an'—an' I'll go away an' try to be'ave, an' I don't know 'ow to leave you. I don't know——"

"I don't care for this," said the officer, patting his foolish, fubsy old retriever. He called to the private, who leaped to his feet, marched forward, and saluted.

"You here?" said the officer, turning away his head.

"Yes, sir. I'm just goin' back."

"I shall be leaving here at eleven in my cart. You will come with me. I can't have sick men running about all over the place. Report yourself at eleven *here*."

We did not say much when we went indoors, but the officer muttered and pulled his retriever's ears. He was a disgraceful, over-fed doormat of a dog; and when he waddled off to my cook-house I had a brilliant idea.

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At eleven o'clock that dog was nowhere to be found, and you never heard such a fuss as his owner made. He called and shouted, and grew angry, and hunted through my garden for half an hour.

Then I said: "He's sure to turn up in the morning. Send a man in by rail, and I'll find the beast and return him."

"Beast?" said the officer. "I value that dog considerably more than I value any man I know. It's all very fine for you to talk—your dog's here."

So she was—under my feet—and, had she been missing, food and wages would have stopped in my house till her return. But some people grow fond of dogs not worth a cut of the whip. He had to drive away, at last, with Stanley in the back seat; and the dog-boy said to me:

"What kind of animal is Bullen Sahib's dog? Look at him!"

I went to the boy's hut and the fat old reprobate was lying on a mat, carefully chained up. He must have heard his master calling for twenty minutes, but had not attempted to join him.

"He has no face," said the dog-boy scornfully. "He is a *punnia-kooter* (a spaniel). He never tried to get that dish-clout off his mouth when his master called. Now Vixen-baba would have jumped through the window, and that other dog

would have slain me with his feet. It is true that there are many kinds of dogs."

Next evening who should turn up but Stanley. He had been sent back fourteen miles by rail, with a note begging me to return the retriever if I had found him, and, if I had not, to offer huge rewards. The last train to camp left at half-past ten, and Stanley stayed till ten talking to Garm. I argued and intreated, and even threatened to shoot the bull-terrier, but the little man was as firm as a rock, though I gave him a good dinner and talked to him most severely. Garm knew as well as I that this was the last time he could hope to see his man, and followed Stanley like a shadow. The retriever said nothing, but licked his lips after his meal and waddled off without so much as saying "thank-you" to the disgusted dog-boy.

So that last meeting was over, and I felt as wretched as Garm, who moaned in his sleep all night. When we went to the office he found a place under the table close to Vixen, and dropped flat till it was time to go home. There was no more running out into the verandahs; no slinking away for stolen talks with Stanley. As the weather grew warmer the dogs were forbidden to run beside the cart, but sat at my side, Vixen with her head under the crook of my left elbow, and Garm hugging the left handrail.

Here Vixen was ever in great form. She had to attend to all the moving traffic, such as bullock-carts that blocked the way, and camels and led ponies; as well as to keep up her dignity when she passed low friends running in the dust. She never yapped for yapping's sake, but her shrill, high bark was known all along the Mall, and other men's terriers ki-yied in reply and bullock-drivers looked over their shoulders and gave us the road, with a grin. But Garm cared for none of these things. His big eyes were on the horizon and his terrible mouth was shut. There was another dog in the office who belonged to my chief. We called him "Bob the Librarian," because he always imagined vain rats behind the bookshelves, and in hunting for them would drag out half the old newspaper-files. Bob was a well-meaning idiot, but Garm did not encourage him. He would slide his head round the door, panting, "Rats! Come along Garm!" and Garm would shift one fore-paw over the other and curl himself round, leaving Bob to whine at a most uninterested back. The office was nearly as cheerful as a tomb in those days.

Once, and only once, did I see Garm at all interested in his surroundings. He had gone for an unauthorized walk with Vixen early one Sunday morning, and a very young and foolish artilleryman (his battery was just moved to that part of the world) tried to steal them both. Vixen, of course, knew better than to take food from soldiers, and, besides, she had just finished her breakfast. So she trotted back with a large piece of the mutton that they issue to our troops, laid it down on my verandah, and looked up to see what I thought. I asked her where Garm was, and she ran in front of the horse to show me the way.

About a mile up the road we came across our artilleryman sitting very stiffly on the edge of a culvert with a greasy handkerchief on his knees. Garm was in front of him looking rather pleased. When the man moved leg or hand Garm bared his teeth in silence. A broken string hung from his collar, and the other half of it lay, all warm, in the artilleryman's still hand. He explained to me, keeping his eyes straight in front of him, that he had met this dog (he called him awful names) walking alone, and was going to take him to the Fort to be killed for a masterless pariah.

I said that Garm did not seem to me much of a pariah-dog, but that he had better take him to the Fort if he thought best. He said he did not care to do so. I told him to go to the Fort alone. He said he did not want to go at that hour, but would follow my advice as soon as I had called off the dog. I instructed Garm to take him to the Fort, and Garm marched him solemnly up to the gate, one mile and a half under a hot sun, and I told the Quarter-guard what had happened; but the young artilleryman was more angry than was at all necessary when they began to laugh. Several regiments had tried to steal Garm in their time.

That month the hot weather shut down in earnest and the dogs slept in the bathroom on the cool, wet bricks where the bath is placed. Every morning as soon as the man filled the bath the two jumped in, and every morning the man filled the bath a second time. I said to him that he might as well fill a small tub specially for the dogs. "Nay," said he, smiling. "It is not their custom. They would not understand. Remember, it is always thus in the hot weather."

The punkah-coolies who pull the punkahs day and night came to know Garm intimately. He noticed that when the swaying fan stopped I would call out to the coolie and bid him pull with a long stroke. If the man still slept I would wake him up. He discovered, too, that it was a good thing to lie in the wave of air under the punkah. Maybe Stanley had taught him all about this in barracks. At any rate, when the punkah stopped Garm would first growl and cock his eye at the rope. If that did not wake the man—and it nearly always did—he would tip-toe forth and talk in the sleeper's ear. Vixen was a clever little dog, but she could never connect the punkah and the coolie: so Garm gave me grateful hours of cool sleep. But he was utterly wretched—as miserable as a human being; and in his misery he clung so closely to me that other men noticed it and were envious. If I moved from one room to another Garm followed; if my pen stopped scratching, Garm's head was thrust into my hand; if I turned, half awake, on the pillow Garm was up and at my side, for he knew that I was his only link to his master, and day and night, and night and day, his eyes asked one question—"When is this going to end?"

Living with the dog as I did, I never noticed that he was more than ordinarily upset by the hot weather, till one day at the Club a man said: "That dog of yours will die in a week or two. He's a shadow." Then I dosed Garm with iron and quinine, which he hated: and I felt very anxious. He lost his appetite, and Vixen was allowed to eat his dinner under his eyes. Even that did not make him swallow, and we held a consultation on him, of the best man-doctor in the place; a lady-doctor who cured sick wives of Kings, and the Deputy Inspector-General of the Veterinary Service of all India. They pronounced upon his symptoms, and I told them his story, and Garm lay on a sofa licking my hand.

"He's dying of a broken heart," said the lady-doctor.

"'Pon my word," said the Deputy Inspector-General, "I believe Mrs. Macrae is perfectly right."

The best doctor in the place wrote a prescription, and the Veterinary Deputy Inspector-General went over it afterwards to be sure that the drugs were in the proper dog-proportions; and that was the first time in his life that our doctor ever allowed his prescriptions to be tampered with. It was a strong tonic, and it put the dear boy on his feet for a week or two; then he lost flesh again. I asked a man I knew to take him up to the Hills with him when he went, and the man came to the door with his kit packed on the top of the carriage. Garm took in the situation at a glance. The hair rose along his back; he sat down in front of me and delivered the most awful growl I have ever heard in the jaws of a dog. I shouted to my friend to get away at once, and, as soon as the carriage was out of the garden, Garm laid his head on my knee and whined. So I knew his answer, and devoted myself to getting Stanley's address in the Hills.

My turn to go to the cool came late in August. We were allowed thirty days' holiday in a year if no one fell sick, and we took it as we could be spared. My chief and Bob the Librarian had their holiday first, and when they were gone I made a calendar, as I always did, and hung it up at the head of my cot, tearing off one day at a time till they returned. Vixen had gone up to the Hills with me five times before; and she appreciated the cold and the damp and the beautiful wood fires there as much as I did.

DRAWN BY GEORGE SIMS

HE FLEW THROUGH THE AIR BODILY

"Garm," I said, "we are going back to Stanley at Kasauli. Kasauli—Stanley; Stanley—Kasauli." And I repeated it twenty times. It was not Kasauli, really, but another place. Still, I remembered what Stanley had said in my garden on the last night, and I dared not change the name. Then he began to tremble; then he barked; and then he leaped up at me, frisking and wagging his tail.

"Not now," I said, holding up my hand. "When I say 'Go,' we'll go, Garm." I pulled out the little blanket-coat and spiked collar that Vixen always wore in the Hills to protect her against sudden chills and thieving leopards, and I let the two smell them and talk it over. What they said of course I do not know, but it made a new dog of Garm. His eyes were bright; and he barked joyfully when I spoke to him. He ate his food and he killed his rats for the next three weeks, and when he began to whine I had only to say "Stanley—Kasauli; Kasauli—Stanley," to wake him up. I wish I had thought of it before.

My chief came back, all brown with living in the open air, and very angry at finding it so hot in the plains. That same afternoon, we three and Kadir Buksh began to pack for our month's holiday, Vixen rolling in and out of the bullock-trunk twenty times a minute, and Garm grinning all over and thumping on the floor with his tail. Vixen knew the routine of traveling as well as she knew my office-work. She went to the station, singing songs, on the front seat of the carriage, while Garm sat with me. She hurried into the railway carriage, saw Kadir Buksh make up my bed for the night, got her drink of water, and curled up with her black-patch eye on the tumult of the platform. Garm followed her (the crowd gave him a lane all to himself) and sat down on the pillows with his eyes blazing and his tail a haze behind.

We came to Umballa in the hot misty dawn, four or five men who had been working hard for eleven months, shouting for our dâks—the two-horse traveling-carriages that were to take us up to Kalka at the foot of Hills. It was all new to Garm. He did not understand carriages where you lay at full length on your bedding, but Vixen knew and hopped into her place at once; Garm following. The Kalka Road is about forty-seven miles long and the horses are changed every eight miles. Most of them jib and kick and plunge, but go they must, and they went rather better than usual for Garm's deep bay in their rear.

There was a river to be forded, and four bullocks pulled the carriage and Vixen stuck her head out of the sliding-door and nearly fell into the water while she gave directions. Garm was silent and curious, and needed reassuring about Stanley and Kasauli. So we rolled, barking and yelping, into Kalka for lunch, and Garm ate enough for two. After Kalka the road winds among the hills, and you must take a curricle with two half-broken ponies, which are changed every six miles. Simla is seven thousand feet up in the Hills, and the road is more than fifty miles long, and the regulation pace is just as fast as the ponies can go. Here again, Vixen led Garm from one carriage to the other; jumped into the back seat, and shouted. A cool breath from the snows met us about five miles out of Kalka, and she whined for her coat, wisely fearing a chill on her liver. I had had one made for Garm, too; and, as we climbed and climbed to the fresh breezes, I put it on, and Garm chewed it uncomprehendingly.

"Hi-yi-yi-yi!" sang Vixen, as we shot round the curves; Toot-toot-toot! went the driver's bugle at the dangerous places, and "Yow! Yow! Yow!" bayed Garm. Kadir Buksh sat on the front seat and smiled. Even he was glad to get away from the heat of the plains that stewed and simmered in the haze behind us. Now and then we would meet a man we knew flying down to his work again, and he would say: "What's it like below?" and I would shout: "Hotter than cinders. What's it like up above?" and he would shout back: "Just perfect!" and away we would go.

Suddenly Kadir Buksh said, over his shoulder: "Here is Solon;" and Garm snored where he lay with his head on my knee. Solon is an unpleasant little cantonment, but it has the advantage of being cool and healthy. It is all bare and windy, and one generally stops at a rest-house near by for something to eat. I got out and took both dogs with me while Kadir Buksh made tea. A soldier told us we should find Stanley "out there" nodding his head toward a bare, bleak hill.

When we climbed to the top we spied Stanley, who had given me all this trouble, sitting on a rock with his face in his hands and his overcoat hanging loose about him. I never saw anything so lonely and dejected in my life—this one little man crumpled up and thinking, on the great gray hillside. Here Garm left me.

He departed without a word, and, so far as I could see, without moving his legs. He flew through the air bodily, and I heard the whack of him as he flung himself at Stanley, knocking the little man over. They rolled on the ground together, shouting and yelping and hugging. I could not see which was dog and which was man till Stanley got up and whimpered.

He told me that he had been suffering from fever at intervals, and was very weak. He looked all he said, but even while I watched both dog and man plumped out to their natural sizes, precisely as dried apples swell in water. Garm was on his shoulder and his breast and his feet all at the same time, so that Stanley spoke through a haze of Garm—gulping, sobbing, slavering Garm. He did not say anything that I could understand—except that he had fancied he was going to die, but that now he was quite well, and

that he was not going to give up Garm any more to anybody under the rank of Beelzebub.

Then he said he felt hungry, and thirsty, and happy.

We went down to tea at the rest-house, where Stanley stuffed himself with sardines, and raspberry jam, and beer, and cold mutton and pickles, when Garm wasn't climbing over him; and then Vixen and I went on.

Garm saw how it was at once.

He said good-by to me three times, licking my face from the chin to the hair, and giving me both paws one after another, and leaping on to my shoulder. He further escorted us, singing Hosannas at the top of his voice, two miles down the road. Then he raced back to his own little master.

Vixen never opened her mouth, but as the cold twilight came, and we could see the lights of Simla far away across the hills, she snuffled with her nose in the breast of my ulster till I unbuttoned it, and tucked her within. Then she licked my chin, gave a contented little sniff, and fell fast asleep, with her head on my breast, till we bundled out at Simla, two of the four happiest people in all the world that night.

DONE FOR

By BARRY PAIN

I SHOULD not like Henrietta to know that I had used the expression, and I do not dream of trying to get out of the engagement now, but I cannot help feeling that I have made a mistake. Only last month I was as free as air and pining for the sweet thraldom that comes of an engagement to a sympathetic and attractive girl. And now that I have got what I wanted (except that Henrietta is not a girl precisely, and goes in more for the beauty of the mind than the other sort) I cannot hide from myself that I have not that intoxicating sense of happiness which is usual on such occasions. At the office some of them have gone so far as to say that I look like a second-hand funeral on a dull day. However, that particular intoxicating sensation may turn up as the engagement progresses; I try to hope for the best. Anyhow, whatever comes, I feel that I would sooner face it than do anything that might upset Henrietta at all.

Henrietta is, to be accurate, a widow; her name is Mrs. Henrietta K. Sturt; her age is forty-one; and there is no nonsense about her. She has a great fund of energy, belongs to several societies, and came over to this country from New York for the purpose of pioneer work. Well, she has pioneered me all right; there is no doubt about that. It was at a little private debating society of which I am a member that we first met. She had come there as a visitor, and a few remarks of mine on the subject of Lord Salisbury (of whom I have a poor opinion) awoke in her a desire for my acquaintance. I was introduced to her, and we discussed the woman's movement. I noticed even then that when she thought I was wrong she said so quite simply, without any beating about the bush. No, there is no nonsense about her. And that plain way of speaking, though it may come as a kind of shock at first, is a grand thing, and I have no doubt I shall get used to it. On the following day I took her, at her suggestion, to see some of the more exciting parts of the British Museum; we had some conversation, and she said she was disgusted with my abysmal ignorance of a great national institution; after that we had tea. I frankly confess that if any one had told me at the time that I was about to marry Henrietta I should have contradicted him flatly.

A few evenings later I attended a lecture she was delivering on behalf of one of her societies; I had taken a two-shilling ticket, as she seemed to wish it. It was a lecture on woman's duty to man, and I was the only man in the room. Consequently, when she said that all men were babies, or that all men were debauchees (she used both expressions), it seemed to come at me almost like a personal insult, especially as on each occasion all the women in the room turned around and looked at me. The theory she advanced was that the only adequate reason a woman could have for marrying a man was the desire to reform him by a strict course of discipline, supervised and adapted to his especial needs by herself. When the lecture was over, and every one was going, she beckoned to me, and of course I had no choice but to go up to her. "I shall want you," she said, "to take me back to my hotel in a cab. Go and fetch one at once, and wait in it until I come."

I was taken by surprise, or I think I should have made some excuse. As it was, I did as I had been directed. She began briskly as soon as she had entered the cab: "You heard my lecture to-night?"

I said that I had.

"Very good. Now, are you with me or against me?"

I said that I was with her, which was literally true, as we were occupying the same cab, besides being only what common courtesy demanded.

"In that case," she said, "I shall see more of you; I shall make a point of it. If you can recognize the truth when it is shown you, as you have done to-night, you may be not entirely hopeless."

That was how the thing began, and it went on very rapidly indeed. There was no getting away from it. I could see it coming. It seemed to draw me on, just as the serpent fascinates—I mean, just as the lighthouse warns the —that is, just as the star guides the mariner into harbor. I write under a considerable degree of mental excitement, and it is not always easy to hit on the exact phrase one wants.

I do not suppose that there are many men who have proposed to a woman without being aware of it; but that is what I did. I do not mean I was intoxicated at the time, but that I did not intend to use the words in the sense in which they were taken. To the best of my recollection the expression I used was "most cordial and complete coöperation in every way." All I intended to imply was coöperation in pioneering, and work, and movements, and things of that kind; but she took it up in a different way, and it is difficult for a man to contradict a lady in a matter like that; and I am sure I hope it will be all for the best. We were on the steps of the Albert Memorial, and there were other people about at the time, and anything in the nature of a scene would have been highly distasteful to me. She would not have fainted or wept; she is not emotional in that way at all, and as a matter of fact, objects to all expressions of affection; but she would have been very angry, and when she is angry she raises her voice. What she said was: "Very well, I will undertake you; we shall be married next month, and I will do for you what I did for Sturt."

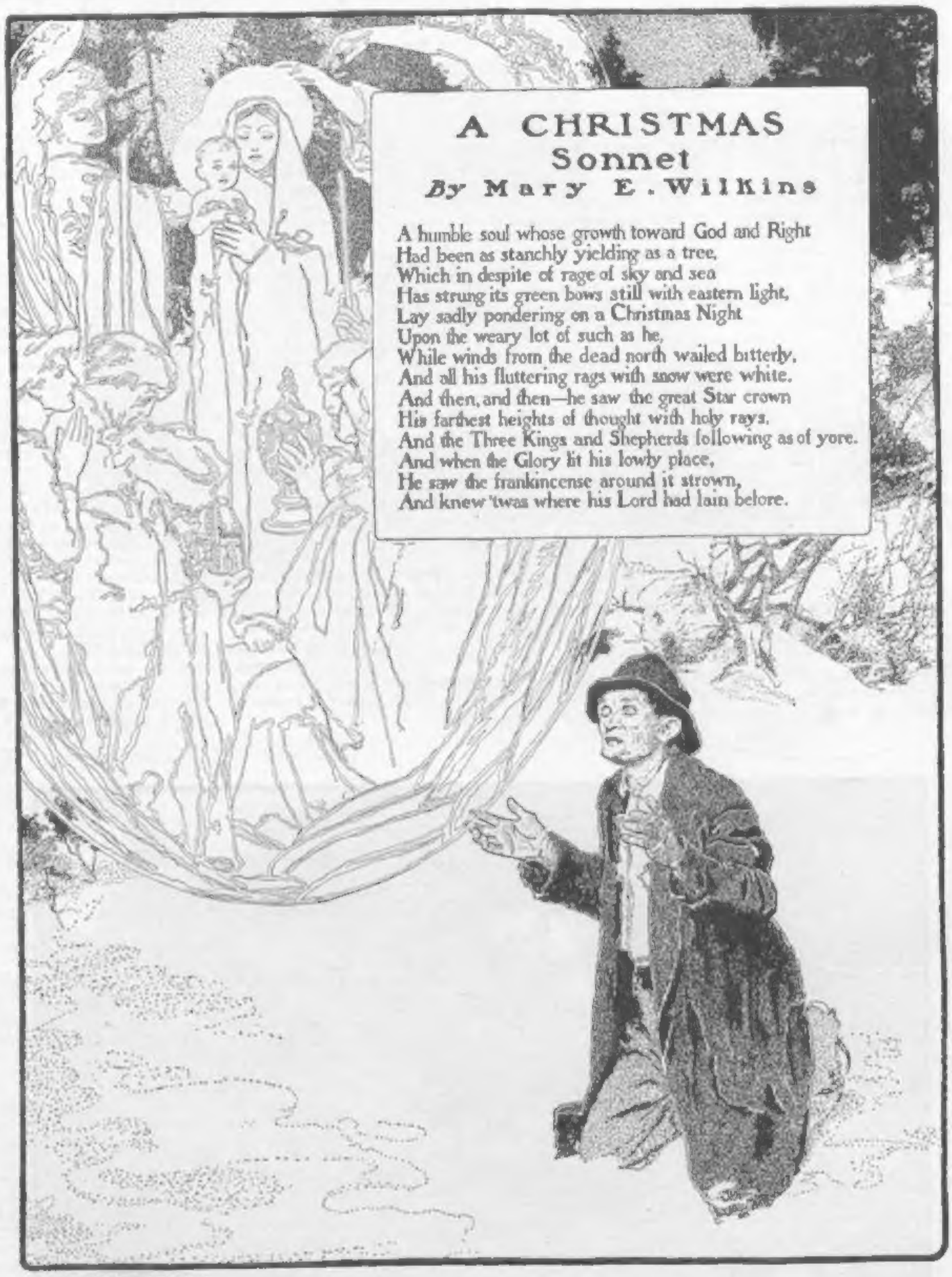
Yes, she did for Sturt.

I saw his photograph the other day. She produced it to illustrate to me what she meant by a shifty eye. He looked a broken man. I had a kind of feeling that I wanted to shake hands with him.

But do not for one moment think that I am complaining. It happened rather sooner than I had expected; but if it had not been then and on the steps of the Albert Memorial, it would have been somewhere else and at some other time. It had to be. When Henrietta sees her duty, and recognizes it as such, nothing that mortal man can do can keep her from it. I feel that I have not said enough of Henrietta's good points. She speaks two languages, and has a very good forehead. When one gets used to her manner of speaking, and when she is not crossed or put out in any way, she can be a very improving companion; and I have never cared for frivolity myself. Certainly I have no wish to complain, or to do anything that might be annoying to Henrietta. I should congratulate myself.

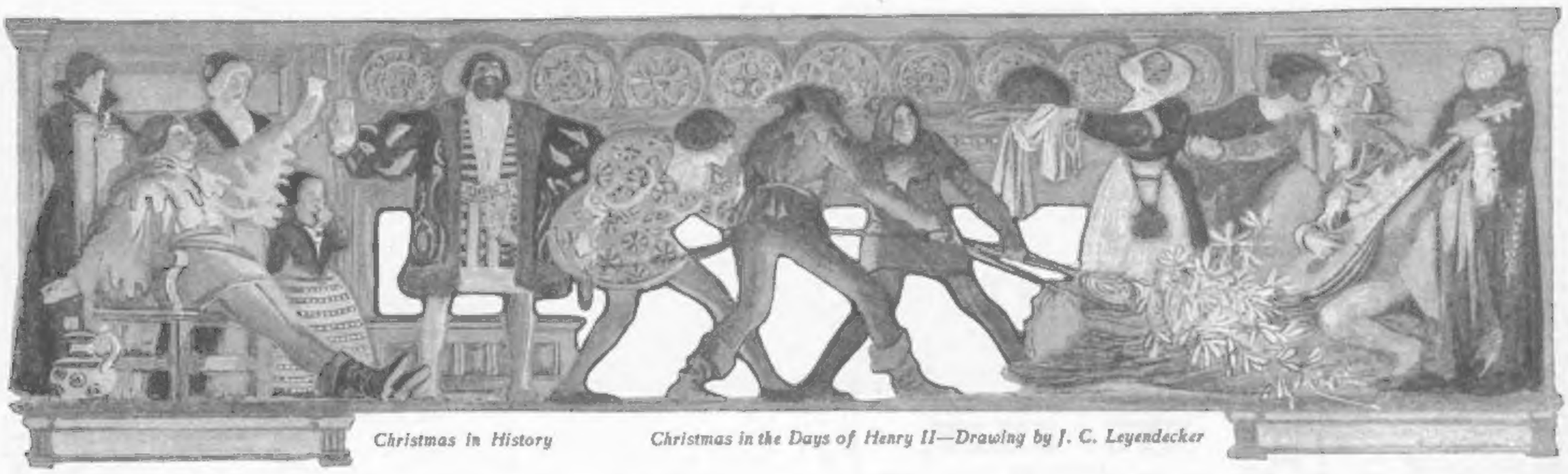
I sit meditating upon what the future may have in store for me, and smoking my after-dinner Havana. In a few days now there will be no more cigars. Henrietta objects to them as one of those forms of (what she calls) bestial self-indulgence, which it will be her duty and at the same time her pleasure to teach me to combat. It will be almost like being at school again. She has similar objections to the use of stimulants. Personally, I have found that taken in moderation during the day they aid digestion. She says that a carefully regulated diet and plenty of really hard work will remove the need for anything of the kind. Occasionally, after marriage, by using a little innocent deception, so as to avoid annoying Henrietta, I may find an opportunity; but it will only be occasionally. Poor Sturt! But he certainly had a shifty eye.

That being the case, and so few evenings of freedom being left me, it might be advisable to take just one more glass, and perhaps another cigar. Well, yes; I think so.


A CHRISTMAS
Sonnet
By Mary E. Wilkins
A humble soul whose growth toward God and Right
Had been as stanchly yielding as a tree,
Which in despite of rage of sky and sea
Has strung its green bows still with eastern light,
Lay sadly pondering on a Christmas Night
Upon the weary lot of such as he,
While winds from the dead north wailed bitterly,
And all his fluttering rags with snow were white.
And then, and then—he saw the great Star crown
His farthest heights of thought with holy rays.
And the Three Kings and Shepherds following as of yore.
And when the Glory lit his lowly place,
He saw the frankincense around it strown,
And knew 'twas where his Lord had lain before.

DRAWN BY ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

Editor's Note—This is the last story in the series, The Diary of a Weakling, by Barry Pain.



Christmas in History — Christmas in the Days of Henry II—Drawing by J. C. Leyendecker

Letters from Bill Nye & *With* some Anecdotes

By Major James B. Pond

I FIRST met Bill Nye when on a return trip from California. As I had been a printer, and as he was an editor, of course I felt akin to him, and formed an attachment for him that made me feel as kindly toward him as I did after we met in the Boomerang office in Laramie. The trains from East and West across the continent met at Laramie, and made a stop of one hour in that lively city.

I used my dinner hour to call on William. I asked a man to direct me to Bill Nye's office, and he replied, "Just over that livery stable," pointing across the way. I started across the street. Just over the broad doorway of the stable hung a sign painted in black letters on a plain board:

LARAMIE BOOMERANG
Walk Down the Alley
Pull the Gray Mule's Tail
Take the Elevator Immediately.

I went into the sanctum and found Nye writing at a plain table at the far side of the room, quite unconscious of my presence. From photographs and descriptions I knew him by his back, and at once exclaimed:

"Hello, Bill!"

Nye rose from his seat and replied smilingly, "Hello, Jim! I guess this is Jim Pond. How are you, Major?"

I told him people were reading and talking of him all over the country, and that I believed he could make money lecturing. He replied that he had never given the matter a thought, and was trying to earn a living with his pen and through the Laramie postmastership, to which he had just been appointed.

From that time on Bill Nye and I were close friends. When he came East to live, and purchased his Staten Island home, our wives and children became friends also, and we knew and loved one another, and that love never lost any of its ardor.

I did not see Nye again until about 1886. I was looking out of my office window in the Everett House in New York, and noticed a tall, straight, slim, fair-haired man, in a slouch hat, whose countenance wore an expression of inquiry, and who seemed to be trying to find the entrance to my place. We recognized "ourselves," and I beckoned to him and told him to come around to the front door and have a bell-boy show him to my rooms. I added that there was no sign, or mule's tail to twist, or elevator to take.

Bill came in and stared about at the pictures of great men and women on the walls as if he were a fresh, unsophisticated country boy—and so he was so far as experience was concerned. He told me that he had been engaged on the staff of the New York World and was going to move to New York. The hardest part was to accustom himself to the politics of The World, but he said he supposed he could become used to that as soon as he had become acclimated.

HOW NYE KEPT HIS TEMPER AT HIS FIRST LECTURE

After a delightful chat we dined together at Moretti's. Nye asked if he would be expected to learn to eat macaroni like some of our Bohemian neighbors. This was his first Italian dinner; it was all of great interest to him, all new, and he saw it from the standpoint of an inexperienced youth.

I told him that now he was coming East to live I would make some money for him in the lyceum. He seemed doubtful, but said he would try it.

His first lecture under my auspices was given in Bridgeport, Connecticut. A certain organization in that place seemed to think the name of Bill Nye would draw, and engaged to pay him $150; so Bill was fitted out with his contract and went to Bridgeport. The committee met him and were very polite.

The contract read: "In consideration for said lecture the party of the first part agrees to pay to the party of the second part (Mr. Nye) $150 in currency on the evening of the lecture, before eight o'clock."

Mr. Nye was on hand before the appointed time. A little after eight o'clock the President of the organization said:

"Mr. Nye, we are ready. Will you please follow me to the stage?"

Nothing was said about payment.

Mr. Nye said he was ready, but that he must return to New York as soon as the lecture was over, and added that he hoped he should not be detained. The President made no response, but walked on, followed by Bill. The Opera House was crowded, and the President remarked to the speaker of the evening that it was the largest house they remembered having on an opening night.

At the close of the lecture no one came to Mr. Nye to offer payment, and he was obliged to hint to the President that there was a little matter of business that had been forgotten.

"Oh, yes," returned the President, "come with me to the box-office."

"It's twenty minutes to ten," said Nye, "and I must catch the ten o'clock train."

When they reached the box-office, the Treasurer, who was counting the receipts of the evening, said:

"Mr. Nye, shall we settle with you or with Major Pond?"

"I have a copy of the contract, the same as you are holding in your hand, which reads 'Settlement to be made in currency with party of the second part before eight o'clock.'"

"Oh, how much is it?"

"One hundred and fifty dollars in currency," said Nye.

"One hundred and fifty dollars! Why, who ever heard of so much money for only an hour's talk?"

"Did you lose any money on the venture?" asked William.

"Oh, no. The house was full, but we don't think you ought to exact such an exorbitant sum for an hour's talk."

"Gentlemen, I must catch that train in ten minutes. Will you kindly settle with me?"

"You will take our check, won't you, Mr. Nye?" asked the Treasurer.

"Yes, if the contract says so. How does it read?" asked Mr. Nye, with impatience.

"It does read currency. You won't take less than $150?"

Mr. Nye said nothing; and the Treasurer counted out the money, for which Nye signed a receipt. Then he said:

"Gentlemen, I suppose you delayed this payment and decoyed me in here for the purpose of making me angry, thinking that when you gave me this money I would fling it back in your faces in a mad fit. You are mistaken. I'm a good-tempered man."

Mr. Nye, like every one human who attempts to make a whole evening of fun, found lecturing irksome. The audience would fairly bubble over with laughter until every fun-liking muscle of their faces relaxed and left one sombre, wet-blanket expression all over the assembly, and there they had to sit, and the humorist had to proceed to the end of the program without a response. It was the same with Mark Twain until he took a running mate and interspersed pathos by introducing George W. Cable, and by means of a varied program achieved the greatest success ever known in the way of a platform entertainment.

THE PARTNERSHIP WITH JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, had acquired fame as a very successful reader of his own delightful poems, and Mr. Nye thought that by combining with him they might be as successful as some of the other "fellers." So Riley was approached, and the result was a combination of humor and pathos for the season of 1888–9. Riley came to New York, and the arrangements were perfected in my office. Nye and I were to be owners of the combination, and Riley, who always declared "I'm no business man," was to receive $500 a week and his hotel and traveling expenses.

Advertising methods were next discussed. Something unique must be thought out. I suggested a short biographical sketch of each one. Mr. Riley said: "Bill, you write my autobiography, and I'll write yours." This was agreed upon and the manuscript was put into my hands the next day.

Finally, the program had to be decided upon, and in another twenty-four hours that was mapped out. After it was finished and ready to send out I had the first copy framed, with a nice mat around it. When the mat was brought in Riley asked me to let him see it. He took a pen, and in about an hour had decorated it with pen drawings worthy of an artist. It still hangs in my office.

A Letter from Bill Nye

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BILL NYE

Written by Himself
Through James Whitcomb Riley

Edgar Wilson Nye was born in Maine, in 1850, August 25, but at two years of age he took his parents by the hand, and, telling them that Piscataquis County was no place for them, he boldly struck out for St. Croix County, Wisconsin, where the hardy young pioneer soon made a home for his parents. The first year he drove the Indians out of the St. Croix Valley, and suggested to the Northwestern Railroad that it would be a good idea to build to St. Paul as soon as the company could get a grant which would pay them two or three times the cost of construction. The following year he adopted trousers, and made $175 from the sale of wolf scalps. He also cleared twenty-seven acres of land, and raised some watermelons. In 1854 he established and endowed a district school in Pleasant Valley. It was at this time that he began to turn his attention to the abolition of slavery in the South, and to write articles for the press, signed Veritas, in which he advocated the war of 1860, or as soon as the Government could get around to it.

In 1855 he graduated from the farm and began the study of the law. He did not advance very rapidly in this profession, failing several times in his examination, and giving bonds for his appearance at the next term of court. He was, however, a close student of political economy, and studied personal economy at the same time, till he found that he could easily live on ten cents a day and his relatives.

Mr. Nye then began to look about him for a new country to build up and foster, and, as Wisconsin had grown to be so thickly settled in the northwestern part of the State that neighbors were frequently found less than five miles apart, he broke loose from all restraint and took emigrant rates for Cheyenne, Wyoming. Here he engaged board at the Inter-Ocean Hotel, and began to look about him for a position in a bank. Not succeeding in this, he tried the law and journalism. He did not succeed in getting a job for some time, but finally was hired as associate editor and janitor of the Laramie Sentinel. The salary was small, but Mr. Nye's latitude great, and he was permitted to write anything that he thought would please the people, whether it was news or not.

By and by he had won every heart by his gentle, patient poverty and his delightful parsimony in regard to facts. With a hectic imagination and an order on a restaurant which advertised in the paper he scarcely cared through the live-long day whether school kept or not.

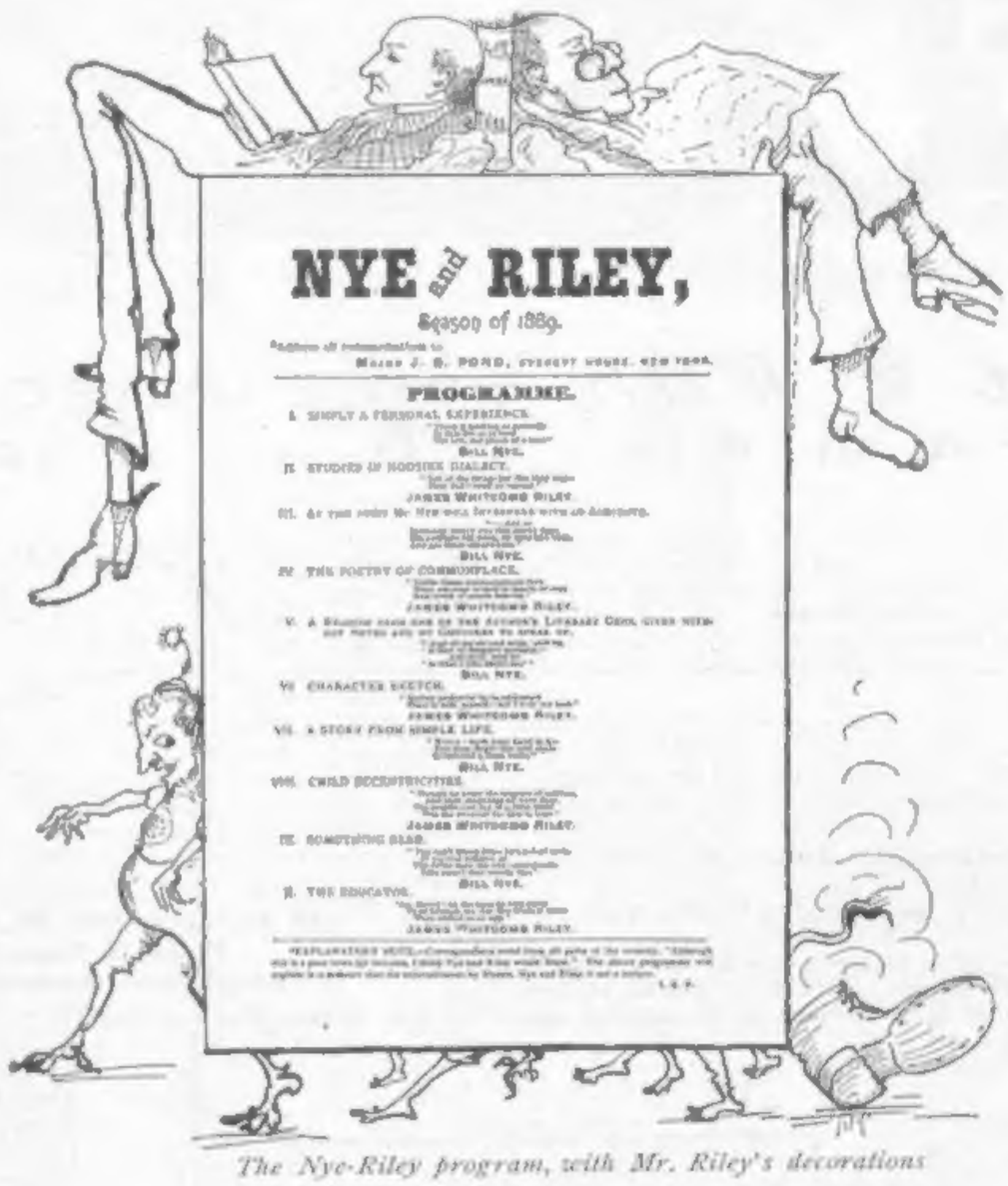
Thus he rose to Justice of the Peace, and finally to an income reported very large to everybody but the assessor.

He is the father of several very beautiful children by his first wife, who is still living. She is a Chicago girl, and loves her husband far more than he deserves. He is pleasant to the outside world, but a perfect brute in his home. He early learned that, in order to win the love of his wife, he should be erratic, and kick the stove over on the children when he came home. He therefore asserts himself in this way, and the family love and respect him, being awed by his greatness and gentle barbarism.

He eats plain food with both hands, conversing all the time pleasantly with any one who may be visiting at the house. If his children do not behave, he kicks them from beneath the table till they roar with pain, as he chats on with the guests with a bright and ever-flowing stream of *bons mots* which please and delight those who visit him to such a degree that they forget that they have had hardly anything to eat.

In conclusion, Mr. Nye is in every respect a lovely character. He feared that injustice might be done him, however, in this sketch, and so he has written it himself.

It is scarcely necessary to say that before these "autobiographies" were written the humorists exchanged life stories and personal data; and in writing the sketches they adhered to the essential facts with reasonable fidelity. The idea proved a happy thought, and there was much comment upon it at the time. Of the two biographies the one by Mr. Nye was conceded to have the keener edge.


NYE and RILEY,
Season of 1889.
PROGRAMME.
I. SIMPLY A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.
BILL NYE.
II. STUDIES IN HOOSIER DIALECT.
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.
III. As you were Mr. New-Will Introduced with an Address.
BILL NYE.
IV. THE POETRY OF COMMONPLACE.
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.
V. A Reading from one of the Author's Literary Gems, given without notes and by Gaslight to speak of.
BILL NYE.
VI. CHARACTER SKETCH.
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.
VII. A STORY FROM SIMPLE LIFE.
BILL NYE.
VIII. CHILD DEPRAVITIES.
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.
IX. SOMETHING GLAD.
BILL NYE.
X. THE EDUCATIVE.
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.
EXPLANATORY NOTE.—Correspondence could from all parts of the country, "Although this is a good town for lectures, I think Nye and Riley might draw." The above programme will explain to a dubious mind the entertainment by Messrs. Nye and Riley. I am a lecture.
I. F. P.
The Nye-Riley program, with Mr. Riley's decorations

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Written by Himself
Through Edward Wilson Nye

The unhappy subject of this sketch was born so long ago that he persists in never referring to the date. Citizens of his native town of Greenfield, Indiana, while warmly welcoming his advent, were no less anxious some few years ago to "speed the parting guest." It seems, in fact, that, the better they came to know him, the more resigned they were to give him up. He was ill-starred from the very cradle, it appears. One day, while but a toddler, he climbed, unseen, to an open window where some potted flowers were ranged, and while leaning from his high chair far out, to catch some dainty, gilded butterfly, perchance, he lost his footing, and, with a piercing shriek, fell headlong to the graveled walk below; and when, an instant later, the affrighted parents picked him up, he was—a poet.

The father of young Riley was a lawyer of large practice, who used, in moments of deep thought, to regard this boy as the worst case he ever had. This may have been the reason that, in time, he insisted on his reading law, which the boy really tried to do; but, finding that political economy and Blackstone didn't rhyme, he slid out of the office one hot, sultry afternoon, and ran away with a patent medicine and concert wagon, from the tail end of which he was discovered by some relatives in the next town, violently abusing a bass drum. This was a proud moment for the boy; nor did his peculiar presence of mind entirely desert him till all the country fairs were over for the season. Then, afar off, among strangers in a strange State, he thought it would be fine to make a flying visit home. But he couldn't fly. Fortunately, in former years he had purloined some knowledge of a trade. He could paint a sign, or a house, or a tin roof—if some one else would furnish him the paint—and one of Riley's hand-painted picket fences gave rapture to the most exacting eye. Yet, through all his stress and trial, he preserved a simple, joyous nature, together with an ever-widening love of men and things in general. He made friends, and money, too—enough, at last, to gratify the highest ambition of his life, namely, to own an overcoat with fur around the tail of it. He then groped his way back home, and worked for nothing on a little country paper that did not long survive the blow. Again excusing himself, he took his sappy paragraphs and poetry to another paper and another town, and there did better till he spoiled it all by devising a Poe poem fraud, by which he lost his job; and, in disgrace and humiliation shoe-mouth deep, his feelings gave way beneath his feet, and his heart broke with a loud report. So the true poet was born.

Of the poet's present personality we need speak but briefly. His dress is at once elegant and paid for. It is even less picturesque than all-wool. Not liking hair particularly, he wears but little, and that of the mildest shade. He is a good speaker—when spoken to—but a much better listener, and often longs to change places with his audience so that he also may retire. In his writings he probably shows at his best. He always tries to, anyway. Knowing the manifold *faux pas* and "breaks" in this life of ours, his songs are sympathetic and sincere. Speaking coyly of himself, one day, he said: "I write from the heart; that's one thing I like about me. I may not write a good hand, and my 'copy' may occasionally get mixed up with the market reports, but, all the same, what challenges my admiration is that humane peculiarity of mine—*i. e.*, writing from the heart—and, therefore, *to* the heart."

THE SUCCESSES OF NYE AND RILEY

The Nye-Riley combination started in Newark, New Jersey, November 13, 1888. It was our trial venture. I was ill and unable to be present. The receipts were light, for both men were of Western fame, and had yet to acquire reputations in the East. They found some fault because I was not present, so I got out of bed and went the following evening to Orange, New Jersey, where we found a very small audience, so small that Nye refused to go on, and wanted to end the business then and there. It was not until after much persuasion that he consented to appear. The show was a great success "artistically," but the box-office receipts were only fifty-four dollars.

It was not a pleasant day, for the manager, that followed. The Actors' Fund had an entertainment in one of the theatres and I had contributed these "Twins of Genius" as my share and I had contributed these "Twins of Genius" as my share of the numerous attractions. They were the success of the occasion, and the newspapers so declared it the next day. From that on, applications began to come in from all over the country, East, West, North and South. The first week's business showed a balance on the wrong side for the owners, but the "no-business man" did not show a sign of murmuring. He never did while the salary was paid. Nye's humorous weekly syndicate newspaper articles made him a drawing attraction, and Riley's delightful readings of his dialect poems made the entertainment all that the public desired. They appeared in all the large cities before great audiences, and the season was financially successful up to the middle of April.

For some weeks Mr. Nye had not been a well man, and it finally became necessary to cancel a long list of bookings. The stars returned to their homes, and settlements with disappointed committees and local managers absorbed all the profits. Pacific Coast correspondents still clamored for Nye even if Riley were not available; so it was arranged to give Mr. Nye a musical support instead of a poet and resume the unfinished tour. Nye was well received everywhere, and wrote back cheerful accounts of the Bill Nye troup from "ocean to ocean." But it had been the Nye-Riley combination that the people wanted and expected, and in every city where they had appeared together the season before they were wanted again. So we tried it once more, and in the season of 1889–90 did a tremendous business in Washington and in the South. The combination was a more profitable attraction than any opera or theatrical company.

This tour ended my business relations with Bill Nye, but it did not end our love for one another.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN RILEY AND THE AUTOCRAT

In an article published in the Sunday newspapers, Nye paid his gentle respects to James Whitcomb Riley as his "old comrade and partner in the show business." Remarking that some admirer gave Riley "the place left vacant by Doctor Holmes," he suggested that "we must pause to think how different the two men were." While the Hoosier poet could "compare with Holmes in the size of audiences, the Doctor's humor was of a more strictly Massachusetts character. He would be content with a pun or conundrum, while Riley enjoyed *practical* humor." He proceeded to give an example by narrating how, upon one occasion, the manager warned the hotel man that nothing "but clean shirts and farinaceous food" was to be sent up to "No. 182." The poet, with "his keen sense of humor," as Nye termed it, found that the room communicated with No. 180, and that the man who was domiciled there had gone out for the evening. He stepped in and "at odd times used the bell of No. 180 with great skill, thereby irritating his manager so much that he returned to New York on the following day. Holmes," continued Nye, "had none of this dry, crisp humor, but cared more for a subtle and delicate play upon words than for a play upon a lecture manager or a hotel proprietor."

The letters which follow bring to me laughter, with the memory, also, of suffering which echoes behind the mirth. Nye caught the motes as they danced in the sunlight and held them up before us for common amusement. Their antics made him laugh, and he wanted others to laugh also—but he kept the sunshine. Within its rays might be seen the dust and the rain; but the glow was always there. No human mote was ever hurt by impalement on his pen. Always humorous, he never failed in human kindliness. He made men laugh out of sheer sense of fun, never by a single shaft of malice. His "heart-easing mirth" was wrung quite often from personal suffering. Writing each week for a public that broadened with the enjoyment he gave, there was but little room for permanence in Nye's works, though his books still continue to sell. He always gave a great deal of credit to Mrs. Nye for the successful management of his business affairs. Some investments caused reverses, but the result was perhaps unavoidable under general business conditions at the time. Mrs. Nye was once taken in by a real estate operator who secured confidence by assuming a religious character. Nye never ceased to joke about it. The lots were found to be under water, and the humorist suggested the use of a diving-bell in locating them.

In one of the earliest of Nye's letters he wrote: "I feel so kinky this spring that I believe that I am warranted in authorizing you to make a limited number of dates not too far from New York for my new illustrated lecture on the New South, and other things. I will accompany the lecture with my voice, and you can say with safety that it will be gently facetious and mildly instructive.—Bill Nye."

WHEN NYE WAS "WINED AND DINED AND FINED"

From St. Joseph, Missouri, when nearing the close of a severe but successful tour, Nye wrote that Western managers all wanted to arrange business for him. "But," he added, "I am quite doubtful whether I will make a show of myself any more. I dislike it beyond all description. It may be gratifying to some, and surely if it be pleasant to be fêted and fed and wined and dined and fined, from one end of the country to the other, I ought to be happy. But I do not pant for that kind of joy."

He closed as usual with merry quip and kindly humor, by requesting that his kindest regards and deepest sympathies be given to Miss Glass (my secretary). "What a noble, self-sacrificing girl she is! to sit there day after day surrounded by such unpleasant associations, and printing stuff that ought to go into the waste-basket, yet never murmuring nor repining."

From Iowa City, early in the following year, he wrote:

"I wish a good many times that I had you along to jump on various people with your ponderous weight and make them tired. More especially the fresh young man and the autograph fiend. The other night at Mankato we had the house stuffed full and the stage crowded with people. Then I had to hold an autograph recital after the show. It was a great success. Here I am slowly freezing to death as I write these lines. I am in room No. 6½. The stove is a boy's size, holding a pint of soft coal. The bed has no sheets nor pillow slips, but the chambermaid who comes in every spring—into the room, I mean—says they expect some sheets some time to-day, and tells me that no expense will be spared to make the hotel a success.

"It is a great pleasure to get your letters when I land at a lonesome hotel which smells like the Dead Past and—cabbage."

Editor's Note—Letters from Bill Nye, of which this is the first of two papers, is one in a series of Letters from Celebrities, with anecdotes by Major James B. Pond.

Christmas in History *Christmas during the Siege of Orleans—Drawing by Winfield S. Lukens*

Why the Confederacy Failed

By Joel Chandler Harris

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WHEN the surrender of Lee's army brought the Southern Confederacy to a sudden end, in 1865, not one Southerner in a hundred had prepared his mind for the event. It came as a stroke of lightning out of a clear sky. But there were a few who thought they knew why the surrender came; who had anticipated it, in a vague way, a year or more before the event; and of these few there were two men who regarded the outcome as the result of the direct interposition of Providence, although this belief did not cause them to bear with resignation the cruel wounds which the result inflicted on their hopes and their fortunes. They gave good reasons for their foreknowledge of the collapse—reasons which the attentive reader will doubtless be able to discover for himself when the facts are laid before him.

When the deadly game of war began in earnest, the Southern leaders found it necessary to depend almost entirely on blockade-running as the means of communicating with their agents abroad. But this method was a "skittish" one at best. Comparatively few men could be induced to engage in it, and those who were willing were just the men whose services could be better employed in other directions. More than that, the blockade was becoming more real and, consequently, more serious every day. No plan to elude the increasing vigilance of the blockaders could be looked upon as certain or definite. It was a game of hazard, thrilling enough to attract the reckless and the adventurous, but dangerous enough to repel all others. One day with another, the advantages all lay with the grim war-vessels that rocked lazily up and down just outside the Southern harbors.

Therefore it was necessary to hit upon some plan more definite and systematic to enable the Confederate Government to communicate with its agents in the North, in Canada, and in Europe. Communication with Washington was easy, as John Omahundro (well known after the war as "Texas Jack") and his companion scouts were demonstrating every day; but it had also been demonstrated that it was a risky business for any scout or spy to walk out of Washington, day or night, with an incriminating map or drawing or document concealed on his person. Many an innocent countryman, going away from Washington after selling his produce, was suddenly seized and stripped naked, being compelled to remain in this plight while the lining was ripped from his coat, if he had one, and from his boots. He might protest tearfully, or threaten loudly; it was all one to those who were submitting him to this rough investigation.

Events of this kind necessarily went far to make the traffic in contraband information across the Potomac as dangerous as running the blockade. Omahundro kept it up from pure love of excitement and adventure, and played his cards with such apparent boldness and indifference that the cold eye of suspicion never once glanced in his direction. But he and the few others who followed his initiative were not equal to the necessities of the Confederate Government, and so it was decided that the New York Hotel, so popular with Southerners before the war, should be the centre to which information should be sent and from which it should be distributed.

I saw an announcement the other day to the effect that the old hotel had been closed to the public, and by this time no doubt its place has been taken by one of those unsightly and ridiculous structures which stand for pretty much all that is concrete and real in our commercial environment. In that event the old building has been demolished and carted away as so much rubbish; but if that rubbish should find a voice how many strange stories it could tell! The flat roof covered, and the dull, unattractive walls concealed, a thousand mysteries.

Now, as Mr. Lincoln used to put it, no Government could sleep soundly while such a man as Secretary Stanton was stamping about in the corridors, kicking chairs over and breaking bell-cords. The Government, consequently, was not asleep. The great Secretary had early knowledge that something suspicious was going on in and around the New York Hotel, and the agents of the secret service, as well as the most expert detectives the world could produce, gave it their undivided attention for many weary months. They followed many a promising clue to its unpretentious entrance, only to see it disappear, or entered its plain and silent corridors only to come away baffled and amazed. For while the Government was wide-awake, the hotel seemed to be asleep. Porters, waiters, bell-boys, even the guests moved about with a noiseless politeness. To enter the dining-room of the hotel was to take refuge from the chaotic rumble and rattle of Broadway; was to go, in fact, many steps toward the subdued literary atmosphere of Washington Square.

The hotel itself, in its own proper person, was supposed to have no knowledge of the interest which the Government was taking in the movements of its guests. At any rate, it betrayed no irritation, and was neither surprised nor alarmed. It went to bed early, arose at dawn, and lay sprawling in sun or rain day after day, to all appearances blissfully ignorant of the secret inquest which the Government was holding over its corpus. As a matter of fact, however, there was not an hour of the twenty-four when the old hotel was not wide-awake, and fairly quivering with eagerness to take advantage of every instant's carelessness on the part of the cordon of gentlemanly spies and detectives: fairly quivering and quaking with eagerness, and yet as silent, as motionless and as patient as the animals whose instincts and necessities compel them to catch and kill their prey. No writer has ever hit off this animal characteristic in a phrase. To describe it you need a term that is a hundred times more expressive than wariness or cunning, and that gives a new illumination and a deeper meaning to patience.

On the day before Christmas, in the year 1863, about four o'clock in the afternoon, Captain Fontaine Flournoy (he was made a Colonel later) alighted from a cab and entered the office of the New York Hotel. He paused in front of the clerk's desk and looked about him, as if in doubt or perplexity, or as if seeking for a familiar face. Though dressed in the garb of a civilian, his figure was still military.

"I was expecting to meet my son," he explained to the smiling clerk.

"I think he arrived this morning," said that functionary. "Is that his handwriting?" He pointed to a signature on the register, "Emory W. Hunt, Montpelier, Vermont."

Captain Flournoy gave a grunt of satisfaction, and signed beneath it, "Frederic J. Hunt, U. S. A." A gentlemanly looking person, promenading about the office, approached the desk and inspected the signature.

"Show the gentleman to 329," said the clerk to a porter, and the two went upstairs. The porter, inspecting the tag of the key, saw that it was for room 328. He did not pause to correct the error, but showed the guest to 322, went in, closed the door carefully, and proceeded to usher the Captain through connecting rooms until 328 was reached. In that apartment a half-dozen men were grouped around a table. They appeared to be playing dominoes, and were so intent on the game that only one of them looked up. Meanwhile Captain Flournoy unfastened his valise, took out a bundle of papers and laid it upon the table. Then he rearranged the contents of the satchel and was escorted back to 322, one of the group playfully throwing a kiss after him.

In all this he was simply following to the letter the careful instructions that had been given him in Washington with respect to his movements. This was his first experience in work of this kind, and the precautions he saw taken in his behalf at every turn and crossing brought home to him in the most vivid way the dangerous character of his mission. If this danger had taken tangible shape, or had assumed actual proportions such as may be seen when a battery of guns spits out shot and shell from its red and smoking mouths, he would have known how to face it; but to be walking in the dark, to be groping blindly, as it were, with the possibility of a long imprisonment, or even the gallows, at the end of the tangle—this was enough to put even his stout nerves to the test.

More than this, on his own responsibility he had taken it upon himself to deliver in person to the authorities in Richmond the most important document he had received at the Federal capital. This document he had detached from the rest, and now had it stored away in the lining of an undergarment. It would have been no relief to Captain Flournoy if he had known that the document had already been missed by the War Department not twenty minutes subsequent to its delivery into his hands; that the worthy official who had it in charge had been promptly clapped into the Old Capital prison; and that he himself had been accompanied from Washington by a special detective in whom Secretary Stanton had the utmost confidence.

This official had long desired an opportunity to uncover the conspiracy that had its site in the New York Hotel, and he rejoiced now to find that he had run his game to earth in that quarter. His name, which was Alonzo Barnum, will have a familiar sound to those who saw it on the title-page of one of the most interesting volumes published directly after the war. It was entitled From Harlem to the Antarctic.

Mr. Barnum shook himself as he entered the hotel, and smiled when he contemplated the registry-book.

"When did Hunt arrive?" he asked as he signed what he called his "traveling name."

"Which one?" the clerk asked blandly.

"Why, Frederic, of course."

"About ten minutes ago. Want a room? Well, I'm sorry, but we are full to the roof. It often happens close to the holiday season. We may have one vacant before night; shall I save it for you?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Barnum. "Will you send my card up to Hunt?"

The bland and rosy clerk turned to a tall, dignified-looking man who was standing near the counter. He was in evening dress, and the garb showed that he was either a gentleman preparing to attend some social function or a dining-room servant. His countenance and his air were those of a man of the world. As a matter of fact, he was the head waiter of the hotel and something more.

"McCarthy," said the clerk, "will you shove this into room 322 on your way to the dining-room? The porter will bring an answer."

"With pleasure, sir," replied the head waiter. He took the card and marched up the stairway. At room 322 he stopped and knocked, and entered without an invitation.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said; "I am the head waiter. A gentleman has sent up his card."

"Well, I must shake hands with you, McCarthy. Omahundro has been telling me about you."

"What a boy that is!" exclaimed the head waiter. "And so this is Captain Flournoy? Upon my word, sir, we are well met. Do you know this man Barnes? Amos Barnes, it is. The cabman was telling me that he came on your train from Washington. He ordered his cab to follow yours, and he has no baggage."

Captain Flournoy frowned slightly and then smiled. "I'm green in this business," he said, "but my impulse is to take the bull by the horns. I shall invite this man up, and then deal with him as circumstances suggest."

"I'll shake your hand once more," exclaimed McCarthy jubilantly. "Barring Omahundro, you're the only one of the whole crew that didn't want to crawl under the bed on the first trip."

He went to the door, called to the porter, who was waiting outside, and said: "Johnny, go down and tell Mr. Barnes that Major Hunt will be glad to see him in 329."

When Mr. Barnes entered the room, McCarthy, the head waiter, was standing by the fireplace talking. He was saying: "That boy of yours, Major, has grown since last summer. I saw a good deal of him when I went to

Montpelier, and the questions he asked about the city, sir! 'Twould amaze you. He's uptown at a matinée. Excuse me, sir"—this to the redoubtable Mr. Barnes, or Barnum.

Captain Flournoy was politeness itself. He placed a chair for his visitor and seated himself on the side of the bed in an unceremonious way. The head waiter bowed himself out. There was a moment's hesitation on the part of the detective. He also was to take the bull by the horns.

"My friend," he said, squaring himself in his chair, "let us deal plainly with each other. Your name is not Hunt, and my name is not Barnes."

"In regard to personal matters you will speak only for yourself," said Captain Flournoy with a smile.

"Very well. I will speak now of a matter impersonal. During the last few days a document of immense importance has been abstracted from the War Department."

"I am well aware of that," remarked Captain Flournoy. "Otherwise I should be elsewhere at this moment."

"It contains the outlines of plans that cannot be changed at a moment's notice."

"Precisely."

"Now, that document," said the detective, "is worth to the Government at least five thousand dollars in gold—much more, perhaps—certainly not less."

Captain Flournoy placed one pillow on another and leaned back in a restful attitude. "If I thought the Government would pay no more than five thousand dollars for the recovery of that document I wouldn't move a hand in the matter," he declared.

The detective arose from his chair, and Captain Flournoy sat bolt upright on the bed.

"Now, what is the use of beating about the bush?" asked the detective.

"Don't be impertinent, my friend," said the Captain.

"You are a Southerner."

"Why, so is General Thomas."

"I'll bet you ten dollars that the document is in your valise there," declared the detective.

"Done!" said the Captain, reaching out and placing a gold piece on the table. Mr. Barnum did likewise, whereupon Flournoy kicked the valise toward him and pocketed the money. But the detective refused to search the valise. Perhaps he feared some trick. The frankness of his opponent was calculated to baffle him.

"I was mistaken," he said, and then hesitated.

At that moment the door opened and McCarthy stuck his head in. His face was convulsed with laughter. "Excuse me, sir," he said, "but I thought maybe you'd like to see a funny sight. Two Government detectives have cornered a chap in 328, and they're making him unload papers enough to line the hotel pantry. If you want to see 'em, sir, step right this way."

He came into the room, unlocked the connecting door, and pointed with his hand. Two rooms away angry voices could be heard in altercation. The three went as rapidly as they could, McCarthy bringing up the rear.

In 328 the gas was turned low. In one corner was a man apparently at bay. He had a pistol in his hand. Over against him were two men who had him covered with Colts' revolvers. "I'll not surrender the paper to you," he was saying. "I'll see you dead and die myself first. You have treated me like a dog."

"What is it all about?" asked Mr. Barnum, advancing into the room. The door behind him closed, and the three men lowered their weapons.

The man who had been at bay in the corner lounged up to the detective with a grin, saying, "Well, I'll be switched, Colonel, if you ain't a daisy from the county next adjoinin'."

"Come, sir!" cried the head waiter. His voice was harsh and stern, and his attitude was that of a commanding officer. "Come, sir! This is no time for buffoonery."

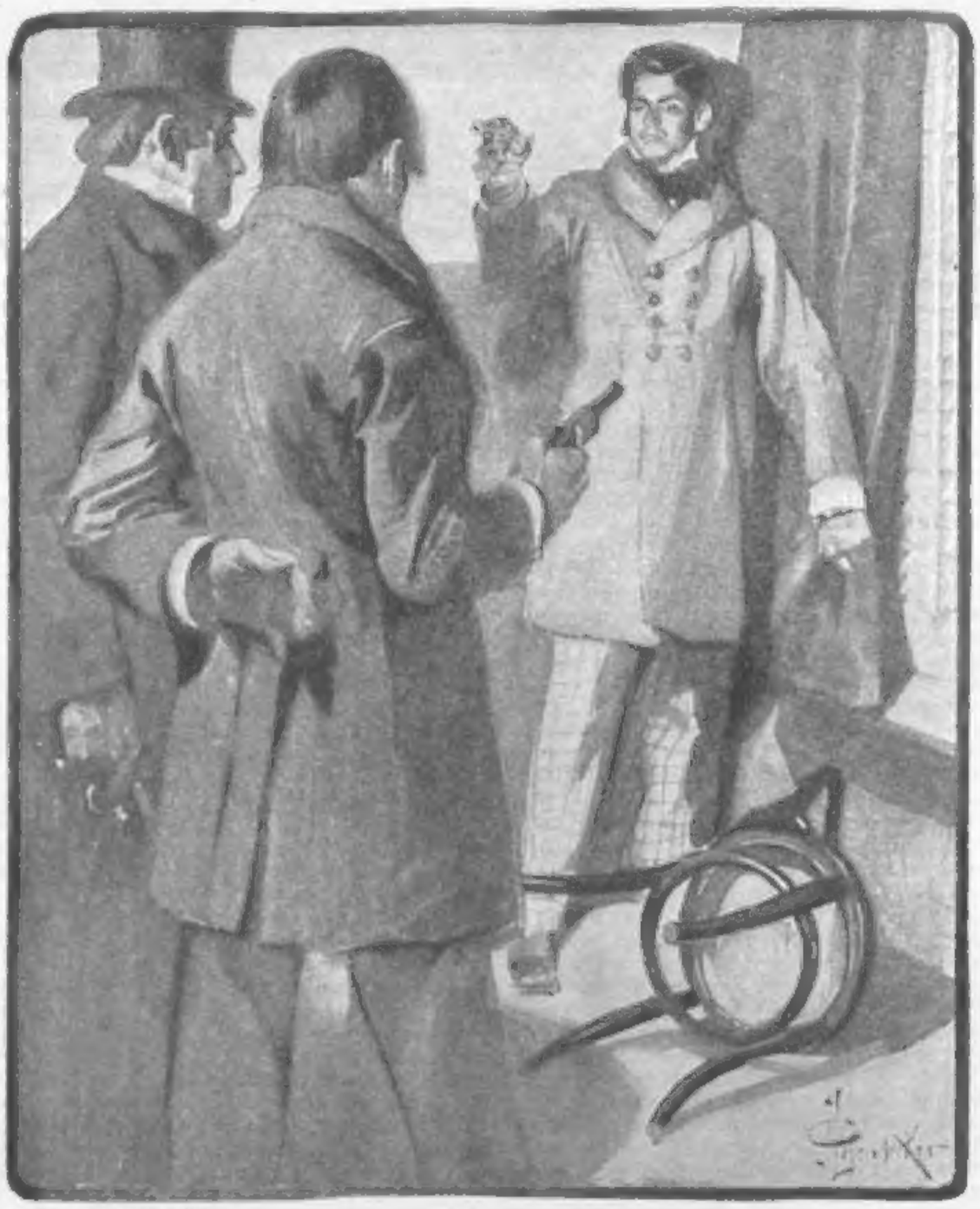
"All right, Cap; I only allowed for to kiss him for his ma."

The head waiter laid his hand on the shoulder of Mr. Alonzo Barnum. "You have no need to be told what has happened. You were doing your duty as you see it; we are doing ours. It rests with you whether you leave this house with your life."

McCarthy paused, passed his hand over his face, and the gesture transformed him into a head waiter again. He turned to Captain Flournoy with a deferential smile. "Will you have dinner now, sir? It is ready."

It is not necessary to relate here the experience of Mr. Alonzo Barnum. It is sufficient to say that he awoke one morning and found himself on a vessel that a puffy little tug was towing through the bay. In a little while the tug loosed its grip, and the vessel, a Swedish bark, swung slowly around in the current as the wind filled her sails. Slowly city and harbor faded from view, and Mr. Barnum was at the beginning of the long voyage which he has so graphically described in his book. What a pity he did not take it upon himself to begin it by presenting the details of his experiences immediately previous to his voyage. Such an introduction would have given it a human as well as a historical interest.

Captain Flournoy followed the head waiter down the stairway to the second story, and so into the dining-room. He observed quite a flutter among the waiters when their chief entered. It was as if a military company had been suddenly given the command, "Attention!"



DRAWN BY J. C. LEYENDECKER

"I'LL NOT SURRENDER THE PAPER TO YOU"

Captain Flournoy was conducted to the first table to the left of the door as he entered. At this table he had no company, but before he had finished the first course a guest had seated himself in the chair opposite. This newcomer had hardly given his order for soup and fish before the head waiter approached Captain Flournoy with the most deprecatory air, remarking:

"I'm *very* sorry, sir; but the sauterne is out. Is there nothing else on the card to your taste?" He held the card out, and across its face Captain Flournoy saw written, "Watch out!"

"No; I'll have a pony of brandy after dinner, but that I can get at the bar," said the Captain.

"I'm sorry enough, sir. You could do better than that in Montpelier; at your house, I mean, sir—not at the hotel. Oh, no—not at the hotel," the head waiter went on, keeping an eye on the men under him.

"And yet," said the Captain with a smile, transferring his thoughts to his own home in the far Southern town, "I used to think that the old hotel was a very fine affair."

"Give me your wine card," the guest opposite suddenly demanded.

"Certainly, sir," replied the head waiter, producing it instantly. The guest took it, turned it over, and remarked, "Why, I saw you writing on it a while ago."

"What I wrote, sir, is in a very blunt hand. I simply marked out the pints of sauterne." He pointed to the erasure with the pencil which he had in readiness for the guest's order.

Captain Flournoy leaned back in his chair and wondered in what school of experience this hotel servant had learned his adroitness, his tact, and the composure which marked his acts and his utterances. It was all so admirable and yet so simple; and there was a certain incongruity about it, too, that caused the Captain to laugh inwardly, though outwardly he was gravity itself. If the whole scene had been especially devised to compel the guest opposite to show his hand it could not have succeeded better.

Before the guest could return the card the head waiter had gone to the door to usher in a number of newcomers. When these had been comfortably seated, he returned, took the card and examined it.

"No order, sir?"

"A half-pint of claret," said the guest curtly. Evidently his temper was somewhat ruffled. In fact, he was hot, though the weather outside was cold enough to make a pig squeal. He was restless and expectant, too, for he moved nervously in his chair, and drummed on the table, and kept his eyes on the entrance. And his anxiety betrayed itself even when his dinner had been served.

Several times the head waiter was called to the door and had conferences with persons in the corridor. After one of these interviews, he returned with a slip of paper in his hand, and went about from guest to guest, showing it and apparently making inquiries. Finally he came to Captain Flournoy, still holding the slip of paper.

"Do you happen to know, sir, a gentleman by the name of Barnes—Amos Barnes?" His voice was modulated to the pitch of respectful anxiety.

"Why, I know him casually," Captain Flournoy responded carelessly. "He called at my room an hour ago."

"Do you see him in the dining-room, sir? There is great inquiry for him; he seems to be wanted at the nearest telegraph office."

The Captain turned in his chair, putting on his glasses as he did so, and glanced at the occupants of the various tables. "No," he said presently; "I see no one that resembles him."

"May I ask you an impertinent question?" remarked the Captain's vis-à-vis, as the head waiter resumed his place near the entrance.

"If it is a necessary one—certainly."

"Why did Barnes go to your room?"

"May I give you a frank reply?"

"I should appreciate it."

"Well," said Captain Flournoy, "he called on me because I was a stranger."

"Did he explain his visit?"

"He did; he suspected that I was a Confederate spy. He explained that a very important document had been abstracted from one of the departments at Washington. To take the edge off his duty he wagered that the document was in my valise. He laid the wager and lost."

"If you will pardon me, sir, I'll say that you don't look like a person who would permit his valise to be searched in this way."

"Well, when Mr. Lincoln permits Stanton to send him word that he's a —— fool, why should the small fry resent the liberties taken with them by those who are doing their duty?"

Captain Flournoy leaned back in his chair and regarded his opponent with a smile. As he did so, the head waiter came forward with a deferential bow.

"Two gentlemen at the farther table, sir, request that you join them before you go out," he said. "They have a bottle between them, sir, and it would be as well for some one to share it with them." A peal of gleeful laughter and the clinking of glasses justified the suggestion.

"I'll be with them in a moment," Flournoy remarked. "Your venison is famous to-day, McCarthy."

"So it is, sir; so it is," assented the head waiter, as he moved away. In a moment he had returned, ushering a new guest to the table at which Captain Flournoy sat. This new guest by preference took the chair next to the gentleman who had engaged Flournoy in conversation.

"He can't be found," said the newcomer to his neighbor.

"Well, he knows what he is about," remarked the other, and then the two put their heads together and engaged in confidential talk.

Flournoy took advantage of this to accept the invitation extended him by the lively occupants of another table at the further end of the room. He had never seen either of them before, but under the circumstances this made no difference. They made a very noisy demonstration over his arrival, slapped him on the back, and displayed a familiarity which at any other time Captain Flournoy would have resented. They told jokes at his expense.

"Did you ever hear what Hunt said to his Brigadier when the latter reprimanded him for not falling back before the rebels at Stony Creek?" asked one in a loud voice.

"No! no!" cried the others; "let's have it."

"Why," said the first one, drawing himself up, and screwing a good-humored countenance into an appearance of

severity," he asked this question, 'When was a soldier ever censured for standing his ground?'"

There were cries of "Good!" the sound of enthusiastic thumping on the table, and other symptoms of unusual hilarity that carry their own explanation with them.

But in the midst of it all, one of Flournoy's unknown friends gave him to understand that the officers and detectives of the Secret Service were stationed in the corridors, and that in all probability he would be placed under arrest the moment he left the dining-room.

"Well, what is to be will be," remarked the Captain.

"McCarthy is coming this way," said the other, "and as he's smiling we'll watch his manœuvres."

In fact, the somewhat stern features of the head waiter were beaming. He snapped his fingers and a waiter stationed himself behind the Captain's chair. The head waiter snapped his fingers again, and from the kitchen entry came swarming a dozen waiters. They moved about from table to table, crossing and recrossing one another, and creating quite a stir, though the tables were now well emptied of guests. From the front of the dining-room this movement must have seemed to be very like confusion, but to an experienced eye it was the result of much drilling and practice. What it lacked was formality.

"There is a towel by your chair, sir," said the head waiter to Flournoy. "When you stoop to pick it up, throw it over your left shoulder, turn your back to the front, allow your head and shoulders to droop, and then go out into the kitchen."

There was no difficulty in following these instructions. The scheme was simplicity itself, so transparent, indeed, that even suspicion would pass it by. Before it was carried out the head waiter had returned to the front, where he stood almost immovable until the activity of the waiters had subsided. In a few minutes the hilarious guests who had called Flournoy to their table came out.

"Didn't Hunt say he'd wait for us?" asked one, as they came out.

"No, confound him!" replied another loudly. "He had to go to the telegraph office. He's nothing but business."

"Pity, too," exclaimed a third; "he'sh fine feller." His voice was somewhat thick.

On each side of the door two men were stationed. They made no display of their presence, but stood in the attitude of men who had met by chance and who had something interesting to say to one another. But they narrowly eyed each guest as he came out. Presently the last one, a stout, middle-aged gentleman, a well-known habitué of the hotel, sauntered forth and took from the long rack the last hat left, and walked down the corridor to the stairway in the most amiable frame of mind. He had made a big deal at the gold exchange. He had bought the metal for a rise, and greenbacks had dropped several cents on the dollar.

As he disappeared, the head waiter came to the entrance and closed one side of the double door. The four men in the corridor regarded one another with looks of mingled surprise and dismay. One of them—the man who had sat opposite to Captain Flournoy at the table—beckoned to the head waiter.

"Are you closing the dining-room?" he asked.

"Not entirely, sir. We close the doors at four. It is now three-fifty."

The questioner went to the door and looked in. The dining-room was entirely empty of guests, and some of the waiters had begun to snip at one another with their towels.

"What has become of the gentleman who sat at the table with me?" he asked with some emphasis. "There were two, sir," replied the head waiter deferentially.

"I mean the one who sat opposite."

"Major Hunt? Why, he joined a party at another table, but the bottle was moving too fast to suit his taste, sir. He had been there not more than ten minutes when he excused himself. I think he went out before you did, sir."

"That is impossible," exclaimed the man vigorously.

"I am simply giving you my impression, sir," rejoined the head waiter politely.

"Why, I'll swear——" the man began excitedly. Then, as if remembering himself, he paused and stared helplessly.

"It seems unnatural, sir, that you shouldn't see him come out if you were standing here." The extreme suavity and simplicity of the head waiter were in perfect keeping with his position. "He left me a message for his son who is here. Says he, 'Mack'—he always calls me Mack, sir—'Mack,' says he, 'when the lad comes in tell him not to be uneasy if I fail to come in to-night. Tell him,' says he,' that I'm engaged on some important Government business, and tell him to meet me at the custom-house at ten to-morrow morning.' It's a pity you didn't make an engagement with him, sir, if you're obliged to see him. He's a fine man, a fine man."

With that he turned and went into the dining-room. In a few moments the door was closed and locked, but the four men in the corridor still stared at one another. Three of them were amazed, the fourth seemed to be amused.

"Well, what did I tell you?" he asked.

"I've made up my mind to arrest the head waiter," said the one who had questioned McCarthy.

"This isn't Washington," said the amused one. "Arrest him and in ten minutes you'll have an Irish riot on your hands in which nobody would be hurt but ourselves. Our orders are plain on that score. We can't afford to stir up the population. I suggest a cocktail all around. It will give us strength to admit that we are mere bunglers by the side of Barnum."

"I believe you," acquiesced another. "He has been here, got what he came for, and is by this time on his way to Washington."

It was this belief that shed a faint gleam of light over a prospect otherwise gloomy.

Meanwhile, when Captain Flournoy went through the swinging doors of the dining-room and found himself in the entryway leading to the kitchen he was in a quandary as to his further movements. But every step he took seemed to have been foreseen and provided for. He knew that he had talked too freely to the guest who sat at his table, but how could this emergency have been forestalled? He had left his hat on the rack or shelf in the front of the dining-room; a waiter presented it to him the moment he stepped into the entryway. He was in doubt what course to pursue; an elderly gentleman beckoned to him with a smile. Following this venerable guide, Flournoy went down a short flight of stairs and into an apartment which he recognized as the drying-room of the laundry. Thence he went into a narrow corridor, ascended three flights of stairs, and was ushered into the apartment which had served as a trap for Mr. Barnum, or, as he chose to call himself, Mr. Amos Barnes.

FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN FLOURNOY WATCHED THE DRIVER

Some changes had been made. Two hours ago the room was bare but for a few chairs and a table, but now there was a bed in the corner, a lounge, and a comfortable-looking rocker. The table held pens, ink and writing-paper, and a brisk fire was burning in the grate. Everything had a comfortable and cozy appearance.

After the strain under which he had been, it was not difficult for Captain Flournoy to adapt himself to such circumstances. He drew the rocker before the fire and gave himself up to reflections which, whether pleasing or not, were of a character to engross his mind so completely that he failed to hear the door swing open. Presently a hand was laid on his shoulder and he came back to earth with a start. The head waiter stood over him smiling.

"Have a chair, my friend," said Flournoy. "You have placed me under great obligations."

"We have had a very close shave, and that's a fact," remarked McCarthy, "but you are under no obligations to me. It's all in the way of duty." The air, the attitude of an upper servant had vanished completely, and Flournoy was experienced enough to know that he was talking to a man of the world capable of commanding men. "I am a head waiter for precisely the same reason that you are a——"

"Spy?" suggested Flournoy, as the other hesitated.

"No; there's a flavor to that word that doesn't suit my taste. Let's call it scout, or inspector, or, better still, military attaché."

"I am simply a messenger," said Flournoy modestly.

"It is your first experience, I imagine," suggested McCarthy. "You are a soldier, and you don't relish the undertaking."

"That is the truth," Flournoy assented.

"Well, I was a Captain in the Navy," explained McCarthy, "and now I am—what you see me."

"You are still a Captain in the Navy," said Flournoy; "the house is your ship, and the dining-room is your quarter-deck."

McCarthy laughed gleefully. "I have had the same conceit—oh, hundreds of times!" he cried.

They talked a long time, touching on a great variety of topics, and found themselves in hearty agreement more often than not. Finally they drifted back to the matter in hand, and Flournoy confided to McCarthy that one of the papers with which he had been intrusted was of so much importance that he had decided to deliver it in person.

"Should this document reach Richmond by the first of February," he said, "the Federal Army will be captured, Washington will fall, and the war will be over by the first of May."

"Are you sure?" McCarthy inquired.

"Quite sure," the other assented.

At this McCarthy ceased to ask questions or to make comments, but sat for a long time gazing in the fire. Flournoy forbore to interrupt his reflections, and the most absolute silence reigned in the room.

Presently McCarthy straightened himself in his chair. "The documents you left with the committee this afternoon will reach Richmond in five days," he remarked somewhat dryly. "They start at midnight."

This seemed to be so much in the nature of a suggestion that Flournoy was moved to ask his advice.

"Shall I include this document with the other papers?" he inquired earnestly.

McCarthy shook his head slowly and indecisively. "It's a serious question," he said. "Ten minutes ago, on an impulse, I should have said send it with the rest by all means—by all means; but now—— Do you know," he went on, with great earnestness, "I am getting to be superstitious about this war. Look at it for yourself." He waved his hand as if calling attention to a panorama spread out on the walls of the room. "First, there is Mr. Lincoln. He went to Washington a country boor. What is he now? Why, he manages the politicians, the officials—the whole lot—precisely as a chess-player manages his pieces, and he never makes a mistake. Doesn't that seem queer?"

Captain Flournoy, gazing in the glowing grate, nodded his head. Some such idea had already crossed his mind.

"Then there's the first Manassas—Bull Run," McCarthy went on. "Does it seem natural that a victorious army which had utterly routed its enemy would fail to pursue the advantage? Is it according to human nature?"

Again Flournoy nodded.

"Finally, take into consideration the case of the Merrimac," continued McCarthy. "She had barely begun to perform the work she was cut out to do when around the corner came the Monitor, a match and more than a match for her. Does that look like an accident, or even a coincidence?"

At this Captain Flournoy turned in his chair and regarded his companion with a very grave countenance.

"Do you know," remarked McCarthy, "that I had everything arranged to take charge of the Merrimac? It was a very great disappointment to me when it was found that she couldn't be manœuvred to advantage."

"You think, then, that Providence——" Flournoy hesitated to speak the words in his mind.

(Continued on Page 550)

Christmas in History

Drawing by Frank X. Leyendecker

Christmas Boxes
A Comedietta *in* ONE ACT
By M. E. M. Davis

With Drawings by Elizabeth Shippen Green

CHARACTERS:

MISS MARY REDMOND: *Mistress of Redmond Place.*
MISS LAURA MAXWELL, MISS KITTY STERLING: *Wards of* MISS REDMOND.
NORA O'DARRAH.
MR. PAUL LAMBERTON.
MR. JAMES SYLVESTER.
LIEUTENANT ARTHUR POWELL.
DENNIS MCSHANE.
SCENE: *Redmond Place, a country house.*
TIME: *Christmas Eve, afternoon and night.*

COSTUMES.—MARY, first, black gown severely made. Second, white toilette, white ribbons.

LAURA and KITTY, first, dark stuff dresses. Second, evening gowns with ribbons and flowers.

NORA, first, maid's dress of blue print with cap and apron. Second, smart dress of pink cambric, muslin apron, and cap with ribbons.

LAMBERTON and SYLVESTER, first, bicycle suits with jackets. Second, evening dress.

POWELL, uniform of Lieutenant U. S. A.

DENNIS, very smart costume of stable or yard boy.

(*The curtain rises on a sitting-room comfortably furnished. There is a window in the rear L C, with a small table in front of it. Doors R 1 and L C. Door L C opens upon front veranda. A fireplace L has a low fire burning in it. A table with books, writing materials, etc., on one side of front stage; a divan on the other.* LAURA *is seated on the divan with a pile of paper boxes in her lap; a litter of pasteboard, string, wrapping and tissue paper on the floor at her feet.* KITTY *sits at the table with a pen in her hand.*)

SCENE I

TIME: *Afternoon.*

LAURA (*with a sigh of satisfaction*): Thank goodness the boxes are ready at last! Now for the labels, Kitty. Have you got them cut?

KITTY (*holding up some strips of writing paper*): Yes. Here they are. I'm ready. Go on, Laura.

LAURA: Very well. (*Dictating from list.*) Mrs. Bennett, Granny Oldsmith, Jakey Oldsmith, Johnny Boggs——

KITTY (*pettishly, pen in air*): Don't go so fast, Laura! I'm not a machine!

LAURA (*snappishly*): Don't lose your temper, Kitty! I'm not a punch-bag!

KITTY (*jumps up and runs over to kiss her*): Please don't mind me, Laura, dear. I'm a horrid little monkey, I know I am. But—— (*Groans.*) You understand!

LAURA (*caressing her*): Don't mind *me*, Kitty, love. I'm a perfect bear, I know I am. But—— (*Groans.*) You understand! (*Both sigh lugubriously.* KITTY *returns to table and picks up pen.*)

LAURA (*reads slowly*): Mrs. Bennett, Granny Oldsmith, Jakey Oldsmith, Black Daddy Solomon, Black Mammy Dinah, Jerry, Susan, Betty, Cato. . . . There, that's all. (*Lays boxes in a row on divan and eyes* KITTY *warily while she slips another box under the cushions.*)

KITTY (*who has continued to write, sharply*): What is that you are trying to hide, Laura?

LAURA (*boldly*): Hide! What an idea! Nothing. Only an empty box. I mean a trifle for—for—a poor beggar I know.

KITTY (*impressively*): Laura, you are telling me a fib. What—is—in—that—box?

LAURA (*jumping up and running to look over* KITTY'S *shoulder*): Aha! Aha! (*Picks up label.*) I've caught *you*, Miss Kitty! (*Reads:*) "Mr. James Sylvester, St. Charles Avenue, New Orleans." Kitty, what—does—this—mean?

KITTY (*whimpering*): I don't care! It's bad enough to be mewed up h–here in this solemn old country house, away from J–J–Jimmy, without being s–scolded because I try to send him a l–l–little Ch–Christmas b–b–ox!

LAURA (*severely*): Show me what you are sending to Mr. James Sylvester, Kitty Sterling, at once, or I'll tell Cousin Mary on you.

KITTY (*horrified*): Oh, Laura, you wouldn't be so cruel! Here—here! (*Opens box hastily and produces some handkerchiefs tied with an elaborate bow of blue ribbon. While* LAURA *is examining these, she darts suddenly over to the divan and grabs the box from beneath the cushions.*)

KITTY (*triumphantly*): Aha! Aha! Miss Laura Maxwell. I've caught *you!* (*Opens box and holds up a gold pencil tied with pink ribbon; takes out slip of paper and reads:*) "Mr. Paul Lamberton, Carondelet Street, New Orleans." *So*, Miss, Mr. Paul Lamberton is your beggar! Fie on you, Laura! I shall tell Cousin Mary!

LAURA (*confused, but laughing*): I own up, Kitty! I'm trapped. We are even. I won't tell if you won't. But these boxes must go immediately. Let us hurry and get them off or the Dragoness may catch us in the act. (*As she speaks they are tying up the boxes and laying the labels carefully on top of them.*)

LAURA: There, now. (*Touches a bell. Enter* NORA *L with a paste-pot in one hand, a long-handled brush in the other.*)

NORA: Here's the sticky stuff, Miss Laura—the payste. Shall I put it on for yez?

LAURA: Thank you, Nora; you may. See, here are the labels. Paste them on, but be very careful not to displace any of them.

NORA (*curtsying*): I'll be careful, Miss.

KITTY: And, Nora, do you think you can find some one—a man—to take the boxes to the post-office for us?

NORA: Yes, Miss Kitty. At laste, I'll try. Mebby that rid-headed, obstinut Oirishman, Dennis McShane, is hangin' aroun' some'ers. I sane him about three wakes ago feedin' the pigs in the back yarrd, Miss, an' forbid him the premishes accordin' to Miss Mary's ordhers. But I'll see if he's annywhere about. Thim ordhers is mighty strict, Miss! (*Shakes her head dolefully.* LAURA *and* KITTY *look at each other and sigh.*)

LAURA (*aside*): Poor Nora!

KITTY (*aside*): Poor us!

LAURA: Very well, Nora. Get the boxes off somehow. Come, Kitty; let us run out to the edge of the woods and get some evergreens. At least, we can decorate the house and *pretend* we are keeping Christmas. (*They put on their hats and go out L C.*)

NORA (*looking after them*): Bless their swate young faces, an' the swate sowls of 'em! It's needin' some male craythurs they are to help 'em kape Christmas proper. Young ladies always needs male craythurs to help 'em kape holidays. But (*shakes her head*) it's forbid. Miss Mary have put her foot down that no gintlemin, nayther yard-boys, can come annywhere nigh this house. The boss is the *boss*. An' the boss' ordhers is law. (*Walks to door L, opens it and calls in a loud whisper:*) Dennis! Dennis McShane, where is it ye are kapin' yerself whin ye are wanted? Ye're always about whin ye are not wanted!

(*Enter* DENNIS *on tiptoe, looking cautiously about.*)

DENNIS: Nora O'Darrah! An' is it yer swate self! An' *by* yer swate self! Whoop! (*Throws up his hat.*)

NORA: Whist, ye bog-trottin' rogue! Mind yer manners. Don't ye know——

DENNIS (*interrupting*): Nora, me darlin', I know I've been squazed up behint the cl-ock in the passage there, thryin' not to snaze, for the last two hours, an' dhraamin' of payin' meself off wid a kiss whin the time come. Shure now (*coaxingly*), an' ain't it time? (*Tries to kiss her.*)

NORA (*coquettishly*): Kape yer place, Mishter McShane.

DENNIS: It's me place I'm hopin' to kape, Miss O'Darrah! (*She runs about the room crying,* "Whist now, McShane!" "Be aisy, Dennis!" "Mind yure manners, Dennis McShane!" *He pursues her and finally catches her in his arms. They stumble breathlessly against the divan; the boxes fall off, scattering the labels about the floor.*)

NORA (*dismayed*): Now, thin, Dennis, see what ye've done! The young ladies bit-boxes 'll be all smashed to smithereens! An' the blissed angels wid no swatehearts to console 'em, at all, at all!

DENNIS (*soothingly*): Aisy, Nora, me gurrl! The boxes is all right. Where's the harrm? (*Picks up boxes.* NORA *gathers up the labels.*) An' it's the little paces of paper as is got to be sthuck on, is it? Just fetch me the payste, Nora, me Oirish rose. I'm the arrtist as can payste.

(NORA *brings the paste and brush and sits beside him on the divan. Boxes and labels on the floor.*)

DENNIS: Do ye moind, Nora, which sthrip of paper goes to which box?

NORA (*troubled*): N–no. Oh, Dennis, whativer will we do now?

DENNIS (*cheerfully*): Dol Why we'll trust to luck, as we do in the ould counthry. (*Puts one arm around* NORA, *while he sticks the labels on the boxes, singing:* "Trust to luck, trust to luck, an' stare fate in the face.")

NORA (*admiringly*): How fine ye do it, Dennis, dear!

DENNIS: Faith, but it's a delicate job, Nora, an' desarves a kiss.

NORA: Get along wid ye, ye greedy hod-carrier! (*Stands up.*) Now ye must take the bit-boxes to the post-office. An' mind ye squaze into the passage whin ye come back. An' kape quiet, for the missus' ears is as sharrp——

DENNIS: As yer own swate tongue! (*Dodges* NORA'S *threatening hand. Going.*) An' me pay, Nora?

NORA: Shame on ye, ye thafe of a boy. Is it pay——

Aha! Miss Laura Maxwell! I've caught you!

He must be tired and sleepy—poor little fellow!

DENNIS (*pleadingly*): In kisses, Nora; in kisses, me gurrl.

NORA: Whin ye are sarvin' thim blessed angels as ain't allowed swatehearts at Christmas! (*Rushes him out L. Enter, L. C,* LAURA *and* KITTY *with their arms full of evergreens, which they throw down on the floor.*)

KITTY (*taking off her hat*): Did you find a man, Nora?

NORA (*curtsying*): Yes, Miss. Dennis wus a lurrkin' arround feedin' the pigs in the back yarrd, Miss.

KITTY (*aside*): Happy Nora! (*Aloud.*) You may go now, Nora. Thank you, Nora. (*Exit* NORA *L.*)

(LAURA *removes her hat and begins to wreathe vines about a picture.* KITTY *same on opposite side of room.*)

LAURA (*sentimentally*): Wasn't it lovely in the woods, Kitty? So quiet, so tranquil, so undisturbed.

KITTY (*vehemently*): Tranquil! Undisturbed! I should say so! I don't believe this region has been trodden by the foot of man—any man—since Adam! Just fancy gathering Christmas thorns without a man to—to tie up your finger!

LAURA: It's simply horrible! (*Drops wreath and sits on divan.*) How curious it is, Kit, that you and I—both orphans—who are both so fond of everything gay and bright—

KITTY (*dropping wreath and sitting on floor at* LAURA'S *feet*): Who both adore ribbons and flounces——

LAURA: Who both love to dance—

KITTY: Who both have—have——

LAURA: Sweethearts!

KITTY (*embracing her*): Oh, *Laura!*

LAURA (*continuing*): How odd that we should be left to the guardianship of a gloomy recluse like Cousin Mary Redmond, who shuts us up like prisoners in the country here and won't let us wear our pretty gowns——

KITTY: Or dance—

LAURA: Or keep Christmas. Or have—have——

KITTY: Sweethearts.

LAURA (*embracing her*): Oh, *Kitty!* And *she* only a few years older than we are. Isn't it outrageous? But . . . do you know, Kitty, she has not always been gloomy and stern. They say that it is only since Arthur Powell joined the army and sailed for Manila, a year ago.

KITTY: I know. Before that she was as jolly as we are—as we'd like to be. (*Sighs.*) Poor thing! I think she and Arthur quarreled. At any rate, ever since then she has been shut up here, seeing no one and forbidding men—even yard-boys—to come on the place.

LAURA: Dragoness is too good a name for her!

KITTY: Stony-hearted gorgon. (*They return dejectedly to work.*)

(*Enter* MARY *R. She looks severely around as she advances.*)

MARY: What are you doing, Laura? And you, Kitty? (*Turns sternly from one to the other.*)

LAURA (*falteringly*): Why, Cousin Mary, we are putting up some—some Christmas greens. Do you mind?

MARY (*harshly*): I do mind. Take them down instantly. (*Rings bell.*) And please remember that anything in the way of what silly and senseless people call *keeping Christmas* is absolutely forbidden in this house. (*Enter* NORA *L.*) Nora, carry out this trash. (*Points to vines, etc.*)

NORA (*awed*): Yes, Miss. (*Gathers up vines and goes out L., pausing to look compassionately at* LAURA *and* KITTY.)

MARY: This doubtless seems hard and cruel to you now, as well as the rules I have made for you regarding your wearing apparel and concerning society, especially the company of young men. But the time will come when you will thank me for having taught you not only to do without, but to despise society with all its hollow devices. (*Going.*) Understand, there must be no talk of Christmas in this house. We dine at the usual hour. (*Exit R.*)

(LAURA *and* KITTY *fall weeping into each other's arms.*)

LAURA: I shall die before I come of age. I know I shall. Unless I am res-res-rescued soon from this horrible life.

(*Enter* NORA *with a letter.*)

NORA: It have just come, Miss Laura, by a man; he's at the front gate.

LAURA (*takes letter, opens and reads.*)

"My dear Miss Maxwell: I am sending you by the bearer of this note a Christmas box which may help to cheer you in your captivity—for such I know this exile to Redmond Place must seem to you. To me, alas! it is too terrible for words." M—m—m . . . this is of no interest to you, Kitty, dear.

KITTY (*looking over her shoulder*): Oh, you mean thing! *Please* read it all. It is ravishing! (*Reads.*) "Love," "rapture," "tears," "undying memories." Oh! (*clasping her hands ecstatically*) *how* I envy you, Laura Maxwell!

LAURA (*reading*): "The box—a pretty big one—contains a Newfoundland puppy. Rather a rough youngster, but he will be friendly on acquaintance. I am sure he will amuse you. Miss Redmond, I understand, hates dogs as well as men; but I suppose he can be smuggled in somehow. If his collar is held tightly he cannot bark——" M—m—"Yours devotedly, Paul." Oh, Kitty, isn't it lovely? A real, dear, curly wurly little doggie! Of course he can be smuggled in! And we will keep him under our bed. Nora, is Dennis anywhere around?

NORA: Yes, Miss, he's feedin' the pigs in the back yarrd.

LAURA: Call him in at once.

NORA (*goes to door L. and calls in a loud whisper*): Dennis! Dennis McShane! Ye're wanted!

LAURA: Kitty, dear, you go to the kitchen with Nora and fetch a bowl of warm milk. He will be hungry, poor darling. (*Exeunt* KITTY *and* NORA *L.*)

LAURA: I'll fix his little basket. (*Empties contents of sewing basket on table and places basket on floor; takes scarfs from table and chairs, etc., saying,* "This will do. And this, and this," *and kneels on floor beside basket with back to rear.*)

LAURA (*stuffing scarfs in basket excitedly*). A dear, curly-wurly little puppy! What fun! Oh, I wish Dennis would hurry!

DENNIS (*putting his head in at door L. C' mysteriously*): He's here, Miss.

LAURA (*over her shoulder*): All right, Dennis. Bring him in by the collar. There (*pats basket*), I think that will do.

DENNIS (*perplexed*): Did ye say fetch him in, Miss?

LAURA (*over her shoulder*): Yes. Grab him by the collar so that he cannot make a noise.

DENNIS (*gasps*): Grrab him! Grrab him, ye say, Miss?

LAURA (*over her shoulder*): Do as I bid you, Dennis. Grab—him—by—the—collar—and—bring—him—here. Hold him tight so he cannot growl.

DENNIS (*resignedly*): All r-right, miss. But it's mighty quare. (*Disappears and a moment later scuffling is heard outside.* DENNIS *reenters L. C, dragging after him* MR. PAUL LAMBERTON. *His hand is twisted in* MR. L.'s *collar,* MR. L., *very red in the face, is choking and spluttering.*)

DENNIS (*panting*): Here he is, Miss.

LAURA (*without turning, giving a last pat to the basket*): Very well, Dennis, his basket is quite ready. We will put him in it at once; he must be tired and sleepy, poor little fellow. (*Kiss, sees* LAM., *shrieks.* LAM. *frees himself, sends* DENNIS *spinning, and faces her angry.*)

LAURA: *Mr.* Lamberton! Paul! Dennis, what do you mean? How dare you lay your hands on this gentleman?

DENNIS (*reproachfully*): Shure, Miss, an' didn't ye order me wid yer own lips to fetch him in be the collar? An' (*defiantly*) I did it!

LAURA (*hovering around* LAM.): Oh, Paul, are you hurt? I—I thought you were the curly-wurly puppy!

(*Enter* KITTY *and* NORA *L. with bowl of milk, napkin and apron.*)

KITTY: Here's the milk, Laura. Has he come? Oh, let me feed him! (*Stops in amazement.*) Why, *Mr.* Lamberton!

LAM. (*stiffly settling his collar*): Good afternoon, Miss Sterling. (*Bows.*) Thank you, Miss Maxwell, I am quite comfortable, I assure you.

LAURA: Oh, I am *so* sorry. I hope you don't think that it was a mistake? . . . I— (*Sobs, symptoms of tears.*)

LAM. (*recovering his good humor and taking her hand tenderly*): There, Miss Laura. It is all right. I don't mind in the least being taken for a curly wurly puppy—by *you.* But as for your dunder headed Irishman——(*he menaces* DENNIS, *who retires L. C hastily, but reappears immediately.*)

DENNIS: There's another wan outside, Miss, an' ye plaze. Shall I fetch him in?

LAM.: Oh, I forgot. Miss Kitty, there is a friend of yours somewhere around. I left him holding the dog when I ventured on the porch. By the way (*to* LAURA), I brought the Christmas box myself in the hope of catching a glimpse of *you.* Yes (*to* DENNIS), bring in the other one—but not by the collar, you understand.

DENNIS (*grinning*): Yis, sorr. (*Exit L. C and reenters ushering* SYLVESTER.)

KITTY: Why, it's Jimmy!

LAM.: Give him the milk, Miss Kitty; he needs it.

SYL. (*shaking hands all around*): I need a haunch of venison and a bumper of ale after my tussle with that dog of yours. You'll have to have a keeper for your Christmas present, Miss Laura.

LAM.: Pooh! Your dog is a trifle compared to my Irishman.

SYL.: Say, old man (*laughs*), you looked as if you were being carried off to execution.

Dear, dear Cousin Mary; what a joyful surprise you have planned for us!

LAM.: Execution! On the contrary, Dennis conducted me to Paradise. (*Looks meaningly at* LAURA.)

KITTY: Where his little—basket—awaited him.

(SYLVESTER *looks mystified.*)

LAM.: The truth is, Jim, Dennis and—ahem—Miss Maxwell, here, took me for——

KITTY: The curly-wurly puppy, and here (*sings*) is his bas-bas-basket.

LAURA (*confused*): Now, Kitty!

KITTY (*hospitably, drawing forward chairs and divan*): Sit down, everybody. (*All sit.*) It certainly is Heavenly to see you. We'd be glad to see *anybody*—a tramp! a beggar! Wouldn't we, Laura?

LAURA: Thank you, Miss Sterling. (*Rises and bows.*)

KITTY: Nonsense; you know what I mean.

LAURA: But where is the Dragoness?

(MARY *enters unperceived R, starts forward threateningly at sight of the group, but hearing her own name she hesitates and finally hides behind the portière and listens to this conversation.*)

LAURA: Cousin Mary? Oh, I had quite forgotten her. Please speak lower, she may come in at any moment. You must not stay. Oh, I am so frightened! What *would* she do to you—to us if she found you here! Please, *please* go at once!

SYL.: What a jolly, [illegible] hideous old party she must be, to be sure!

KITTY (*quickly*): She is not old at all, Mr. Sylvester.

LAURA: And she is not hideous. I think she is only unhappy, poor Cousin Mary!

LAM. (*admiringly*): By Jove! What trumps you girls are! I am sure you are right, Miss Laura—you are always right, by the way (*in a whisper*), angel! You know Arthur Powell, who was engaged to her, is my chum. They were tremendously in love with each other. But last Christmas Eve they quarreled about the light——

OTHERS (*inquiringly*): The light?

LAM.: Oh, she used to put a light in the window at night for a token of welcome to him as he rode up the lane to Redmond Place. Well, it seems they managed to quarrel somehow about this light. And she vowed she would never put it in the window again. He vowed he would never enter the house until she did. They had a terrible scene, he told me about it himself the same night, poor old chap. And the next day he enlisted and went off to Manila——

SYL.: Well, I call them a couple of fools. In the first place, to have a scrap over a candle! In the next place, not to have sense enough to make up. Superlative weakness on Arthur's part! If *I* had been in his place (*gets up and swaggers about*), I would have——

KITTY (*following him and planting herself in front of him, saucily*): What, sir? What would *you* have done?

SYL. (*meekly*). I'd have—gone down on my knees, of course, and begged her pardon for all I *hadn't* done.

LAM. (*jumping up and shaking hands with him*): What a sensible fellow you are, Jim! But (*resuming seat*) I say, isn't it pretty selfish for this woebegone, man hating, Christmas despising Dragoness——

SYL.: Gorgon! Monster! Witch!

LAM.: To deprive others of Christmas joys and of the—[illegible]—bliss of men's society because she has soured on life?

SYL.: Hear! Hear!

LAM.: I am of the opinion that Arthur made a happy escape. And I should like to give her a piece of my mind concerning the way she is treating two little angels of my acquaintance.

LAURA: Hush! You must not be too hard on her. I am sure she thinks she is right. It *has* been awful out here away from—everybody. (*Tender look at* LAM.) But now that we have seen you and Mr. Sylvester, and we shall have——

LAM.: The curly wurly puppy! Where *is* that dog, I wonder?

DENNIS (*poking his head in at door L.*): Cook's got him, sorr. Be the collar. An' he's growlin' turrible.

SYL.: Say, I move we send him to the Dragoness. He would make things nice and lively for her. Maybe he would eat her!

NORA (*over* DENNIS' *shoulder*): Miss Laura, darlin'! I think I hard the missus comin' down the stair.

LAURA (*rising*): Oh, you *must* go at once. (*All rise.*) Go! Go!

LAM.: We will. We must not get you and Miss Kitty into trouble.

KITTY: We will risk going with you as far as the gate.

LAM. (*with much despair*): Must I leave my—basket?

SYL.: Must he leave his—basket.

(*All join hands and circle around basket singing,* "Must he leave his bas-bas-basket," *and dance off à la Farandole.*)

Gorgon! Monster! Witch!

out of door L. C. DENNIS *and* NORA *come out L., join hands and dance grotesquely after them.*)

MARY (*comes forward with clasped hands, a look of distress on her face. Stops in centre of stage*): Can it b possible that I am such a monster! "Dragoness!" "Gorgon!" "Witch!" Oh, this is too much! (*Meditates a moment.*) But is it not true? Have I not indeed become unconsciously a monster of selfishness? Yes, . . . I have nursed my own ugly passions of anger, distrust and discontent until I have forgotten that other people exist and that other hearts can desire the warmth and joy of life! (*Walks back and forth in agitation.*) . . . Poor little girls! How horribly, selfishly wicked I have been. (*Pauses.*) But at last I have seen myself as others see me. And I will, yes (*energetically*), I *will* try—though I never can be happy myself again—I will try to make others happy. (*Touches bell and sits down at table; writes hurriedly. Enter* NORA.)

MARY: Nora, send Dennis to me

NORA (*terrified*): Oh, the holy Vargin have marcy on me! The saints above presarve me! Miss Mary! I'm a wicked, disobaydient gurrl, wid no father an' no mother; an' if ye discharge me widout a char-*ac*-ter, what-*ever* will I do!

MARY (*smiling*): Be quiet, Nora. You have character and to spare, I think! And I am not going to discharge you just yet. Answer me, is Dennis on the place?

"To keep your old head warm Ha! Ha! Ha!

NORA (*still suspicious*): I don't know, Miss. He *may* be a feedin' the pigs in the back yarrd

MARY: Very well. Tell him I want to see him, and come back yourself

NORA: Yes, Miss. (*Goes to door L. and calls in loud whisper:*) Dennis! Dennis McShane! Come in out av the yarrd. Ye're wanted

DENNIS (*Puts his head in at once. Sees* Miss R *in a dazed whisper*): Phwat! *She's* wantin' me! O Lord, whativer is she goin' to do to me!

MARY (*over her shoulder*): Don't be afraid, Dennis. Come here

(DENNIS *sidles in and stands twisting his hat in his hands.* NORA *behind* Miss R. *makes encouraging gestures.*)

MARY: Some young gentlemen have just left here——

DENNIS (*glibly*): Young gintlemin, Miss? Shure an' ye must be misthaken. I haven't sane the scrap av a coat tail av a young gintleman, Miss—beggin' yer parrdon. (NORA *makes violent signs.*) Phwat do ye maine, ye gray goslin? (*to* NORA.) Have ye got Saint Vitus' dance on ye?

NORA (*whispers*): Yes, yes; say yes!

DENNIS (*continuing easily*): But that was bekase the young gintlemin hadn't any coat tails, bein' as they wore wearin' av jackets, Miss. Ye was askin' me about the young gintlemin; yes, Miss, they was here.

MARY (*who has been writing, puts note in envelope, addresses it, and hands it to* DENNIS): Overtake them and give them this note. Or you may find them at the railway station; then return to me at once.

DENNIS: Yes, Miss. (*Bows and scrapes himself out L., with signs of amazement to* NORA.)

MARY (*writing*): NORA!

NORA: Yes, Miss

MARY (*giving note*): Take this note to the young ladies as soon as they get back from their walk with the young gentlemen. And send the cook to me. (*Leans her head on her hand, absorbed in thought.*)

NORA (*wringing her hands*): The saints above have pity on us! She knows everything! Whativer will she do to thim innercent lambs! Starve 'em to death, I reckin An' the poor young gintlemin 'll go to jail, like as not. An' *phwat* will she do to cook for harborin' av the dog! An' me! An' Dennis, poor swate lad!

MARY (*looking up*): What are you waiting for, Nora?

NORA (*trembling*): Nothin', Miss. N-n-nothin'. (*Exit R.*)

MARY (*sadly*): Even my servants are afraid of me! (*Pause.*) I *will* win back the affection and respect I have lost by my own folly. (*Stands up with a determined air.*) I *will!* But, oh, Arthur, Arthur, I have lost you forever! (*Sinks down on chair.*) And I *am* so lonely! (*Lays her head on her folded arms.*)

CURTAIN

ACT II

(*Same night. The room is brilliantly lighted; the pictures, ornaments, etc., are wreathed with evergreens; flowers in vases; bunch of mistletoe suspended from ceiling.*)

(*Enter R* MARY. *She wears a white gown and carries a candelabrum with lighted candles so arranged as to form a star. She advances to centre of stage and stops.*)

MARY (*looking around*): Dennis and I certainly have wrought a transformation! How happy Laura and Kitty will be! And my own heart feels strangely light, as if some great burden were lifted from it! It is almost as if the dreadful intervening year had been but a dream and I were awaiting Arthur once more! But those happy times are really gone, and gone forever. I must not, dare not remember them. . . . And now for a last sacrifice of my stubborn and unbridled egotism. . . . (*Walks toward rear.*) I will never see you again, Arthur, dear (*pauses*), but I will place the light in the window once more—our light!—in token of my repentance, my undying love for you, my hope for a better, more unselfish life for myself, and my wish for a happy Christmas for all beneath this roof. (*Places candelabrum on table before window C and stands beside it with bowed head and folded arms. Clock on the mantel strikes eight. At the last stroke* LAURA *and* KITTY *rush in R clad in evening gowns. They put their arms around* MARY, *one on either side, and draw her forward.*)

LAURA: Dear, dear Cousin Mary, what a joyful surprise you have planned for us!

KITTY (*enthusiastically*): I knew it all the time! We felt it; didn t we, Laura?

MARY (*smiling*): Knew what, Kitty?

KITTY: That you were not *really* a—a——

MARY: Dragoness?

LAURA: That you were generous and noble and good. Only you were—— (*Stops, confused.*)

MARY: Unhappy, Laura. Yes, dear. But I was also a monster of self love, full of heart-burning, querulousness and discontent. (*Puts her hands on their lips to keep them from speaking.*) But now, little cousins, I am like one who has been groping in darkness and who has found the light! You have had a dreary time since you came to Redmond Place six months ago. Now (*gayly*), you shall see what Redmond Place can be under a new *régime*. Pretty gowns-

LAURA AND KITTY: *Oh*, Cousin Mary!

MARY: Dances

L. AND K.: Oh, *Cousin* Mary!

MARY: And an occasional—mind you, only an occasional—" male craythur

L. AND K. (*rapturous*): Oh, Cousin *Mary!*

LAURA: And *you* will be the youngest and gayest of us all!

MARY (*suddenly grave*): No, Laura. I can never be gay again. My happiness is dead forever, (*aside*) destroyed by my own hand! But, see, is it not time our guests were here?

(*Enter* NORA *L. with a couple of boxes; hands them to* LAURA.)

LAURA (*reads addresses on them*): "Mr. Paul Lamberton," "Mr. James Sylvester."

KITTY: The Christmas boxes we sent to the post-office! Where did you get them, Nora?

MARY: I sent for them so that *Paul* and *Jimmy* (*mischievously*) could have the pleasure of opening them here. The other boxes were mailed as you directed.

L. AND K.: Oh, you darling, thoughtful angel! (*Noise without.* LAURA *puts boxes on table.* DENNIS *opens door L. C. from without and ushers in* LAMBERTON *and* SYLVESTER. *They are in evening dress. They greet the girls ceremoniously and are presented to* Miss R. *Exeunt* NORA *and* DENNIS *L.*)

SYL. (*aside to* KITTY): Say, Miss Kitty, she's a stunner!

KITTY: Isn't she? But *you* needn't be so enthusiastic!

MARY (*glancing significantly at* LAURA): So, Mr. Lamberton, you have come back to—your *little basket?*

LAM. (*stammering*): Basket? Er—er—yes. Bless my soul, Miss Redmond, how did you know about the—ah—basket!

MARY: And thank you, Mr. Sylvester, I *will* adopt the curly-wurly puppy.

SYL. (*completely mystified*): I—I—beg pardon, Miss Redmond. *How* did you know?

MARY (*laughing*): Oh, I know a great many things, young gentlemen. You must beware of the Dragoness!

LAM. (*aside to* LAURA): She is adorable!

LAURA: Isn't she! But *you* need not be too gushing!

MARY: Come, girls; Mr. Sylvester and Mr Lamberton will excuse us for a few moments, I know. It is a question of punch and plum-pudding. (*Exeunt* MARY, LAURA *and* KITTY *arm in arm L.*)

LAM. (*sitting down on divan*): Well, one surprise after another is almost too much for yours truly! I suppose we never will know how it all came about until we get to Heaven! Why, Jim, I feel as if I were living in a fairy tale!

SYL.: So do I. (*Stands by table.*) Think of it! A couple of hours ago we were sneaking in here like burglars——

LAM.: Worse. Dragged in by the collar.

SYL.: Pursued by visions of a Gorgon; hustled away dinnerless, forlorn, sweetheartless——

LAM.: And now (*waves his arms about*), lights—— music——Christmas pudding——beautiful hostess——lovely flowers——

SYL.: And sweethearts who adore us.

LAM. (*conceitedly*): *How* they do adore us! By Jove, Jim, it's almost pitiful!

SYL.: So it is. (*Picks up box.*) Hello! Here's a box addressed to me—in Kitty's handwriting! And one for you from Miss Laura. Christmas boxes. (*Hands* LAMBERTON *one box and proceeds to open the other.*) Well, this just caps the climax! The rose leaf, as it were, on the surface of the champagne! Let us see what the dear, love-sick little darling has sent me. (*Takes out package done up in tissue paper and reads on slip of paper:*) "For the rheumatism in your poor old legs, and for your corns. From Kitty." What the deuce! (*Unfolds long red flannel bandage from which two silver dollars drop to the floor.*) Well—well! (*Sputters with rage.*)

LAM. (*roaring and slapping knee*): Ho! Ho! Good joke on you, Jim! Bravo, little Miss Kitty! Love-sick little darling! Ha! Ha! Ha! (*Rocks with laughter.*)

SYL. (*angrily*): Stop that, Lamberton, or I'll punch your head, confound you! It's an insult—a premeditated, outrageous insult. I'll leave the house. I'll never speak to her again. Impudent little minx! (*Rages about the room trailing the bandage behind him.*)

LAM.: Hold your horses, Jim! Ho! Ho! (*Untying his box.*) Best joke I ever heard. Ha! Ha! H—— (*Stops suddenly, reads slip of paper on package:*) "To keep your dear, old, bald head warm. From Laura." What! What! (*Takes out red flannel nightcap with long, blue tassel. Furiously.*) I'm *not* bald. (*Claps his hand to his head.*) Only one small bald spot! Oh! Oh! This is infamous, unbearable! What are you grinning at, you idiot!

SYL.: Ha! Ha! Ha! (*Dances about, shouting with laughter.*) Good joke! *Good* joke, by Jove! Best I ever heard. "To keep your dear, old, bald head warm." Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! How they do adore us, eh, Lam! Ho! Ho!

LAM.: Shut your mouth, you ass! I'll not stand it! I'll go at once. (*Gets up and strides about, unconsciously flourishing nightcap.*) I'll never speak to her again! (*He and* SYLVESTER *pass and repass each other, still muttering angrily. Enter suddenly* LAURA *and* KITTY *L. Men pause facing them, hiding cap and bandage behind them.*)

LAURA (*sweetly*): Well, here we are

KITTY (*gushing*): Oh, Jimmy, isn't it just too lovely!

SYL. (*interrupting fiercely*): I beg to wish you good night, Miss Sterling (*bows*); I must catch the train.

KITTY (*horrified, running to him*): Why, Jimmy! Mr Sylvester! What is the matter? You are not *going?* (*Half crying.*) Out into the night air?

SYL.: The night air? Really, Miss Sterling, you know the night air cannot hurt *me*. I have something to protect my rheumatic old legs, thanks to your kindness. (*Suddenly displays bandage.* KITTY *falls back aghast.*)

LAURA (*on other side of room to* LAMBERTON): Why, Mr. Lamberton, you are not *going?*

LAM.: Yes, Madam, I am going forever

LAURA: Oh, Paul, why are you so cool?

LAM.: *Cool?* Not at all! Have I not this (*sarcastically*) to keep my poor, dear, bald head warm? (*Shows nightcap.* LAURA *gasps.* LAMBERTON *glares at her in silence. She suddenly flies to the table and rings the bell violently.* DENNIS *and* NORA *appear L stumbling over each other.*)

I will never look at a man again

LAURA (*sternly*): Nora, I left you in charge of our Christmas boxes. What did you do to them?

NORA (*scared*): Oh, Miss Laura, I—I——

LAURA: What—did—you—do—to—those—labels? Answer me!

DENNIS (*pushing* NORA *aside*): Let me explain, Miss, av ye plaze. Ye see, it was a delicate job, Miss, paystin' on thim stharps av paper. An' I worr a-helpin' Nora, Miss——

LAURA: Dennis, what did you and Nora do to those labels?

DENNIS (*deprecatingly*): Laybels is it, Miss? It was this a way Ye see, I was a thrvin' to kiss Nora—she bein' my swateheart—an' thim little divils av laybels——

NORA (*tearfully*): Took wings an' flew off the bit-boxes, Miss Laura. An' me an' Dennis, not knowin' which laybel belonged to which box, Miss——

DENNIS: Mebby the laybels got mixed, if annything s wrong, Miss

LAURA: That is enough. I see how it happened. (*Turns to* LAMBERTON.) You doubtless understand now, Mr. Lamberton, that the—the head covering you hold in your hand was *not* intended for you.

(*Continued on Page 553*)

Christmas in History

The First Christmas in America—Drawing by Emlen McConnell

Printing *Without* INK

By W. S. Harwood

WHEN the books of the century shall be balanced there should be a large credit to the account of William Friese-Greene, the English inventor. I do not know whether it is jealousy or conservatism that has prevented a fuller recognition of this man in his own country: I suspect it is a bit of both, with a spice of indifference thrown in. At the hands of the scientific societies he has had recognition enough to satisfy almost any man, and he has made fortunes with his inventions and given away chances for making other fortunes; but, notwithstanding this, it seems rather odd that so prominent a man should be, apparently, so steadily ignored in so many ways. There is, however, a certain tangible form of recognition when, as in his case, one's Government pays something like $10,000 a year to one merely to have the first right to the use of one's discoveries in explosives—an incidental line of Mr. Greene's investigations

THE INVENTOR AND THE APPRECIATIVE AMERICAN

The inventor is an Englishman to the core, but yet he is deeply interested in America and things American; in point of fact, he is one of the most American Englishmen I have ever met. One day a gentleman entered his laboratory an American. The two talked over the cinematograph, and Mr. Greene gave him a piece of the original film which was used in his room in the first cinematograph ever made—as the real cinematograph is known to-day. The piece of film was about two feet long, a piece which Mr. Greene had manufactured with his own hands in order to get the right emulsion, texture, width, and so forth. Two years later the same American dropped in and something like the following was said:

Greene, I have hit upon a capital cinematograph film and, as I look at it, it is going to revolutionize the whole moving-picture business, here is a sample of it; take a look at it and tell me what you think of it."

"And if you will believe me," said the inventor between laughs, "if that fellow didn't pull out the identical piece of film which I had given him two years before! What did I say? I didn't say a word; I was simply lost in admiration. A royalty on all the present day moving picture machines in the world? I presume so; but, tell me again, what would I do with the money?"

It seems to be pretty clearly settled by the patent office files of different countries that Mr. Friese Greene was the inventor of this interesting adjunct of the world's pleasure.

QUITTING BUSINESS FOR INVENTION

When Mr. Friese-Greene came up to London from Bristol ten or more years ago he went in for photographing on an extensive scale, soon becoming the proprietor of seven or eight of the largest establishments in London. He had a very profitable business, but the fever of invention was in his veins, and there was no remedy for it in immediate business prosperity. I question whether there is a real, a born inventor, as we say, who would own, when pressed to the ultimate, that he would rather slice coupons than invent, who prefers the dust of gold to the dust of a laboratory.

One after another the big London establishments were given up until not one remained; then the inventor settled down to experimentation and invention in the big rear room of his Chelsea place. It very appropriately fronted on the King's Road; for it has been a royal highway this man has trod.

"There is one curious thing," said the inventor, as he prepared to show me how to print without ink, "a very curious thing in some ways. Perhaps people who write have the experience; I have heard they do. It is this: The moment I have completed an invention I never want to see it again; I am done with it for all time—that is to say, I don't want to see it around or be bothered with it, or anything of the sort. I can work on it any length of time with the greatest interest, a month, a year, or years, if necessary; I can stand as great a strain as most men can, steadily day after day and night after night until the end is reached—twenty hours out of the twenty four if need be; but when I have reached success that's the end for me; I want something else."

"Oh, yes," he replied with a smile to my query, "I try to protect myself by patents—that is," with a look at a chemical engine which has been pronounced a quite remarkable invention, and which he had not even tried to patent yet, "I generally do, though I sometimes think I do not look after matters so sharply as I ought."

THE PROCESS OF INKLESS PRINTING

Inkless printing—that was a curious uniting of words: what did it mean?

Simply this: That this alert, restless, resourceful man has invented a process by which all inks for every kind of printing—magazine, book and newspaper—will be done away with, and with no appreciable increase in the cost. See how simple the plan is.

While we were in the laboratory the inventor walked over to a table, talking as he went. He picked up a piece of wire from the electric-light supply of the room, fastened it to a piece of zinc in among the bottles of chemicals that littered the table, took a coin from his pocket, moistened a piece of paper with his tongue, picked up another wire, pressed it upon the silver coin, let the current on—lo, the impossible was possible: printing without ink was accomplished! After the current had passed through the coin it left a brownish impression of the figure of the piece of money, clear, accurate, inkless.

WILLIAM FRIESE GREENE
THE EDISON OF ENGLAND

It needs no great exercise of the imagination to picture what all this means. Not only does the invention do away with all ink for all presses, but it does away with the expense of all future inking apparatus; it saves, so it is estimated, fully thirty-three per cent. in the cost of all future presses; it permits the use of present day presses without material cost for alterations; the paper for the printing will cost but little if anything more than at present, while the engine which drives the wheels of the press supplies the ink. Since printing ink began to be used by the Chinese, probably some time in the tenth century, up to this present year of grace, it has been one of the banes of printing—a dirty, costly, freakish imp, the ideal printers' devil, the cause of much annoyance, a feature of printing which has never kept pace with the improvements in paper and presses and type.

This is one of the most recent of Mr. Greene's inventions—in fact, it is not yet on the market, as the patents had not been placed until last summer.

THE FIRST CLUE TO THE DISCOVERY

At the outset the inventor used a dampened paper, as is the case in all modern printing. When this paper was acted upon by electricity it bore no sign of the type to which it had been exposed. It was necessary, after the electric current had been passed through it, to develop the paper as any photographic negative is developed in order to bring out the impression. This was a curiously interesting thing, but did not appear to be of much commercial value. The next step was another invention, also just patented, a chemically prepared paper which would enter the press from the big roll pure white, without a drop of water dampening its huge bulk, and come out of the other end of the press printed with a perfection ink never gave.

By this invention the speed of the paper, so to speak, is the speed of the press—that is to say, no matter how many thousands of impressions the press may be able to make, the paper will keep pace with it and come out unvexed by accidents. Stranger still, any possible color may be given simply by introducing different chemicals in the mixing of the pulp when the paper is under manufacture. Stocks of paper on hand may also be treated with the chemicals in solution, thus avoiding loss.

Many of these chemicals are known photographically in the development of negatives—acetate of lead, sulphate of iron, amidol, metol, glycin, and the like. When the paper has been treated with the last named, for example, the color of the printing will be blue; when amidol is used the color will be brown, the depth of the brown varying with the strength of the amidol; when a compound of iron is used, black results, and so on. Strangely enough [illegible] colors may be printed at once while the press is going at lightning speed without the alteration of a nut or lever, the face of the plate on which color printing is to be done being merely supplied with different kinds of metal for the different colors desired, each metal producing an individual color of its own.

THE PROCESS IN COMMERCIAL USE

When Mr. Greene took a silver half crown which I handed him and printed on a piece of paper which I had in my pocket an impression of the money in a clear reddish brown hue no chemical at all was used. The piece of paper happened to be a permit to make photographs in the British Museum, and I fell to wondering if, in the great room in that greatest storehouse of the world, anything more wonderful could be shown.

The same process may be extended to the printing of all manner of figures upon cloth, or other stuffs, so that the commercial possibilities of the system will be seen to be of large scope.

The paper to be used in inkless printing is patented—that is to say, the process of manufacture is patented, but licenses to make it are to be sold at a figure which, it is claimed, will not appreciably increase the cost, while paper manufacturers will not be obliged to go to large expense in the alteration of their plants. The material used to sensitize the paper is very plentiful and very cheap. The printing is remarkably brilliant, for there is nothing in the electricity which in any way may blur or make indistinct.

In a nutshell, the process, as applied to a regulation modern press, is this:

A sheet of zinc or carbon surrounds the cylinder of the press, or lies flat in the case of a flat bed press. Into this zinc a positive current of electricity is sent. To the type, or the stereotype plate, a negative current is sent. As the paper passes over the face of the type a current of electricity flows through it. Wherever the paper touches the type or the block for illustration, or whatever is to be printed, the

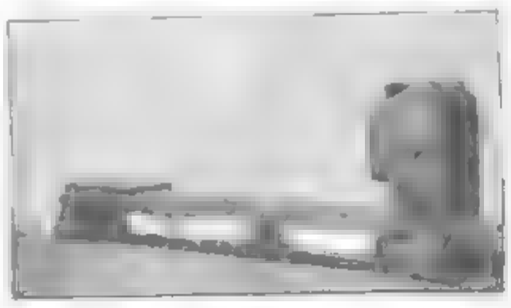
impression is produced by this subtle, mysterious agent; inkless printing is accomplished.

In addition to the saving in expense, all types, blocks and the like are kept as clean and bright as though new; no washing is necessary; no injury is caused by the electric current to the finest type faces or the most delicately engraved plates; and the current is a preservative of the blocks and plates

I should say that, setting aside the obvious economic advantages of the system, this remarkable revolution in one of the great arts of the ages, there is hardly anything concerning it to be hailed with greater satisfaction by those who print the magazines and books and newspapers of Americ than the fact that every drop of ink, every drachm of benzine, every pot of lye, all oil and cleaning cloths and brushes, are to be driven out of the establishments where they have so long held tyrannous sway—driven out by this marvelous electrical process

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTING PRESS

The inventor was down on his knees in front of a round-topped, iron trunk, digging out all sorts of things—patent reports, copies of applications, letters from the four quarters of the globe, original drawings of inventions, a mass of valuable material for which he seemed to care about as little as though it were so much waste paper. The electric lights in the cunningly devised hood above were burning brilliantly and the rain was falling in a dreary torrent. Now and then the room would be as still as death but for the pattering on the great skylights; then Mr. Friese-Greene would rise up on his knees and look more closely at some paper, talking, half to himself, of some bloodless but bitter laboratory victory which this paper represented. Finally he fished out some photographic prints, some of them the ordinary cabinet size, some larger. Puffing from his pawing, he rose, and as he handed me some of the prints he said,



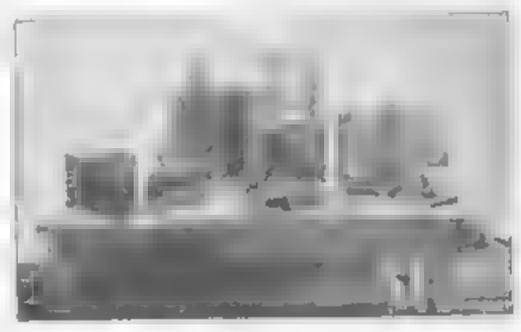
Printing Photographs by the Mile

"There, sir! There's the very first piece of paper ever printed with an automatic photographic printing machine. Take it, if you'd like it as a souvenir. You can't know what it means in study and labor."

The picture was one of Mr. Friese-Greene with his pet dog in his arms. It was the first tangible result of one of the most remarkable inventions of this remarkable man. It was produced by automatic photographic printing, or printing by photography, "printing by the mile," Mr. Greene calls it. It was this that led up to printing by electricity. Like the latter, it is simple enough when you come to understand it But for the inkless printing it might of itself have wholly revolutionized the printing trade. The machine which Mr. Greene invented and patented, and which he has sold outright—for $50,000—to a well known London publishing house, is practically a photographic printing press.

A strip of prepared paper passes in at one end of the machine, interrupted at intervals as it goes on through. It comes out at the other end a finished photograph or piece of printed matter. At each interruption of the paper as it journeys it is exposed to a negative from which a print is automatically made. As it journeys, also, the picture is not only printed, but toned, and fixed, and washed, and polished, if a polished surface be desired. Not only is the system adapted to the printing of cigarette pictures and other advertising photographs, now being turned out in England by the million by this process, but it is adaptable to the printing of illustrated magazines.

The paper is sensitized. As it stops at intervals a curious arrangement of the mechanism draws up the negative, which is made on a translucent medium, and presses the negative upon the paper. At the same instant a time shutter is automatically opened admitting the light, and automatically shut when a long enough interval has elapsed to print the picture; or the light of an electric arc lamp may be used, in which case no shutter is required



The First Cinematograph

PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTING IN MAGAZINES

"You will see," said Mr. Greene, "that in the first picture made the print is on one side only. Naturally this would not be satisfactory for a magazine—for instance, where it would be necessary to print on both sides at once. This was obviated by simply making the machine double, and reversed, the paper first printing on one side in one machine, and then on the other in the second."

One does not wonder that the London firm was willing to pay well for the invention when it was to include printing from negatives of types as well as from negatives of photographs. This is the statement in the patent specifications

"The negatives are employed, according to this invention, for commercial and other machine printing, in lieu of the ordinary stereos, blocks or type, and in combination with sensitized material, the printing being effected by means of light passing through the negative."

The pictures come from this wonderful machine at the rate of two thousand an hour without the aid of human muscle or the guidance of the human mind. It would seem to be in some ways a more wonderful thing than the inkless printing.

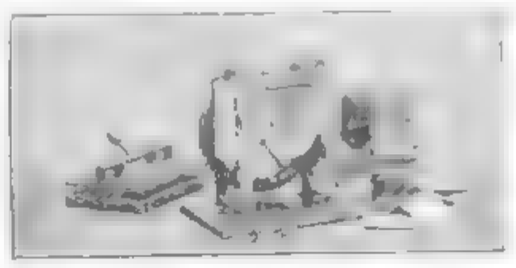
The longer Mr. Friese-Greene dug down into that mysterious old trunk the more I was prepared to believe him one of the modern wizards of the world

"I have a great admiration for the Americans and their marvelous power of invention, as well as for their other characteristics," he said as he rose up from the floor and walked over to one of the large tables, "but among all your inventions I hardly think you have one like this

"You would hardly believe me if I should tell you how many months I spent on this little disk," he said, holding up the apparatus. "But I conquered in the end."

A TRIUMPH IN COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY

This disk promises a complete revolution in the present-day ideas of color photography. By means of it Mr. Greene is enabled to photograph with one plate at one exposure every possible tint in any landscape, painting, or anything, no matter what, which has color in it Making a lantern slide, for instance, from this negative, he again uses the disk, and upon a screen reproduces every possible tint of Nature. It is one of the most marvelous things that this inventor has ever accomplished.



Working Model of the Machine Which Prints Without Ink

The disk is composed of three sectors, one red, one yellow, one blue, the primary colors. When the picture is to be taken, the disk is rapidly revolved in front of the lens, or possibly in the camera itself directly behind the lens, and immediately in front of the glass plate or film. The negative thus made is developed in the ordinary way. From this negative a common lantern-slide transparency is made. This is placed in a lantern and the disk is again revolved in front of the lens of the lantern. Immediately upon the screen, as soon as the disk is in sufficiently rapid rotation, appears the scene, precisely as it was to Nature, in every hue and tint and shade a marvelous and convincing copy of Nature in her gayest or saddest mood.

Stranger even than this, the object to be photographed need not be motionless; no matter how fast it is moving, if only the proper camera for swift motion be used, the objects appear without a change from the hues of the original. So upon the screen may appear not only all the glow and brilliancy of great processions, but the movement as well; all the splendid pomp of the spectacles when Kings are crowned and Presidents made; the absolute colors of the great paintings of the past and the present; the tender tones of a bank of violets, or the most delicate tint of a baby's cheek; or the gorgeous pageantry of the burnished clouds when the stately sun goes down.

One can hardly give enough scope to the imagination to picture what this will mean to the world, what it will mean for the general exhibition of great paintings and the preservation of their colors from all assaults of time, what it will mean in a personal way to those who have loved ones who slip away in the mists of death, nor what it will mean to nations in the way of the preservation of great State events.

THE SCIENCE OF THE PROCESS

But let no one think this was the result of some fortuitous accident: it was rather the result of many months of the most patient study, investigation and research; months of anxiety and worry and trouble, with the phantom of possible failure hovering over the big dark room along the King's Road in Chelsea. There was an important problem for solution; it persistently refused to be solved for months:

In this glass disk, what should be the proportion of the primary colors?

It was more than a question in mathematics. It involved the widest scope of the mysteries of light and shade and color. A double glass disk was constructed, with an opening between its two plates. Movable barriers were set up between the two plates and colored liquids poured into the compartments thus formed. Again and again the experiment was tried; now this much yellow, now that, now so much red, and so much blue, and then a changing of their proportions time after time. When the correct proportion seemed to have been ascertained there was still the final test of the lens.

At last the long-sought relation was found, so that the use of liquids could be done away with if desired and colored glass used instead. For films and glass plates of differing rapidity it may be necessary, in order to attain the best results, slightly to vary the disk sectors as finally established, which is, relatively, for the yellow about half the area of the red, with the blue sector much smaller than the yellow.

The picture will not appear upon the screen at its best, or, if you will, at Nature's best, until the disk is revolved very rapidly. It is better that it should be turned by an electric or other motor, though it may be turned fast enough by hand. If the lantern slide is projected upon the screen without the revolving of the disk, only the ordinary lantern-slide effect is produced; immediately upon the revolution of the disk the most gorgeous, as well as the most delicate, colors come out.

There were so many curious things in this room one had time but for a glance at some of them. As the inventor went from one to another of them, telling now this incident, now that, he kept up a running fire of comment—now it was the prospective war in South Africa, just then slowly looming up below the equator, that he talked about; now it was the lately completed memorial which was a part of his little par- [illegible] rt home, or the great yacht race, [illegible] the United States; or perhaps it was the American people and their characteristics, a subject of which he seemed never to tire—whatever it was, there ran through his conversation the gentle threads of generosity.

It was late in the night, and the rain was still relentlessly beating down upon the big spread of glass over the laboratory, when he picked up a small camera box and said

"If you aren't tired of looking at things, perhaps this would interest you. I fancy you never saw anything just like it in America, for it's the only one of its kind—the original model, in fact, on which the patent was secured."

It was not an unusual-looking camera on the outside, save that it was supplied with a crank on one side. It is a camera with which you can do all the usual things—use glass plates as well as films, focus on a ground glass, or use as a hand camera with a universal focus, load in daylight, use any size of film cartridge, and so on; but, at the same time, you can use it to make moving pictures, the crank on the side allowing you to reel off negatives at any rate of speed necessary to make a continuous negative, so to speak, of any moving objects—a race-horse, a bicycle parade, a great procession, or a game of football in progress; all this with the same box Besides this, it is impossible to make a duplicate, for if one attempts to do so the crank comes off and no picture is the result. By means of the crank the film may be unrolled at a rapid rate as the object passes.

And there the curious little camera, which appears to have a good many points of interest to those who belong to the rapidly increasing army of amateur photographers, was lying in the dust of the room, waiting the time when its inventor should see a chance to put it on the market.

KEEPING SECRETS BY ELECTRICITY

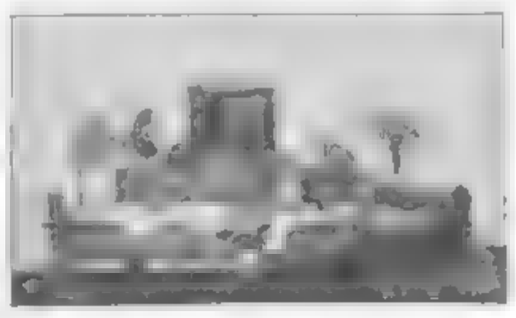
A strange product of this man's brain which one may not overlook in considering his life work is a method by which secret messages, drawings of the enemy's fortifications, important documents of State for transmission in secret to representatives of the Government in other lands, confidential correspondence between private parties, may be sent upon perfectly blank paper without a trace of ink or pencil, or a clue to the hidden message or picture. Here, again, electricity is the agent. The message or the drawing, whatever it is that is to be sent, is drawn or written upon the paper with an electric stylus attached to the negative pole of a battery

The message is written upon it in daylight, and disclosed in daylight, the only essential being that the one to whom it is sent should know the proper chemical developer with which to bring out the hidden message. In fact, the piece of paper thus charged with the electric fluid is a negative. The message will keep any number of years. It cannot be found out by any one who does not know the developer. When it is developed, which is done in daylight, the picture or the message is in brilliant black, if the developer is to make a black impression, and it will last for years.

Mr. Friese-Greene has become deeply interested in electricity, and he is doing much experimental work in his fine laboratory at his home in Dovercourt, hard by the place where much of Marconi's work is done. He is paying much attention to the electrical energy of photographic developers, a new field in which some valuable discoveries are promised.

THE PERSONAL SIDE OF MR. FRIESE-GREENE

Mr. Friese-Greene is a man of charming personality, a generous, open-hearted man, with all the enthusiasm of a boy. He appeared to me more deeply interested in how he could help the world than in how he could heap up gold. When he left school he was apprenticed, in good old English fashion, to a man whose oppression he endured just as long as his independent English nature would permit. Then he had a bit of trouble, ending, if I mistake not, in his giving the employer a bit of a drubbing for his tyranny. Then he ran away and refused to go back and finish his indenture. The employer valued his services highly, and went into court over the matter, endeavoring to compel him by law to return. When the Judge had heard the testimony he didn't wait for the lawyers, but told the employer he was too mean a man to deserve so talented an apprentice; whereupon he ordered the lad's release from all indenture bonds. From that moment the boy began the independent career which has at last placed him among the great men of England.



Apparatus for Color Photography

Christmas in History

Christmas at Valley Forge—Drawing by George Gibbs

The Hindered Guest

By Edwin Markham

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FRIAR HILARY, of Barbazon,
(Rest to his soul where his soul has gone!)
Was a man whose life was long perplexed
By warring targums of the text.
The logic of Saint Thomas' books
Was fastened to his mind with hooks.
He knew Tertullian's work complete—
That treatise on the Paraclete.
The controversies of Jerome,
He could recite them tome by tome.

The friar was tall and spare and spent,
Like a cedar of Lebanon bare and bent.
His eyes were sunken and burned too bright,
Like restless stars in the pit of night.
The friar had built a tower of stone,
And dwelt far up in a cell alone;
And from the turret, gray in air,
He called to God with psalm and prayer,
To come as He did to the wise of old—
To come as the ancient voice foretold.
All day the hawk swung overhead;
All day the holy page was read.

One bleak December he fasted sore,
That Christ might knock at his low door—
Lord Jesus shine across the floor.
For a sudden hunger was in his heart
To eat of the mystic bread a part.
Yet Christ came not to sup with him,
And Christmas Eve fell chilly and dim.

"Where art Thou?" he would cry and hark,
While echoes answered in the dark. . . . .
Where was the Lord—was He afar,
Throned calmly on the central star?

Now suddenly there came a cry
As of a mortal like to die.
Up sprang the friar, the doors of oak
He flung asunder at a stroke.
Down stair by stair his quick feet flew,
Startling the owls that the rafters knew,
Breaking the webs that barred the way,
Crushing the mosses that fear the day.
Into the pitiless street he ran
To save a trodden fellow-man.

He found a stranger sore distressed,
And carried him in upon his breast,
With many a halt on the stairs for rest.
He washed the feet and stroked the hair,
And for the once forgot his prayer.
He gave him wine that the Pope had sent
For some great day of the Sacrament.
And looking up, behold, at his side
Was bending also the Crucified!
He had come at last to the lonesome place,
And standing there with a courteous grace,
Threw sainted light on the friar's face.

And then the Master spake: "My son,
My children on my errands run;
And till you ran into the street
The door was shut against my feet."

Christmas in History

An English Christmas in the Thirties—Drawing by George Gibbs

The Honorable Christmas Gift of Yoshida Aramidzu

By John Luther Long

DO YOU remember the day you came?" asked Pen.

"Yaes," laughed Matsu San. "You look I this way——" She sat up suddenly, seized a pair of spectacles from the window sill and put them on, endeavoring to look like a much-frightened and at the same time a very learned young woman.

"Yes," confessed the Japanese; "I thing mebby you long an' thin an' got sour coun te nance."

Penelope laughed riotously.

"Pray describe your sensations when you found me disgracefully short and stout."

"I dunno," replied Matsu San; "jus' I dis-ap point."

She reflected a moment. It was not quite the proper phrase. But she was not sure how to mend it. It could not be left that way, at all events.

"Yaet—I'm *glad* I dis-ap-point," she ventured.

"Matsu San, your English is disgraceful—for a teacher of Japanese."

It was not the first time this had been said, and they laughed in confidence.

"The fact is, that we were both shamming—oh, shamming disgracefully! You didn't want to teach and I didn't want to be taught Japanese much. But *mama* wanted both—*very* much. Well, her conscience is at rest—and we are ours—aren't we?"

"I don' lig dis ap point that *nodder*—but I lig you."

Of course you do! And that is the whole of it.

Penelope plunged her head into Matsu San's lap—they were on the floor, Japanese fashion. Everything in Pen's room was Japanese—and Matsu-San put her fingers into the bright hair of the American in a fashion both liked.

"Mama has unconsciously given me the dearest little chum I have ever had, and you the most exacting ——"

She came near saying mistress. But she always avoided this. For, with a certain mystery about the girl which she now again thought of, there was always the impression that she was something more than she appeared.

"Tom went to see you first, you know, as soon as you answered the advertisement. He said at once that the spectacles and the hair and clothes and all that were some sort of disguise—Tom's fond of solving mysteries, you know—and that you were a fake, but would do. By the way, I'd like to know why you undertook to deceive us in that way. You might have known you could not. It was childish. Lucky that Tom saw your sweetness so easily. At any rate, mama has given you a comforter—for you are not nearly so sad and mopish as you were when you came. So, you see, it is all right. Everybody is satisfied—even *you*."

The girl hung her head a moment.

"I thing I bedder telling you 'bout those dis guise. I can' be satisfy till I do those. Tha's not nize. Go at house dis guise. I all times feeling guilty 'bout those. I gon' tell you long 'go. *But*—tha's a story 'bout—'bout me—an' nother p——n. I——"

Penelope at once scented a romance.

"*Did* you have to run away?"

The girl was silent.

"You *did* have to run away from some one!" cried Pen triumphantly.

Matsu San shook her h——.

"Why—that is odious," said Pen in dudgeon. "You just admitted it!"

"Me? Oh, you got nexcuse me. I din say I run 'way from some one."

"Well, what then?" demanded the amazed Pen. "What c—d could you do but run away?"

"I—could—run—*after*—at——," confessed the Japanese shamefacedly and uncertainly.

But this was revolutionary to Pen.

"Run after? Why, what can you possibly mean?"

Matsu-San opened the lexicon at the word "after." She knew what can meant.

"'Hoarry close la hone 'nother.'" read the teacher of Japanese English.

Pen snatched the book out of her hand and impatiently flung it away.

"Oh, bother! *Who* or *what* did you run after?"

"I don' lig for tell," begged the girl.

Pen was merciless.

"But you've—to tell. Y—start to unf—mystery which has lost Tom and m— such a lot of sleep and then leave it just where it will lose us fifty times more. Go on!"

"I run after Yoshida," confessed the girl.

"And wh—t is *that*—hurry!"

"Tha's a—t c—d——"

THEY WERE ON THE FLOOR JAPANESE FASHION

And then for a minute Penelope was quite silent. It was too good to grasp at once. Pen pulled the Japanese into her lap.

"What's his other name?"

"Aramidzu," confessed the girl dolefully.

"Now look here. You liked him, didn't you?"

The Japanese admitted this.

"Yes—you *loved* him—honest, now, didn't you love him?"

The attitude of Penelope was sympathetic, even if a little too avid. The girl surrendered.

"He's mos' bes' nize gent all the gods never sen' back at the earth!" she declared. Pen's face shone.

"I knew it! I just *knew* it all the time!" Which was not quite true, for if she had only suspected it she would have had it out of the girl long before. "Yes, you couldn't marry him because—well, because of the opposition of some one—yes, I knew it—and he got angry because you wouldn't brave your mother's, or perhaps your father's? *Uncle's.* Yes, yes. Perhaps he said that if you cared more for them than for him—and so on. A lot of musty old uncles! Men are all that way. Well, you wouldn't abandon them for him, and in a fit of pique he left for Tokyo, saying you should never see his face again—yes—no? Now, don't interrupt me. There may be some small details not quite right but—— Well, then, after a while your mother—no, it was your father? Your uncles?—yes—died—the lot of them—and you were all alone. You saw our advertisement for a teacher, and you thought you'd come and pretend to be my teacher, but hunt him up and tell him that it was all right and you'd marry him right away—and live happy ever after and all that—yes—yes, I know it was that way. And you haven't seen or heard of him?"

To this Matsu San said yes. She wished to say more.

"Well, then, we'll find h— yes, we'll find him for you. Tom will just be *delighted* with such a job. Tom——" she called again, and presently Tom came down.

"Tom," said his sister, "it is all perfectly plain. The mystery is a mystery no longer. She has confessed all! And oh, it's perfectly delightful. She came here after her lover. That is what the spectacles meant. Yes. Well, what do you think of it? Now we're going to find him or—or—die in the attempt!"

"You had better do the dying, Pen, and let me find him," said her young brother with the dignity which became him.

■

"Now, then, go on, Matsu San, and tell him all about what was his name?" She snatched a piece of paper and began to write.

"Yoshida Aramidzu," whispered the girl shyly.

"How tall was he?"

Matsu-San did not know—and besides, she was embarrassed by this huge American energy. But presently Pen got from her some matters of description which seemed important, but which were really quite commonplace and would apply to ninety nine Japanese out of every hundred.

Tom smoked and smiled vacantly.

"Tom," chided his sister, "why don't you take an interest? Don't let me do all the work."

"You're taking all those pains for nothing," said Tom largely. "You seem to like to work; I don't."

"Why do you say that?" asked Pen.

"Because I've already got the chap——"

Pen flew at him and forcibly closed his mouth—and to say that of Pen is to record considerable inconvenience for Tom.

"You do things with all your soul, don't you?" asked Tom with such irony as he could command while extracting the cigarette from his larynx.

"Oh, Tom! dear, dear Tom—oh!"

"Reads the same both ways," gibed Tom.

But you were just about to give it all away. It would *never* do to let her know till you are sure. I would n't—a false hope in the breast of that child for anything!"

"Well—how'll you prevent the catastrophe?"

"Why, whisper it to me."

She put up her ear to him prettily. Tom was tempted to shout something unconnected with the serious business in hand into her ear in revenge for the cigarette; but he thought better of it.

"I can put my hand upon the chap whenever he is wanted. The description is simply perfect. I have known him for

about a year. He came from Satsuma. He *has* his hair cut Pompadour; he *does* wear his trousers a little too high; he *has* a ring on the third finger of his left hand, and he *is* endeavoring to encourage the growth of a mustache. He *is* a clerk in the Registration Office, and lives in the Kobashi-[illegible] When do you want him?'

Pen was lost for a moment in amazement.

Tom," she said, "you are an absolute wonder. Why, if you were a detective all you would have to do would be [illegible] and tell your subscribers what they had for breakfast. It must [illegible] telepathy or

What do you want the [illegible] asked Tom.

Matsu-San was listening, so Pen dissembled. "Now, Tom, go right to work. Take in all the clubs to-night. To-morrow see the consuls. Next day the passenger stations and the steamer lists. Oh!"

It was a scream of delight.

Matsu-San, go upstairs—go this instant!"

For once she was the mistress without doubt. She pushed the terrified Japanese out of the room and up the stairs and then closed the door. Then she went about the room on tiptoes, as she had seen it done on the stage, to all the doors and windows, and at last approached the phlegmatic Tom. He was trying to roll a cigarette in supreme unconsciousness of his sister's perturbation.

"Tom!" she whispered hoarsely, snatching his tobacco and paper away from him, "listen! Tom!" she said again; "we'll give him to her for a Christmas gift!"

"In her stocking?" asked Tom, going upon guard as if he were sparring.

"Don't be silly."

"That's so. She doesn't wear any."

"She does! The most beautiful things you ever saw: *tabi*, she calls them. There's a separate place for the great toe."

All right," agreed Tom, "in her *tabi*, then. It's something like a cat, I suppose.

"Won't it be lovely?

A sudden thought came to Tom that made him laugh.

' Yes," he replied quickly, ' lovely, of course—for *me*."

"For *all* of us! I'll work her up till she's so sad and lonely—almost dead—and just then you'll bring him in."

"Better acquaint her with the usual Christmas yarns. You know there is no Christmas here."

"Yes—I'd forgotten that. Tom, you're an angel."

"Sans wings," grinned Tom.

Tom laughed again when he took his collar off that night. "Two can always play at a joke. I've got a man. I produce him at the proper—or improper—time, and he is not *the* proper man. Tableau! Ha! ha! ha!"

■

"There's really no use in trying to explain to you exactly what Christmas is in America—even if I knew myself—exactly. You're Shinto, and wouldn't understand it in the least. But in a general way, that is the time when everything pleasant happens. You get loads of presents—just the kind you've been sighing for and been afraid to buy—or too poor—and if you don't like them, the stores all exchange after Christmas. And that's handy, because sometimes you get several of the same kind. Well, that's the time all the prodigals return, and every one of them gets a blessing and some cake; and every person who has been the least bit nasty to you feels ashamed of it, and sends you a present."

"How that is nize!" said Matsu San.

"Well, that's the time your—what's his name? Oh, yes! Yoshida San. That's the time he will return—quite in the way of all the Christmas stories. Tom says so. He's got to be told that you are dead and buried, and that he is to come here about—well, something else. Then we'll spring you on him—and you've got to do the rest. Only, don't let it fall flat, like some Christmas stories I've read. You must keep up the interest to the end—the bitter end, as Tom says. But Tom'll attend to that."

On the following evening Tom called upon a friend of his named Tengu, in the Government service, but known to him as "The Graven Image." Tom refused his host's *shippo* pipe, and proceeded to fill the apartment with the smoke of his cigarette—to the disturbance of his friend's repose.

■

' Look here," asked Tom, "have you ever smiled?"

"Why I should smile?" asked the Japanese.

"I'd like to know why you shouldn't. But never mind. I have known you only ten months. You certainly have never smiled in that time. But did you before I met you?"

The Japanese looked at him solemnly.

"Yaes," he said.

"Well, why don't you do so now? What's the matter? Have you a secret sorrow?"

Yaes," said the Japanese, and was silent.

"Oh, don't tell me. Don't think of it. I can't keep a secret. Anyhow, ten or twelve hours a day in a Government office is enough to make one melancholy without having a secret sorrow. Look here, I've taken a contract to make you smile, you understand?"

The Japanese apparently understood.

"You remember my sister, Pen? Yes—the girl who used to read you English poetry you didn't understand when you first came—a cure for sorrow, she called it. Morte d'Arthur and such cheerful things. Well, she's the chief conspirator, and you are to be the chief victim. But—this is going to be a joke on Pen. You remember mama advertised for a person to teach Pen colloquial Japanese. Well, the result of that advertisement was a spectacled and much-disguised young person calling herself—now what the deuce does she call herself? Well, no matter. The joke will be the same.

' This young person—and, by Jove, she is as charming as possible—yessir—the most bewitching little thing I ever saw. Well, she had a lover in Kagoshima named—well, I'll be hanged! I never can remember names! No matter. She and her lover quarreled—couldn't marry, and all that sort of thing, on account of the opposition of a stern parent—or ditto uncles, I believe. You know the rest: lover gets mad, goes to [illegible]ko, father dies—no, it's uncles—a cargo of them—[illegible] girl comes to hunt him up and forgive him and marry him and live happy ever after, don't you know. Well, then, we've got the girl, but not the lover. My duty, it appears, is to find the aforesaid lover and on Christmas Eve bring him to the house and put him into the waiting arms of his sweetheart—Christmas—time everything comes your way for once—and then give them my blessing. Pen's always got me on some such thing, and I've got to get a little fun out of it once in a while. Well, I pretend to have found the aforesaid lover, take him up there and put him into the arms of the aforesaid sweetheart, and behold he is *not* the man. Tableau! Do you understand?"

TOM TAUGHT YAMSU-SAN TO DRAW A TOMCAT

"Yaes," said he.

"Why, you're easy! Easier than I dared to hope. And will you serve as the lover? Only a sort of property lover, as it were? You will assist?"

"Yaes."

"Well, then, enough said. Good-night."

"Now, Matsu-San," Pen was saying as she hovered about her, "you are a bride. And, dear, you are the sweetest thing I ever saw. I'm almost afraid—for Tom! I think it is time for him to be here. Tom! Tom!"

This was part of the plot. She hurried to the door as if she had heard Tom's voice. They were to pretend that they had discovered at the last moment that Yoshida was married. Penelope returned with the lines of tragedy upon her face.

"Oh, my poor Matsu-San," she wailed, "it is too dreadful! Tom has found him, but how can I tell you—he is married!"

Matsu San grew pitifully white. She slowly drooped toward Penelope and moaned.

"Oh, all the gods in the sky! You make me that happy 'bout those Christmas. You tell me tha's a time aeverybody gitting that happy. You tell me you fine him an' he that glad an' wan come an' marry with me this ver' night. You git aeverything ready for those marriage—the liddle pine tree——" She glanced about at all the preparations for the [illegible] three times three—those *sakè*—those garment—all, an' now——" She sobbed and tried to rise. Penelope held her down. This was Tom's cue to appear with Yoshida. Pen looked about wildly, but there was no one in sight.

She had heard Tom's voice outside. Why didn't he come?

In truth, Tom had been waiting with his Japanese friend behind the door, and they had just come in time to hear the pathetic speech of Matsu-San's. Then it occurred to Tom that he was a brute to make sport of sorrow so real.

■

"I say, Tengu, we are going to get right out of this. I didn't think I could be such a brute. But it's all Pen's doing. I'll be hanged if I'm going to palm you off on her after that. Poor little thing! It would be sacrilege. Come along." The Japanese did not move.

Why don't you come? Pen'll be after us in a minute and then it will be all over. She's mad as a hornet now. Can't you see that? Come along. You don't know Pen!

Tom tried vainly to drag him off.

"If I come along, she go'n' be dis ap-point."

"She'll be more disappoint if you don't."

You tell her her gent marry with 'nother somebody. She go'n' believe those I don' go unto her."

"She'll believe it a good deal more if you do."

"No——" began the Japanese, when Penelope arrived with wrath in her face.

None of that," menaced Tom. "It's bad enough as it is. He's bent on going in."

"Well—why don't you let him go? What do you mean by letting me sit there like a little fool while you two quarrel out here? Go right in and——"

She had opened the door, but Tom forcibly closed it and held her back. With the other hand he was also holding the Japanese in a grip of steel.

Don't you understand? Oh, Heavens, the way of the transgressor *is* hard! I ought to have taken you into the secret, instead of merely taking you in. Well, then, this is *not* the gentleman in question. I was going to substitute him and see what she would say—for a joke. But when I heard that about—well, you know—I felt like a brute. It is only old Tengu. I have known him a whole year. You know him, too. Don't you remember Morte d Arthur?"

Penelope looked at him and gave a smothered [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

He let Tengu go and gave him a shove.

"Get out, confound you! Why did you let yourself be led into such—— Say, Pen, I'm awfully sorry. Fix this up with her somehow, and I swear I'll find that chap of her's if it takes the rest of my life."

■

Pen did not hear a word. Tengu had softly entered the room. With a look of terror on her face Pen was about to rush in and drag him forth, when Matsu San looked up and saw him. At first something electric passed over the face of the girl, then once more it became quite impassive. She bent prettily to the mats and welcomed him. He did the same, gradually making his way on hands and knees to her presence. There they sat up facing each other. There were some sweetmeats between them which she offered him.

"That is honorable weather," she said.

"Most miserable weather, for me," he replied.

"Ha!?" she asked.

"Because I have lost the light of your celestial eyes."

"Foolish eyes."

"And the sound of your exquisite voice."

"A croaking voice."

"Your—parent—how is most mighty he?"

"My father is honorably dead."

"Alas! The earth is that much poorer, and Heaven that much richer."

"And your uncles?"

"Dead."

There was a pregnant pause.

"Do you sleep well?" asked Matsu-San.

' I have not slept well since the day I miserably left you."

Your—divine children—do they sleep well?"

Alas! I have no children."

For that I am honorably sorry. But your wife sleeps well—your most lovely wife?"

"I have no lovely wife."

"Is she then ugly—augustly ugly?"

"I have no wife—miserably none!"

There was a pause here which would have been one of extreme embarrassment to an Occidental couple.

"I have sadly, also, no husband."

Another pause. Evidently for mental adjustment.

"To-night—here—if you augustly please, I will marry you," said Tengu.

"Yes," said Matsu-San.

"I see everything excellent; ready for marriage."

"Well, I'll be hanged!" exclaimed Tom behind the door.

"It's disgusting," said his sister.

"Let's leave them to their fate."

"No," said Penelope, with her teeth shut close. "I have set my heart on a wedding to-night—and a wedding there shall be." And there was.

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No More Use for the Gentle Savage

THE world is certainly growing better. Here are the Boers and British in deadly grapple, and neither side has shown any inclination to avail itself of the help of the formidable savages who swarm over the theatre of war, and who, by their numbers and their fighting qualities, might be made to exert a decisive influence upon the result. Thirty thousand Basutos, accustomed to act in disciplined armies, are longing to pounce upon the Boers, and the only fear of the British is that it may not be possible to hold them back. On their side, the Boers, although they are fighting a desperate battle for their very existence, refuse to encourage the Zulus and Matabele to take revenge on the conquerors of Cetewayo and Lobengula. This is a white man's fight, and both sides are determined that savages shall not mix in it.

The white races have not always been so fastidious. The whole history of the struggles among European nations for the possession of this continent is the history of atrocities committed by Indians upon white people at the instigation of other white men. When the ferocious Iroquois began to tire of their burning, torturing and massacring raids against the French of Canada, our English forefathers stirred them up to new deviltries; and when the Abnakis, Micmacs and Caughnawagas would have traded peacefully with the English settlements, the French incited them to creep upon the helpless villages and glut themselves with the sufferings of women and babies. After the massacre at Oyster River, Governor Villebon, of Acadia, complacently remarked:

"This stroke is of great advantage, because it breaks off all the talk of peace between our Indians and the English. The English are in despair, for not even infants in the cradle are spared."

And when the Canadians were starting with their converted mission Indians to murder the unsuspecting settlers of Deerfield, one of the priests told the savage members of his flock to be sure to baptize all children before killing them. The French authorities had a standing offer of ten crowns apiece for English scalps.

The English and Spaniards egged on the raiding parties of the Creeks and Appalachees against each other's settlements in the South. During the Revolution the English incited the Indians to slaughter the families of American farmers, and the same practice was kept up as recently as the War of 1812, and even later.

When Schenectady was taken by the French and Indians in 1690, women, according to Schuyler, were "Rip'd up and the Children alive throwne into the flames and their heads dashed to pieces against the Doors and windows." Comptroller General de Monseignat wrote to his patroness, Madame de Maintenon, describing this massacre in a glow of satisfaction, although he glided gracefully over some of the details. He described the savage chief who was the leader in the butchery as "without contradiction the most considerable of his tribe, an honest man, as full of spirit, prudence and generosity as possible, and capable at the same time of the grandest undertakings."

Probably no civilized nation would have had any scruples against the employment of savages against another before the middle of the present century. It is true that in the Declaration of Independence one of our grievances was that George III had "endeavored to bring on our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes and conditions," but as we had been setting those same "Indian savages" against the French less than twenty years before, it is reasonable to suppose that our indignation was due less to the policy itself than to the fact that we were the victims of it. The abandonment of the practice is one of the many ameliorations of the rigors of war accomplished by the past two generations. With the steady progress toward humanity of which this change is a symptom there is some ground for a hope that in time we may outgrow war itself, and discard it along with the tomahawk and scalping knife that once helped us to carry it on. —SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

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Arbitration will be resumed when the wars are over.

❦ ❦

The Christmas Present Trust

THE complaint of the country is that the trusts have monopolized the necessities of life. But this is not quite true. So far, they have failed to reach the Christmas present, and the Christmas present is just as much of a necessity as the pumpkin pie, the turkey, the wedding ring, or the politician. It concerns intimately every one of the human race who is worth consideration in the problem of civilization. So there seems to be no reason why, if the trust is a good thing for the world, it should not do its best to undertake a new reform.

First, such a trust, to fulfill its higher destiny, should return to youth the capacity of surprise. Our little folks are getting beyond the first principle of gladness. They accept things just as the old people look for trains on schedule time. If you should heap all your December bills in one grand but gloomy pile and by legerdemain turn them into banknotes, the children would probably remark: "Oh, how disappointing! We expected rabbits!" If this new trust could by judicious and heroic measures tone up the emotions and appreciations of the younger generation it would be doing more than painting the lily or gilding the sunset. Of course, with the older people little could be done, but while there is youth there is hope.

One claim of the trust is that it improves the quality of the product. Here certainly is a glorious prospect. Oh, for a toy gun that will not put out eyes or destroy bric à brac! Oh, for a tin horn that will not drive good people to thoughts of crime! Oh, for a new kind of paint on the monkey-stick that will not cost a doctor's bill! Oh, for mechanical toys with mainsprings which will not break ten minutes after winding! Oh, for a dollar engine that will not cost three dollars in repairs! Oh, for holiday slippers that will have less decoration on their uppers and more comfort in their soles! Oh, for a lot of things that cost money and that seem so tawdry and cheap after the candles burn low and the foliage on the Christmas tree begins to drop!

Another claim is that the trust makes a more equitable distribution. Here, indeed, is even a greater hope than in the improvement of the Christmas present. The inequalities of life are never so vividly shown as at Christmas time. The rich get the rich things, the poor get the poor things, and many of the thousands who have the most desire get nothing at all. In evening up matters in this respect the trust would be accomplishing an inexpressible benefit. And there are other ways in which it could work. It could reform the contradictions of the present system. Many a clergyman would rather have a barrel of flour than a barrel of flowers. The old maid does not need a lovely book on How to be Happy Though Married. The politician does not show any joy in receiving a sumptuous volume labeled Truth. The trust might reach the old bachelor, who, in his solitary boarding-house room, wonders why people should be happy at Christmas. It might take some of the turkey which the millionaire cannot eat and place it on the table of the workingman who has an appetite that the millionaire would give his millions to enjoy.

Of course, the Christmas present trust should not be managed on the lines of any slandered oil trust, or any unrefined sugar trust; but, headed by a man of the wide sympathies of Santa Claus, educated to the appreciation of modern means and methods, it might blend business and sentiment in beneficent results for the world and its people.
—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

❦ ❦

When Santa Claus ceases the age of real happiness ends.

❦ ❦

The Display Windows and the Pocketbooks

STATISTICIANS are at odds with theorists, some of them very enthusiastic, regarding the volume of trade possible in our new possessions in the Pacific and the West Indies, and as American taxpayers—which includes all of us who are not tramps—are to pay the expenses of acquiring and holding the islands, there is much curiosity concerning the conflicting estimates.

The statisticians are right—so far as they go and so far as past Spanish trade reports are trustworthy—but there are some significant facts, not easily expressed in figures, on the side of the theorists who insist that new trade will be created. It is true that the Filipinos, as a people, buy little but rice and cotton goods, both of which are very cheap. At the beginning of the present century the Hawaiians did not buy even rice and cottons; they had nothing with which to buy, nor any incentive to work, but the appearance of American trading ships changed all that, and the change occurred suddenly; the natives wanted almost everything new they saw, and little by little they began to work for the wherewithal to buy. They may not have wished and purchased judiciously, but only those of us who buy only what we really need should wonder at this.

In slavery days the colored man in the South wanted money only to buy rum and fiddle-strings; even in the several years after emancipation his trade was scarcely worth mention, but now tens of thousands of shopkeepers are making money out of the colored people. It may be that the black farmer and his boys do not need red-topped boots, and that his wife and daughters could exist without "store" bonnets and astounding jewelry, but they do buy such things and earn the money with which to pay for them. The American Indians who first had the misfortune to meet white men had no trade desires beyond scalping knives and fire-water, but as traders multiplied and their goods increased in attractiveness the longings of the aborigines increased, so the men hunted more industriously for fur-bearing animals and the squaws tilled larger areas of land.

It is true that in Porto Rico, where there are no aborigines (the Spaniards having killed all of them), the natives' demands on the outer world for anything but the bare necessities of life are very few; but that they will remain so does not follow. Spain has always been a merciless tax-collector and an incompetent trader, so the Porto Ricans have had but little spare cash and little temptation to spend. Now, however, with the advent of the American shopkeeper, who is the most persuasive being of his kind, the Porto Rican will be an exception to the human species if he does not long for almost everything he sees, and work harder than ever before that he may be able to buy it. Hundreds of thousands of native-born Americans—white men and women—have lived, perforce, as simply as Porto Ricans, even as Filipinos, and have been of as few desires, but they changed quickly when the shopkeeper came within reach and they could raise or make anything with which to buy. The business history of all other races and nations is to the same effect. The display of new objects created new desires, so the trader, though with no other purpose than to fill his own pocket, has taught the world to work and to increase the volume of business wherever he has appeared. —JOHN HABBERTON.

❦ ❦

It is distinctly bad form to look for the price-mark on the Christmas present.

❦ ❦

The Book and the Fireside

WHEN the wind is from the north, with snow whirling thick; when the sun drops low, far down toward the southern horizon, and when all the window crevices sing in a high tenor key, it is time to prepare for long evenings by the fire. Winter has been greatly maligned by the poets and by mankind in general. It is not a season altogether dreadful, albeit we get a frozen ear and a pinched nose now and again, or come in wringing our fingers and stamping our numb feet. The joys of outdoor life in winter need no mention in a company of vigorous people; the select few, whose blood defies the movement of thermometrical fluids, frolic in the teeth of a blizzard and coquette with ice glazed sidewalks. But the great majority of us have scruples in the matter of calling a blue rigor of cold by endearing names, and we must have our winter enjoyment in the house.

Now for an open fire in the library and a good book to read! It is pleasant to realize that, no matter how many disenchantments may have come to us in the glare of our electric lights, the family circle has lost none of its fascination. Form it once more by the winter hearth and let the reading member officiate as of old in a mellow voice, doling out, with the well-known accent of bookish enjoyment, the fine comforts of literature to the listening group. We may go farther and fare worse than to accept this as the sweetest opportunity offered by the year in its round. The fire glowing and shooting its golden tongues into the sooty throat of the flue, its light tinting the contented faces that look into it, is not a mere centre of warmth; it is a sacred source of joy. Hear the wind in the chimney top, making a mellow boom as counterpoint for the reader's soft, melodious mouthing!

It is no great task, indeed, to find a fascinating volume nowadays. Never before, not even in the highest glory of Alexandria, was the spirit of literature so potent nor the accumulation of books so rapid. Authors crowd the streets and jostle us in the market-places; it is a larger question to decide who has not written a volume than to classify those who have. We should be easily able to have plenty of good reading matter; for, swarm as they may, books are by no means our only dependence in this regard. Newspapers, literary journals, magazines general and special—how the stalls are heaped with them!

What shall we choose for the fireside reading to-night? The embarrassment of riches was never before so great. From old Homer down to the latest illustrated story by a rising young genius, all the good books are at hand, each with a special fascination of its own. It is a toss-up which to take, Montaigne or one of our contemporary essayists—we hesitate, as the old Frenchman said, "between the roast and the wine," and find it hard to give up one for the other or to decide which shall come first. Yet, where there is so much that is delicious, we should be able to feast sumptuously.

Heap on the logs, light the lamps, roll the easy-chairs to their places. We are not a coterie of difficult critics; we come together to be pleased, not to find fault. From grandmother and grandfather down to the toddlers we all agree to accept what is going to be served. Ah, the fragrance, the savor, the old, indescribable effluence of book honey can never be quite superseded by any sophisticated modern invention. Every printed page, if worthily conceived and brought forth, is an ineffable source, a well head of unhindered joy. —MAURICE THOMPSON.

Christmas In History — *Christmas To-Day: on Fifth Avenue—Drawing by Harrison Fisher*

At *the* American Capital

The flags are again streaming from both wings of the Capitol, and the voice of the statesman again reverberates through its corridors. The stars among the new members have hardly begun to twinkle. They will appear one by one after the holiday recess and take their place in the political firmament according to their magnitude. In this House the new member will probably have far more scope than in the last. A few members who have served a two-years' apprenticeship may cast aside their modesty and take an active part in discussion.

There were two stars in the last House that shine here no longer. These twin stars were J. Hamilton Lewis and Jerry Simpson. Lewis, like Jerry, first attracted attention by his attire. It was as neat and natty as anything ever worn by the Count d'Orsay. Jerry, on the contrary, was plainly dressed, wearing raiment that attracted no attention. He had been heralded as "Sockless Jerry." When he first appeared on the floor, a New York member, upon being introduced, stooped and drew up the leg of Jerry's trousers. He saw black silk socks with a drop stitch.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" exclaimed the New York man, "how the world is given to lying."

■

The intellectuality of these two gentlemen corresponded with their attire. Lewis was versatile, and gifted with a miraculous flow of language. In manner he was exquisite; he had all the self-consciousness characterizing Southern chivalry. This was natural, for he was born in Virginia, and is a graduate of its university. In polite sarcasm he was unrivaled, and in running debate a paragon. He apparently never forgot that he had received seventeen votes as the nominee for Vice-President in the Democratic National Convention of 1896. Jerry Simpson, on the contrary, though not so effulgent and demonstrative, was even more effective than Lewis. He was an older stager in politics. He had voted for Abraham Lincoln, and had associated himself with nearly every political party that appeared after the war. There was no dross about Jerry. He had studied economic questions, and was an expert in tariff and all other legislation. Like Lewis, he was a constant attendant upon the sessions of the House, and an active participant in discussion. Of all the members of the last House, Jerry will probably be the one who will be missed the most. A few incidents will illustrate why.

In speaking on a motion to drop the appropriation for seeds for the farmers, Jerry said:

"It is the only benefit the farmer gets in the line of paternalism—the only thing that keeps him in touch with the Government."

"Well, then," shouted David B. Henderson, "you must be a connecting link, Jerry?"

"Yes, sir," Mr. Simpson replied. "And I am a farmer who farms the farm, and not the farmer. Of course I can readily understand why gentlemen representing certain districts have no use for garden seeds. They live in localities where they have to dig their fishworms with dynamite and plant their peas with a shotgun."

■

His happiness in retort was shown in a discussion over Civil Service Reform. Jerry took the Mugwump side of the question. He opened with an attack upon the opponents of the measure, calling Mr. Sulloway, of New Hampshire, "Mr. Salavator," and indulged in a running debate with Lemuel E. Quigg. It involved the power of the Speaker. "The matter rests entirely with the Speaker," Jerry asserted. "He is the whole thing, and he runs the House; therefore I take it for granted there will be no open vote on this question, and that these speeches are all for buncombe, to enable the boys to send them out to satisfy the voters at home."

"But," pursued Mr. Quigg, "will the gentleman undertake to speak for the Speaker without having consulted the Speaker?"

"Yes, sir," returned Jerry, "why not? The Speaker never consults me." The retort created great laughter, in which Mr. Reed himself joined.

■

At times Jerry's sarcasm was intensely effective. In the discussion over the River and Harbor bill last February, Mr. White, of North Carolina, the only colored Representative in Congress, offered an amendment appropriating $7750 for the improvement of Fishing Creek.

"Can I ask the gentleman a question?" said Jerry.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"I want to inquire if the water on the bar is of sufficient depth for the fish to get over the bar without lightering?"

"Yes," replied Mr. White. "When the gentleman corrals his cattle on the Kansas prairie, let him come down there and I will show him that it is." But the amendment was rejected; Jerry's question had killed it.

There was an amusing discussion over the Indian Appropriation bill last year. Jerry took a drive at the Agricultural Department.

"Why," said he, "they lately sent experts to the slums of New York to ascertain the cost of living in the tenement houses. These experts brought out the fact that the poverty of these dwellers is due to their extravagance. They reported that in many instances they really bought beefsteak and butter, and a recommendation is made that they live on bananas, because, as is stated, there is in ten cents' worth of bananas more nutriment than in two pounds of beefsteak."

This brought Governor Dingley to his feet.

"I think," he said, "that my friend from Kansas is making fun. I have observed that during his services in past Congresses he has dwelt upon the miseries of Kansas. Now he is dwelling on the miseries of New York. What is the matter with Kansas?"

"Kansas," shouted Jerry, "is now under Populist rule, and has no more miseries."

"Yet is misery enough in itself," scored David B. Henderson, and the chamber rang with merriment.

John W. Maddox, of Georgia, was once replying to some strictures on the South made by Mr. Landis, of Indiana. "The gentleman is not careful with the facts," said Mr. Maddox.

He is *economical* of facts," suggested Jerry.

The Sundry Civil bill reported in February, 1898, contained a provision for the appointment of nine commissioners to the Paris Exposition. When it was read Jerry began to evince an inquiring disposition.

"Does not this provision for the nine commissioners," he asked, "really mean the appointment of nine millionaires to go over there and look after their special interests—people who have no general interest in the trades that other people are interested in—to go to Paris and get into the swim?"

This question aroused the indignation of Joseph H. Walker, of Massachusetts, a millionaire manufacturer. He denounced the insinuation, saying: "We ought to legislate like men, and not like disgruntled boys."

Jerry, in his reply, paid Mr. Walker a tribute for the way in which he had made his money.

"He has set a worthy example to those who as soon as they have stolen their millions have gone abroad," added he, "and have spent their time in frivolous dissipation in high toned society in Europe."

"Do I understand that the gentleman from Kansas would prefer to be a pauper rather than a millionaire?" asked Mr. Perkins, of Iowa.

"I would not object to being a millionaire at all," Jerry replied, "but I would not want to be a millionaire at the expense of those who toil. I have not the inclination to consume the substance of the people that I might become a millionaire."

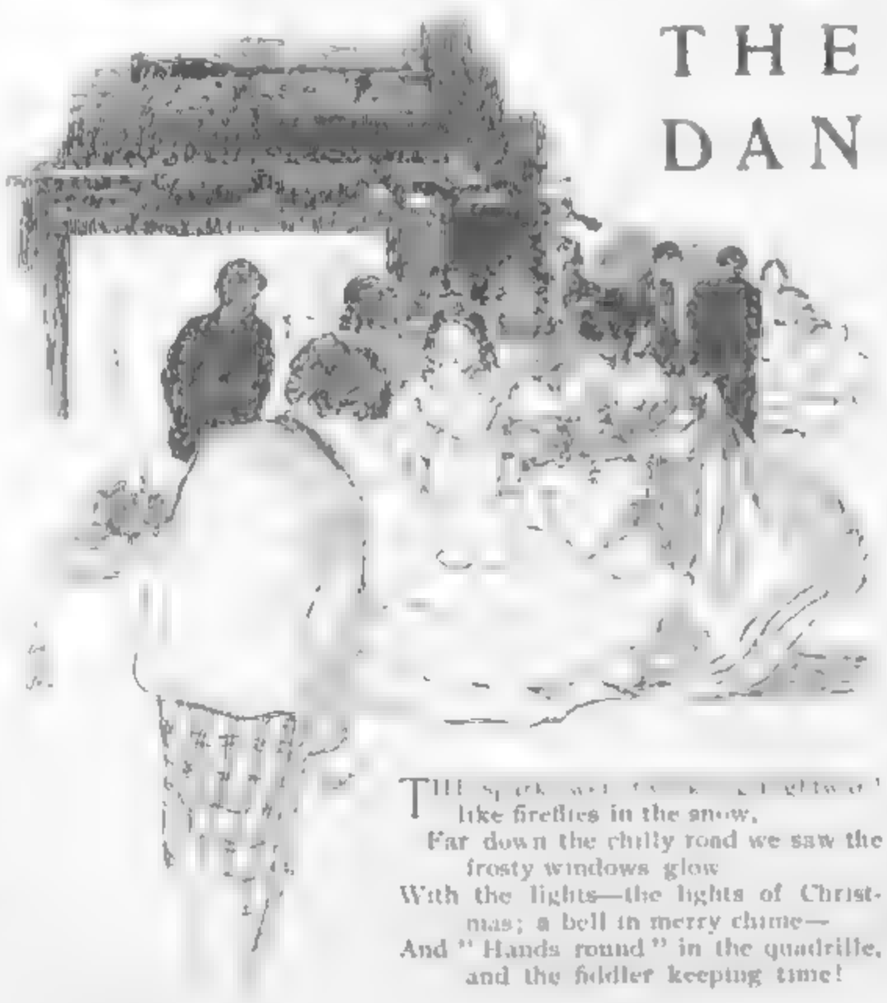
"And," continued Mr. Perkins, "if the gentleman were a millionaire, he would think there was some respectability in that class of our fellow citizens?"

"I have no doubt that I might lend an air of respectability to that class," Jerry responded. "The gentleman from Iowa would no doubt recognize this long felt want."

—Amos J. Cummings

THE CHRISTMAS DANCING

By Frank L. Stanton



The cheery wind came whistling o'er the meadows and the plains,
And rattled us a welcome in the dancing window-panes,
And the rafters rang with music to the twinkling of our feet,
And the mistletoe was tempting, and the lips were red and sweet.

The fiddler called the "figures"—"Now swing yer partners all!"
And "Ladies to the centre!" went ringing down the hall
(The old time, sable fiddler, whose tunes could welcome win
From the jubilant plantations ere "the freedom days" came in!)

Ah, me, that Christmas dancing! Still—still I see the glow
Of cheeks and eyes entrancing, and lights across the snow!
How we met the morn with music, and whispered sweet farewells
To the ringing and the singing of the bells—the Christmas bells!

The spark[illegible] like fireflies in the snow,
Far down the chilly road we saw the frosty windows glow
With the lights—the lights of Christmas; a bell in merry chime—
And "Hands round" in the quadrille, and the fiddler keeping time!

I hear the oak logs crackle—the fiddler's music seems
The sweetest that has ever made a ripple in my dreams!
The lights—the lights of Christmas, fringed with the frosty rime,
And the "Hands round" in the quadrille; and my heart is keeping time!

Christmas In Old Virginia—Drawing by F. L. Fithian

The Perilous Business of Stocking A Menagerie

From the Notes of W. C. Coup—Edited by Forrest Crissey

THERE are at least two features of the show business which are seldom exaggerated, no matter how capable the showman may be at blowing his own horn or how brilliant may be the accomplishments of his advertising man as a professional prevaricator. These features are the great cost of stocking a menagerie and the danger attending the capture and handling of the savage creatures. Few people not in the business have any idea what it costs to get together and maintain a large collection of animals.

Perhaps the only reason why these phases of the business have not been magnified by the eloquent pens and tongues of the advance men is because they are well nigh incapable of exaggeration. The plain truth concerning them is as astonishing and sensational as would be any addition thereto, and consequently the advertising men have been tempted to regard this as a field which does not invite a display of their special talents.

I know of one showman who paid $10,000 for a hippopotamus. This figure would have been as effective for advertising purposes as twice that amount—and yet I do not recall that this price was made much of in the advertising put out by the proprietor. At the time I went into the great New York Aquarium enterprise I remember having one day figured up the amount which I had paid Reiche Brothers, then the leading animal dealers of the world. It reached the neat sum of half a million dollars. This, however, was but a fraction of the fortune I had been called upon to invest in wild animals. Besides buying from other dealers, I had been interested in several independent animal hunting expeditions to Africa. This was a tremendously expensive experience, and led me to a willingness to pay the very large profits demanded by the established animal houses rather than attempt to go into the forests and jungles with my own expeditions. These houses were able to employ educated Germans who delighted in the adventure, and they saved us time, anxiety and money.

BEASTS AT WHOLESALE

In this particular branch of trade Germans take the lead. Henry Reiche, the New York partner, came to this country a very poor boy, and began peddling canaries, bullfinches, and other song birds. He made his start in 1851 when he went to California by way of the Isthmus of Panama, and employed natives to carry the living freight on their backs. He marched with his men and carried a heavier burden than any servant in the caravan. His only great competitors were the Hagenbacks, of Hamburg. Since the death of the Reiche Brothers, the Hagenbacks have almost monopolized the trade, supplying the menageries and zoological gardens of the world. The Reiche Brothers left an enormous fortune made from this humble beginning.

There is something thrilling in the thought of the lives that have been lost, the sufferings and hardships endured, the perils encountered, and the vast sums of money expended in the capture and transportation of wild animals for the menageries, museums and zoological gardens. Indeed, the business has been so exclusively in the hands of two very quiet gentlemen, whose agencies cover nearly half the globe, that beyond the managers of gardens and shows, only a very limited number of persons have any conception of the extent of their operations.

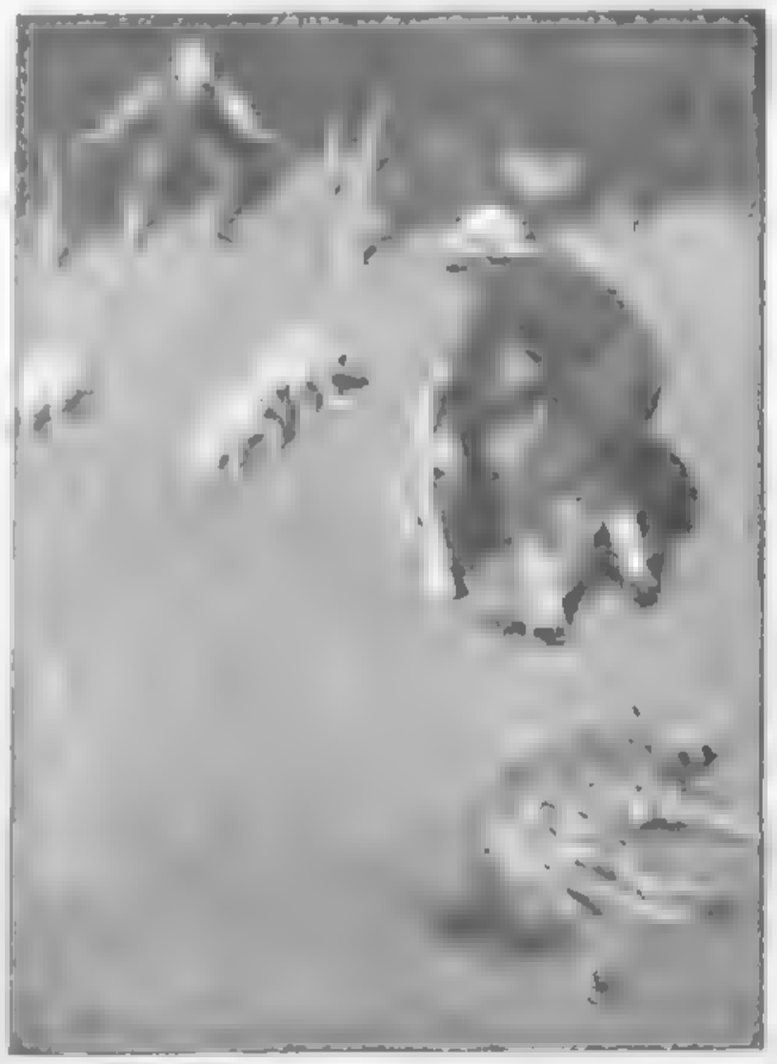
THE PROFESSIONAL ANIMAL HUNTER

The head of the Reiche firm, and its directing spirit, was Mr. Charles Reiche, an educated and traveled gentleman. His New York establishment, at 55 Chatham Street, was each day passed unnoticed by thousands of pedestrians, yet from it wild animals were supplied to almost every traveling show in the United States. The great supply depot for this country was in Hoboken. Henry Reiche, his brother, lived in Germany, where they had a large supply farm for all the world, with accommodations and appliances for keeping almost every bird, beast and reptile produced by any country or clime of the world. They were ready at any time to fill an order for anything, from a single canary to a flock of ostriches, or from a field-mouse to an elephant.

Africa, the home of the most fiercely voracious animals, was their most extensive field for operations. In it they had many stations, with sheiks or chiefs in their employ, and standing rewards offered to natives for choice specimens of rare birds or beasts. During nine months of every year they had a band of experienced white African hunters traveling from station to station, overseeing and directing the work of the natives, and capturing elephants, lions, leopards, tigers, and such other beasts as they might be instructed to obtain. The company, usually composed of four or six, and never more than eight, was under the command of Charles Loise, a veteran hunter and trapper, and started from Germany about the first of September and generally returned from Africa early in June. During the remaining three months of the year, the rainy season, the climate is so unhealthful that it is almost certain death for a white man to remain in Africa.

STRIKING INTO THE INTERIOR

Starting from Germany, the hunters used to take a complete outfit of clothing and firearms, gifts for the chiefs, and from seven to twelve thousand dollars in drafts and letters of credit. They would go to Trieste, thence to Corfu, in Greece, thence to Alexandria, and by rail to Suez. There they would exchange their money for Austrian silver dollars, the only coin known to the Arabs and sheiks of Africa. A Bank of England note was valueless to them, and the brightest specimen of an American gold eagle would not buy the meanest ring tailed monkey. They next took the Turkish steamer to Judda and thence to Sarachin, the last station before they commenced their long, tiresome and dangerous march across the Nubian Desert. For this undertaking they bought camels, water and provisions, and hired sheiks and other natives as they needed, the latter being cheap enough, generally costing five dollars, and occasionally seven dollars, each for the trip across the desert. When the caravan arrived at its destination the poor fellows were left to get back as best they could. In this manner they traveled to Hontahn the principal station of the company in Africa, where the distinctions of caste are strictly maintained.



DRAWN BY GUSTAVE VERBEEK

IT IS NO TROUBLE TO PICK UP THE CUBS

HUNTERS' LIFE IN THE JUNGLE

Every white man had a "mansion," which consisted of a straw house about twenty feet wide by thirty feet deep, and was divided into two rooms. In such houses they lived and slept, and in one of them they kept the money which had been brought across the desert in trunks on the backs of camels.

No attempt was made to hide it, nor was there any secrecy as to where it was packed during the long journey. So honest were the native blacks that not a dollar was lost by carelessness or theft. Frequently there would be ten thousand of these silver dollars in the hut, with only one or two white men in camp, surrounded by negroes, Arabs and half breeds; yet no attempt at robbery was ever made. The half-civilized natives, knowing they were not entitled to a dollar until they had earned it, never tried to get it in any other way. The natives slept where and as they pleased, and three times a day were

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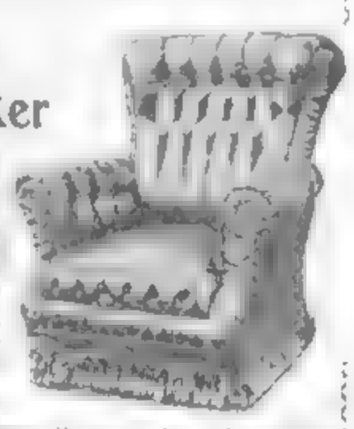

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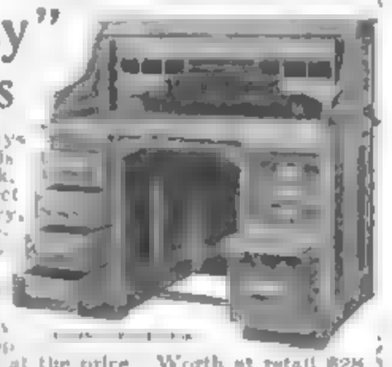

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given a fair supply of Indian corn, which they would grind and, after adding a little water, would cook over their own fires, making a sort of biscuit. The white men had negro cooks and lived luxuriously. They had eggs, coffee and Indian corn biscuit for breakfast, with a broiled chicken for a relish whenever desired. For dinner, maize and beef or mutton made up the usual bill-of-fare. A well-conditioned ox cost only four dollars, and a "good eating-goat" was to be had for fifty cents. No meal was complete without plenty of onions. After supper, the German hunter's inseparable evening friend, his long-stemmed china pipe, invariably appeared.

The interior of the huts would have charmed an artist. Elephant tusks, lion and leopard skins, hunting-hats and coats, tall wading boots, rifles and pistols, bright colored flannel shirts and bits of harness were scattered about in picturesque confusion. In a safe place, where it could not possibly be scratched or disfigured, was the choicest treasure within the four strong walls, a large German accordion. In the long evenings, after the perils and labors of the hunt, Lohse played this instrument by the hour to his hunters as they puffed great clouds of smoke and dreamed of the Fatherland.

The camp was pitched in a clearing on the bank of a little river and was closed by a high and thick hedge of a native thorn. At night, after the pack animals had been fed, watered, and housed or tethered, great fires were built at irregular intervals about the grounds to scare off wild beasts, and the watch was set. Then began the dismal howl of the hyena, the roar of the lion, and the shriek of the wild cat. About five o'clock in the morning the camp was again astir and the business of the day was begun. The native hunters formed in companies of about twenty, with a white leader, and started off in different directions. Those left in camp put in the time cleaning it, caring for the beasts, and making boxes for transportation of the animals, and cages for the reception of freshly captured beasts.

In capturing wild animals the rule is to kill the old ones and secure the young; for after any of the beasts have grown old enough to become accustomed to the free life of the forests, and to hunt their own food, they are treacherous and worth little for purposes of exhibition.

■

WHY BABY ELEPHANTS ARE HARD TO CAPTURE

Paul Tuhe, one of the ablest master hunters in the service of Reiche Brothers, who has brought from Africa hundreds of rare birds and animals, gives me this account of the methods and perils of the hunt:

"Though the lion is a fierce creature, the lioness, when protecting her young, is very much more ferocious. From long practice, however, we know how to go after them. A good rifle, firm hands and steady eyes and we can soon topple the old king over. The old lady, however, may make a better fight, but in the end we are sure to kill her. Then it is no trouble to pick up the cubs. We try to get these little fellows when they are about three or four weeks old. They are then like young puppies, easily managed, and soon know their keepers. Leopards, tigers, and all animals of that kind we get in the same way and at about the same age.

"Baby elephants are hard to capture, and the hunt is very dangerous. The old ones seem to know instinctively when we are after their young, and their rage is something terrible. The trumpeting of the parents can be heard a long distance and quickly alarms the whole herd. The rifle is comparatively useless, and trying to approach them is particularly hazardous; yet it has to be done.

"First, we try to distract the attention of the female from her young. Then a native creeps cautiously in from behind and with one cut of a heavy broad bladed knife severs the tendons of her hind legs. She is then disabled and falls to the ground. We promptly kill her, secure the ivory and capture the little one. Of course we sometimes have a native or two killed in this kind of a hunt, but they don't cost much—only five to six dollars apiece. The sheiks are paid in advance, and do not care whether the poor huntsmen get out of the chase alive or not. We like to capture the baby elephants when they are about one year old. Younger ones are too tender and older ones know too much. They soon get acquainted with all the camp and we have lots of fun with them. They are kindly, docile, and as full of pranks as the little black babies who play with them.

"Of all fierce, ungovernable, lusty brutes the hippopotamus with young is the very worst; and whenever we start off to get a baby 'hip' we calculate to come back with one or more men missing. In water they will fight like devils, and will crush the strongest boat to pieces in five minutes. They are quick as a flash, too, notwithstanding their clumsy appearance, and the oarsmen have to be wide awake to keep out of their way. On shore they are just as ferocious, and the way they hurry their stumpy little legs over the ground would astonish you. They are hard, and take 'a heap of killing.' When such a job is over you may be sure there is great rejoicing among us; but as one little hippopotamus is worth as much as half a dozen little lions, tigers and such truck, we are well content to take the risk. We cannot get these babies too young to suit. One, I remember, was captured the very day it was born, and the hunters and attendants brought it up on a bottle.

"Ostriches we run down on horseback, and then catch with a lasso. It is an exciting chase, but not particularly dangerous. On these hunts we are entitled only to the young ones we capture. The beautiful skins of the leopards, lions, and other animals we kill, the tusks of the elephant, the feathers of the ostrich, and all other similar spoils, go to the native chiefs and sheiks, and these old rascals are as sharp at a trade as the shrewdest 'old clo'' merchant in Chatham Street.

"In the encampments the natives assist in taking care of the animals and do general work, but the menial duties are performed by Nubian slaves, who are very cheap and can be bought in numbers to suit. Among the natives the women are looked upon as inferior. Women never eat with their husbands. The husband is allowed four wives, and as many slaves as he can coral."

■

A CARAVAN IS FORMED TO TAKE THEM ACROSS THE DESERT FOR SHIPMENT TO GERMANY OR AMERICA

ACROSS THE DESERT WITH CAPTIVE BEASTS

A sufficient number and variety of animals having been secured, a caravan is formed to take them across the desert for shipment to Germany or America. This usually consists of about one hundred camels, each having its native driver; thirty or forty horses for the white men, and the Arab hunters and their attendants; a flock of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred goats, for their milk and also for food, and black slaves to look out for the goats. The wild animals are secured in strong boxes and carried on the camels' backs. They are all young, and fed with goats' milk principally, although occasionally, to keep them in good spirits, they are given raw goats' meat. Horses are very cheap there, ranging in price from fifteen to twenty dollars each. Natives are even cheaper, seven dollars each being thought an extravagant price for the trip.

The journey ordinarily occupies from thirty to forty days, and all traveling is done between three and eleven in the morning and five and eleven in the evening. During midday the sun's rays are so fiercely hot as to make labor or travel hazardous, and none is attempted. The route home is much the same as that taken out, and in due time the beasts are landed, usually with very little loss, in Germany. There they remain until needed to fill orders of showmen in either Europe or America, while their hardy captors take three months of rest and recreation before starting on another trip.

■

THE ADVENTURES OF SPECIMEN HUNTERS

Several men of scientific attainments are always to be depended on for novelties in the way of monsters from the deep. Some of these "professors," as they are generally termed by showmen, are given salaries to go out on special expeditions, while others make an excellent living by pursuing this peculiar craft independently. Often these men have adventures quite as exciting as those which befall the hunters in the wilds of the jungles.

While on an expedition to the Bermuda coast one of our professors had a decidedly interesting experience with a small octopus. He had been towing about in his little boat in search of the beautiful colored fish with which this coast abounds, when there was a sudden lurch of the boat followed by a constant thumping against its bottom. Thinking the skiff had met with an obstruction of the ordinary kind, the professor thrust his arm into the water, at the stern of the boat, where he felt a moving mass which was indistinctly seen, and caught hold of the slimy thing. He then found that his arm was being encircled by what he believed to be a sea serpent. Then he felt a sensation that, according to his description, was like a hundred sucking leeches. This strange and powerful animal was trying to pull him overboard. With a desperate effort he separated the tentacled part that encircled his arm from the body of the devil-fish, and the creature fell back into the water. On the professor's arm were several sores where the suckers had been applied, and he was as thoroughly frightened as a man could be and live.

■

One of the most pathetic subjects which can be proposed to a proprietary showman of wide experience is that of "wild goose" expeditions. Experiences of this kind are so costly that they are not easily forgotten. I spent thousands of dollars on an expedition sent to the coast of Alaska for the purpose of capturing a live walrus. The man in charge of this undertaking had been with my menagerie for several years and I knew him to be courageous, capable and determined. He had plenty of assistance, the best equipment in the way of boats, wire nets and other paraphernalia that could be devised, and still he returned empty-handed from a shore that abounded with those ugly monsters. The failure of the expedition and the loss of the heavy investment which it represented all hinged on the fact that, unlike the seals we had taken by nets, the walrus could not be found on the shore. What was still more tantalizing was that they would permit their pursuers to approach within a hundred feet of the ice blocks on which they discreetly held forth.

If the countryman who finds undisguised delight in "seeing the animals" of the big show could only realize the money, the perils and hardships and the disappointments which a good collection of animals represents he would marvel the more at the spectacle.

Editor's Note—In the series The Memories of an Old Showman, from the notes of the late W. C. Coup, this is the second paper. The first appeared in the issue of November 18. Others will follow in early numbers.

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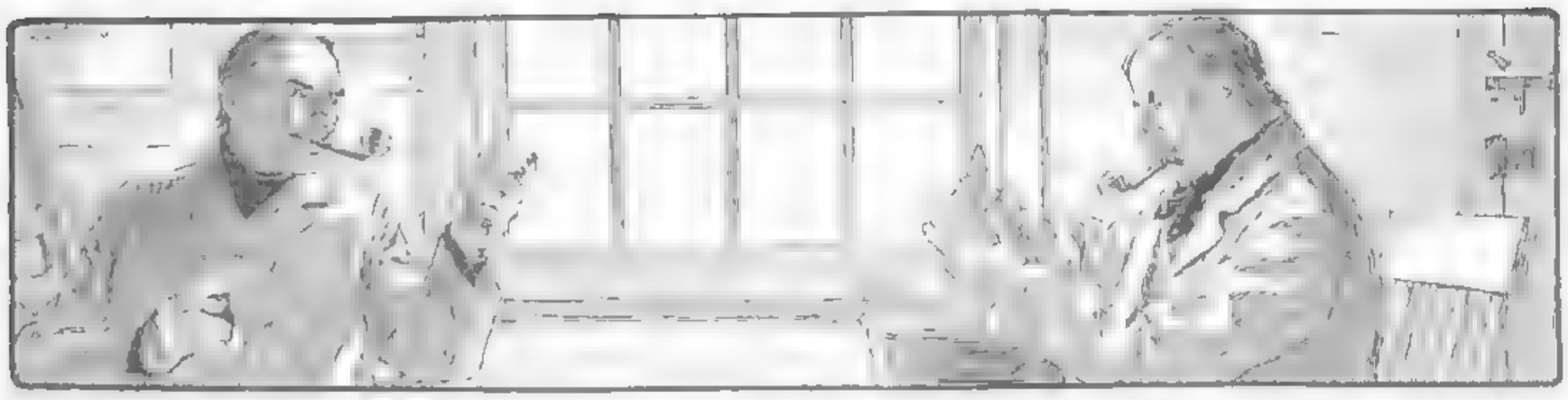

Christmas in the Klondike—Drawing by J. J. Gould

The Humor of the House of Commons

By Justin McCarthy

THE House of Commons, so far as our knowledge of its history goes back, has always loved a good joke, and highly prized the statesman who could make one. Some of these good things have become famous.

The younger Pitt, in his early days of power—and he was a very young man indeed for such a position—on one occasion rose in a towering passion to denounce some course taken by Sheridan, and during his invective forgot good taste so far as to sneer at Sheridan for his connection with the stage as playwright and manager. Sheridan's time came for reply, and in the course of his speech he observed with bland politeness that the Minister had given a hint which might be very useful to him, Sheridan, as a stage manager, for he had shown him how to put upon the boards a perfect impersonation of Ben Jonson's Angry Boy.

Even the profound and powerful Edmund Burke himself was not above a broad and telling joke when occasion called for it. He was severely criticising and condemning the policy of the Government with regard to the American colonies during the War of Independence, and he introduced some allusion to the King.

A member of the House, who was the son of a Peer and held office in the Royal household, suddenly rose to order, interrupted Burke, and admonished the great orator and statesman that he was bound to respect the King.

"Yes, I am bound to respect the King," Burke exclaimed, "but I am not bound to respect everything that is the King's. I am not bound to respect his man-servant, and his maid servant, his ox, and"—he glanced contemptuously at the member who had interrupted—"and his ass."

In more recent days Lord Palmerston was one of the readiest and cleverest jesters the House of Commons ever had. Palmerston used to get out of many difficulties by his unfailing humor. When a Minister in a difficulty can divert the House of Commons by a good joke he may be considered in a fair way to get out of his trouble. One of his jests I feel tempted to relate, in spite of the fact that it requires some explanation, for it has never before appeared in print.

During Palmerston's many terms of office as Prime Minister, the policy of himself and his colleagues was severely attacked by a speaker on the opposition side. The opposition orator, in concluding his speech, declared that there was no honorable course left for Palmerston and the other members of the Government but to go out of office and let the country be free of them. Thereupon the orator sat down amid prolonged cheers from his own side of the House. Lord Palmerston's turn came to reply, and for a while he defended the Government serious against the attacks made on their policy. Then he suddenly turned, in a lighter vein, to the orator whose speech I have mentioned. "The right honorable gentleman," he said, "issues a word of command to us. He tells us to walk. My only answer is—Walker."

Here I am afraid the explanation must come in, or the younger generation would never understand where was the humor of the joke, which set the House on both sides screaming and shouting with laughter. "Walker" was the universally recognized slang term of those days for the "Fudge" which prevailed at the time of Mr. Burchell and the Vicar of Wakefield. It occurs in Dickens' Christmas Carol, when the penitent miser, Scrooge, commissions a little boy to run around to the poulterer's and order the big prize Christmas turkey to be sent to the family of Tiny Tim. "Wal-ker," says the little boy, not deeming it possible that any such order could have been given with a serious purpose. When my friend Sir Squire Bancroft was lately giving a reading from the Christmas Carol in some of our English provincial towns, he had, I am told, to substitute some phrase of more modern slang for the "Walker" which amused and delighted a former generation.

Lord Palmerston's joke needed no explanation at the time when it was made. It knocked every element of importance out of the attack upon him, and reduced it to utter ridicule.

On a later occasion Palmerston knocked the whole force out of a long speech of Disraeli's by the mock gravity with which he uttered what a simpler audience might have at first regarded as a compliment. Disraeli had been severely condemning the foreign policy of the Government, and contending that such a policy seemed only too surely destined to lead to war. But he went on to say in his closing sentences that the full responsibility must rest upon the head of the Government, and he must decline, at such a moment, to offer any advice as to the course that ought to be adopted. Then Lord Palmerston came to deliver his reply. "The right honorable gentleman opposite has told us," he said, "that in such a moment of national danger as he believes the present to be he will not offer any advice of his own to the House or to the country. Well, Mr. Speaker, that conduct on his part is indeed patriotic," and for the next few seconds nothing could be heard in the House but delighted and uproarious laughter.

At another time Lord Palmerston's government was attacked vigorously in the House of Commons for the policy it had pursued in China during the Tai-ping rebellion. One of the leading speakers on the opposition side laid a special stress on the fact that Lord Palmerston and his colleagues had been utterly inconsistent in their conduct with regard to the Chinese Government at that crisis, and he affirmed that at one moment Lord Palmerston had supported the Chinese Emperor and at another moment had favored the cause of the rebellion.

At the close of the debate Lord Palmerston made a long speech during which he replied to many of the allegations made against him, but the House waited with a special anxiety to know how he would deal with the charges made by the speaker to whom I have especially referred. "The Right Honorable gentleman," said Lord Palmerston, "has charged Her Majesty's Government with first having taken the side of the Emperor and then taken the side of the rebels. I thank him for having thus borne his willing testimony to the absolute impartiality of Her Majesty's Government." Lord Palmerston knew perfectly well that he had no valid defense to offer but to succeed in making the House laugh, and he thought the best thing left for him was to make the House laugh by the humorous absurdity of his reply, and he was completely successful in his achievement.

One night there was an important debate upon a most elaborate and costly scheme of fortification by means of which Lord Palmerston's government proposed to make the coasts of England secure against a possible invasion from Louis Napoleon, then Emperor of the French. The peace party, and the Radical party in general, strongly objected to this immense outlay of money at a time when England and France were supposed to be on terms of honorable friendship. One of the ablest speeches against the scheme was delivered by a member of [illegible] standing among [illegible] Palmerston caught at one phrase made use of by this speaker, and out of this one phrase he contrived to extract the means of covering the speaker with momentary ridicule. The speaker had unluckily said that before coming to the House he had thought it necessary to fortify himself with all the information he could obtain as to the cost and the extent of the scheme.

This gave Lord Palmerston his chance. "Look at the inconsistency," he exclaimed, "of the honorable member. He said he found it necessary to fortify himself, and he blames us for fortifying the country. I should have thought it more patriotic on the part of the honorable member if he had helped us to fortify England before he thought of fortifying himself."

The most convincing argument would not have told half so well on the House of Commons at such a moment as this light touch of audacious badinage.

One of the best jokers in the House of Commons during my earliest acquaintance with that assembly was the late Mr. Bernal Osborne. During a debate on the manner in which parliamentary elections were conducted, Bernal Osborne once delivered a most amusing speech which mingled a great deal of practical instruction with the amusement. It should be explained that at that time the election of a member of Parliament was made the occasion for the most extravagant spending of money on bribery and corruption, and for outrageous displays of mob violence on both sides of the struggle. Bernal Osborne gave to the House an animated description of a recent election at which he had been one of the two opposing candidates. He told the House that he had spent the greater part of the polling day on the roof of a high building, secreted behind some chimneys: "And Mr. Speaker," he added, "I was the popular candidate." He left it to the imagination of his audience to picture for themselves what manner of shelter must have been needed for the protection of the unpopular candidate. A member of the House, who was supposed to have acquired the habit of nourishing himself during debates by frequent visits to the liquor-bar in the lobby, once made a furious attack on Osborne for some speech that Osborne had made, and insisted, with ludicrous vehemence, that Osborne should give a full explanation of a certain passage in it. When Osborne got his chance of replying he said: "I should be happy to give the fullest explanation the honorable member can desire, but as I have no wish to waste his time or mine I shall defer it to a more fitting occasion—an occasion when there may seem a better chance than there is now of the honorable member understanding it."

Disraeli was a great master of satirical allusion and sarcastic phrase. Like Lord Palmerston, he seldom troubled himself about a serious argument when the effect which he wished to produce for the moment could be brought about by a happy touch of ridicule. In one speech he characterized a

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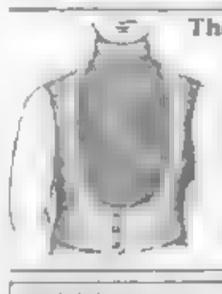

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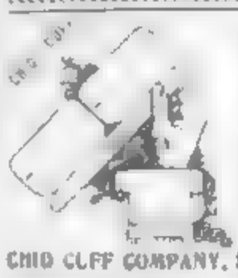

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free-trade meeting at which Richard Cobden spoke as "a grotesque and Hudibrastic crew." The phrase was humorous, droll, and in its odd way picturesque, and although the gathering may not have been in the least degree grotesque or Hudibrastic, yet the phrase served the turn of its author for the moment, and, indeed, still lives in the memory of many who remember nothing about its original application.

Disraeli when in office was always very happy in evading any troublesome question which might happen to be addressed to him at the opening of each day's sitting, when it is the practice of the House of Commons to allow its members to address interrogatories to the representatives of the Government. Sometimes Disraeli's way of getting out of a difficulty almost assumed the form of a practical joke. I well remember one instance in particular. It was at a time of great public anxiety, when relations between England and Russia were very much strained and it was thought more than possible that these two Powers might once again be brought into war. An influential member of the opposition propounded, with much earnestness and gravity, a question to Disraeli at that time head of Her Majesty's Government in the House of Commons, with regard to the course which he and his colleagues were resolved to take in the event of the Emperor of Russia adopting a certain line of policy. Disraeli arose and proceeded to answer the question in tones of almost funereal gravity. He began by saying that at such a crisis as the present it was not usual for patriotic members on either side of the House to embarrass Her Majesty's Government by demanding a premature announcement of their policy. Still, he went on to say, there were occasions when, if so indiscreet a demand is once made, it is safer to give it a prompt reply than to endeavor to put off or evade an answer. "And therefore," he declared, "I have only to tell the honorable member and the House that if the conditions described in this question should arise, Her Majesty's Government are determined"—here he smote the table before him for the sake of emphasis—"to give the subject the best consideration in their power."

The force and humor of a reply which once filled the House of Commons with laughter at the expense of a Liberal member, depended so much upon the peculiarities of the man whom it covered with ridicule that there is some risk in venturing to repeat it now, even with a preliminary explanation, but I shall take the risk and tell the story. The Liberal member was making an attack on Disraeli's government, and he was a man of a tall, gaunt form, solemn face, and slow, ponderous manner—just the sort of person who never could make a joke himself or see the point of a joke made by anybody else. During the course of his long and dreary speech this member twice made allusion to the "late Mr. Sheridan," as he called him each time, referring, of course, to the brilliant wit and thrilling orator whose name has already been mentioned in this article. That was enough for Disraeli. When he came to make his speech at the close of the debate he dealt seriously with most of the arguments which had been brought against the policy of the Government, and then at last he turned his gaze upon the solemn, stolid man whom I have just described and said: "I now come to deal with the speech of the successor to the late Mr. Sheridan." The shouts of laughter which followed made it clear to Disraeli that he need not trouble himself any more about the unhappy orator was known for long afterwards as "the successor to the late Mr. Sheridan."

Some of Disraeli's happiest touches of humor were made for the benefit of the colleagues who sat near to him. Many years ago there was a Radical member of the House, a man much respected for his capacity and his beneficence, who was unfortunately very deaf and was in the habit of using an ear-trumpet. During one evening of debate several violent, rambling and inconclusive speeches were delivered in succession from both sides of the House. Disraeli's eyes fell upon the deaf member, who was seeing his ear-trumpet in full play, taking the boisterous, weary talk. "Look at that man," Disraeli said to the colleague who sat next to him. "He is deliberately marring the peculiar blessing which Providence has bestowed upon him."

I cannot help recalling a sarcastic and characteristic comment once made by Disraeli, although it was only uttered in a private assembly. It was told to me by a friend who actually heard it, and I do not believe it has ever appeared in print before. It was made at a dinner party when, after the ladies had left the dinner table, two or three men got into a somewhat tiresome talk about the antiquity of their families. Disraeli turned to my friend and said in a deep tone that might have been heard all over the dinner table:

"Think of these fellows talking about the antiquity of their families to me—to me, whose ancestor was the accepted lover of the Queen of Sheba."

John Bright had a great capacity for humorous or sarcastic allusion and for repartee. At one time he suffered so much from overwork in Parliament that he had to take a long rest in Algiers, and for a while it was feared that he was threatened with softening of the brain. He recovered completely, however, and returned to his place in the House of Commons. Not long after his return there was an important debate connected with the extension of the franchise to the working classes, and a young Tory member, son of a peer, and bearing what is called a title of courtesy, made a virulent attack on Bright, and had the singular bad taste to say that to punish him for setting class against class, Providence had visited him with a disease of the brain. Bright delivered a speech during the course of the night, and made one brief allusion to the coarse attack.

"The noble Lord," he said, "making himself the mouthpiece of Providence, has announced that to punish me for my offenses Providence has visited me with a disease of the brain. Well, Mr. Speaker, that is a disease with which even Providence itself can never visit the noble Lord."

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BALLAD of The CHRISTMAS ALMSMAN

By Clinton Scollard

IT WAS a Christmas almsman
Came to a palace door;
The flambeaux flared, the music blared,
And gleamed the waxen floor.

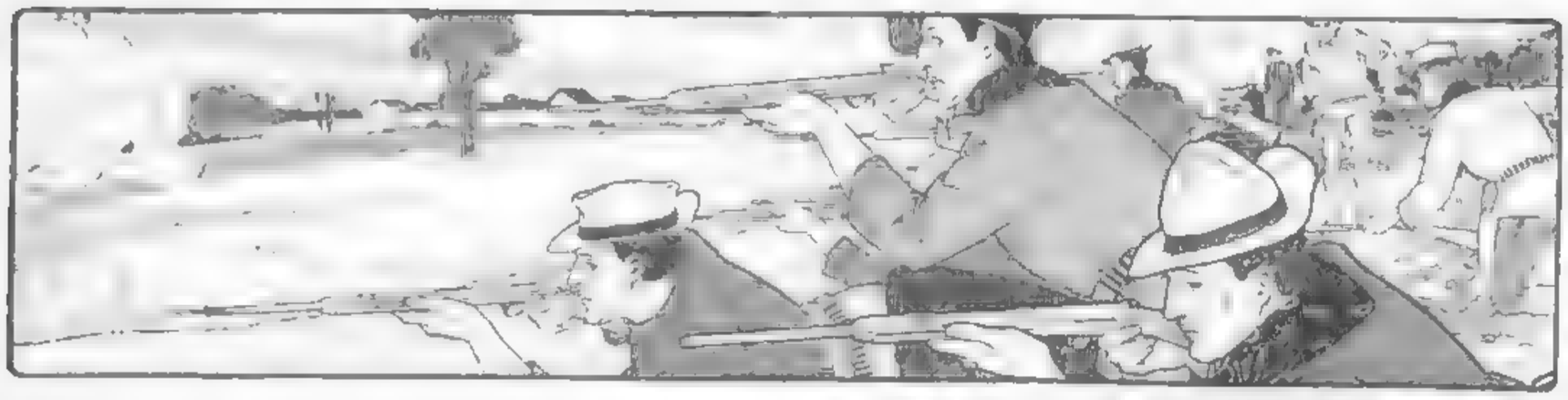
"Out on thee, for a vagrant!"
A pompous porter cried;
"Quick! get thee gone ere goads be drawn
To scourge thy tattered hide!"

The mirth roared to the rafter,
With plenty groaned the board,
Yet naught they gave that almsman gaunt
Save flaunting fleer and ribald taunt,
Despite his bare and bitter want,
From all their Yule-tide hoard!

It was a Christmas almsman
Unto a hovel came;
The walls so grim were drear and dim
With one pale candle flame.

Yet spake the kindly hoveler
Who saw the beggar's face:
"You're welcome here, though lean our cheer;
Enter, and bide a space!"

He shambled in; he crouched him down;
He ate their meagre fare;
And lo! they found, when he had sped,
A scrip of gold and jewels red;
The hoveler had housed and fed
An angel unaware!



Christmas in the Philippines Drawing by F. I Bennett

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

How We Love Our Neighbors

Love is the beginning and the substance of the Christian religion. "There is not much practical Christianity in the man who lives on better terms with angels and seraphs than with his children, servants and neighbors," said Beecher. "He who shall introduce into public affairs the principles of primitive Christianity will revolutionize the world." said Franklin. We are all ready to admit that loving one's neighbor as one's self is a solemn if difficult duty, and as we look over the world to day we find a situation that is curiously interesting. Boundary lines are not trellised with roses. The Christian nations are not loving one another with any great surplus of affection. The Continent is jealous of Great Britain, and Great Britain mobilizes her fleets to show the Continent that she is not afraid. Upon the Continent itself the governments, large and small, each have their bitterness toward neighbors, and often it is all that diplomacy can do to smooth the difficulties when some breach of the neutrality is made. Even now in our own country, wide and sympathetic as we think we are, the neighborly feeling is not overflowing. Canada has not so much love for us as we wish she had, and Mexico although more favorable than formerly, does not mention us with that reverence that our importance in the world justly deserves Possibly there may be some feeling on our side of the fence. At any rate, these rivalries of nations, whether in Europe or in America, exist, and it is remarkable how quickly they deepen into hatred when circumstances or politicians bring out anything that approaches a quarrel

The Best Fighters on Earth

There is one thing about Christianity which, while apparently a contradiction of its purpose, is the finest kind of a tribute to its influence While it has not made men love one another as much as they *should* it has unquestionably made them finer men, and the *most heroic fighter in the world* is the Christian. Not only that, but he is the *most magnanimous foe*, and if the truth were frankly expressed, we might almost say that he never has complete respect for anybody, whether it be an individual or a nation, until he has tested the matter in a fight

Before the war with Spain we looked upon the Spanish sailors and soldiers as a lot of decadent hidalgos who would flee when they heard the sound of an American gun. Incidentally, the Spaniards regarded us as quite a large drove of pigs who would get into a panic when the real business of war began Of course, that did not count, but we are not yet over our surprise at the really heroic work of the Spaniards. We have a greater respect for them than we have ever had at any time during this century

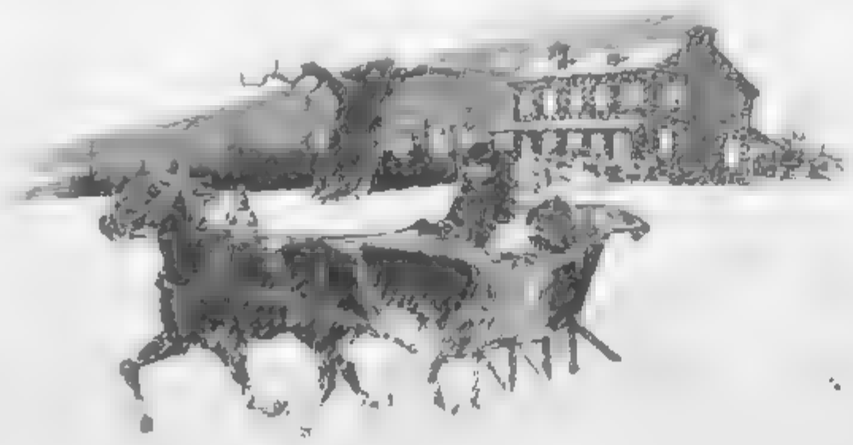
Down in South Africa there was almost a similar experience. The Britons at first thought they had simply to land upon the African shores and let their bands play The Conquering Hero Comes, but it did not take long for apprehension to run through the whole British Empire at the valiant fighting of the Boer soldiers. And as the war has gone on, the respect of each side for the other has increased.

Indeed, Christianity has made duty so much a part of the modern Christian soldier that heroism is as plentiful as gunpowder. It is when we get away from these wars and see how they have been caused by politicians and speculators that we fully appreciate the truly brave and valorous conduct of our fighters. Of course, while the war is going on we are all partisans, and even bishops blow bugles. Afterward, we tell the politicians what we think of them as far as the limitations of the language will allow Sometimes it seems that the reform of the world should begin with the politicians; they have been making mischief from the beginning Those who condemned the Founder of Christianity were politicians, who would probably have stuffed ballot boxes, bribed voters and bought offices had that been the proper way of doing things in those times

A Leader in Christianity and War

There is a tradition that Gregory the Great saw in a Roman market some beautiful children for sale, and upon being told that they were English pagans, replied: "They should not be English, but angels, if they were Christians." This sounded better in Latin because the first phrase was a very good pun—"*Non Angli sed Angeli*" It is evident that Gregory was more of a humorist than a prophet, for while the English have probably done more than any other nation to Christianize the world, they are still quite far from angelic perfection. Just now they are conducting a war against one Christian nation which is fighting for its home, and in the same continent they are converting with bullets instead of Bibles an infidel race which would prefer to live its own religion in the Soudan. The war in South Africa is at the bottom a war of hatred between two Christian peoples, and it would be easy to argue from such a situation that the Christian religion had signally failed of its purpose, for it seems so directly against the Gospel of Peace and Good Will, especially on Christmas Day, when even the hostilities between the neighbors across the boundary lines, as well as the hostilities at home, should be forgotten

But even in these conflicts Christianity shines out gloriously above the hatreds and designs of men. Real humanity has signalized the war. The wounded are treated with great consideration by both sides; the Red Cross performs its work with the cordial cooperation of the combatants, and there is a prompt abolition of those cruelties which once deepened and disgraced the battle-field In no respect has Christianity shown its wonderful power more vividly than in the improvement it has made in war. While good Christians will still fight and thus abuse the religious faith that is within them, the religion itself makes them behave better toward one another. It is not all that we might ask, but it is certainly a great deal.



The Christian Nations During the Year

During this century the Christian nations have done most of the fighting in the world, and the worst of it has been among themselves. Since last Christmas the record, while not so considerable as in other years, has shown that the modern spirit of these Christian nations is really more aggressive than affectionate. This country has been fighting the Filipinos, who claim the same religion as ourselves. France and Germany have been subduing the benighted heathen in Africa, and probably Italy would be added to the list had her ardor not been cooled by the drubbing she received in Abyssinia not very many months ago. Great Britain, of course, leads the list with two wars, one in the north and one in the south of Africa In other ways Christian nations have added to their record. Four of the nations have made new boundary lines for China and practically mortgaged that great Empire. The three leading religious nations of the world —United States, Great Britain and Germany have partitioned Samoa among them. We are teaching good lessons to the Cubans and other peoples who are our neighbors, that they may be worthy citizens under our flag. In Guam, Governor Leary has issued his order compelling the natives to adopt Christian matrimony, and to show property to the extent of twelve hens in order to escape the penalty of the law against crime and vagrancy. And all goes well

The Great Force in Human Affairs

"Christ built no church, wrote no book, left no money, and erected no monuments; yet show me ten square miles in the whole earth without Christianity, where the life of man and the purity of woman are respected, and I will give up Christianity wrote Drummond. Could there be a finer test of the religion which now claims more adherents than any faith in the world? Nearly five hundred millions of the people of the earth follow the various dogmas of Christianity. No other creed comes within two hundred millions of it. It dominates the world; it rules nations; it leads civilization Every hour of the day the sun is shining upon its spires. To doubt it is to be an exile from politics and society; to fight it is to array in opposition all the better forces of humanity. There never was such a demonstration of might in the affairs of the world and every day it reaches deeper into the life of the people, the conduct of trade, and the government of nations. While the love it teaches has not won a universal victory, it has softened asperities and assuaged the horrors of war. There is not universal peace at this time, but the world itself is happier than it has been since the century began

And as Christianity is spread—even by war—it will be found a blessing to the world. Outside of its preeminent moral influence it is the greatest force in politics. By it only is real liberty won. It makes people cleaner and freer; it enables an expression of public opinion, and it leads swiftly and inevitably to representative government. The people and the churches realize the actual daily power of the Christian influence and example. Thus the century is closing upon the best and finest pages of earth's history, and on all of them the bright lines belong to Christianity

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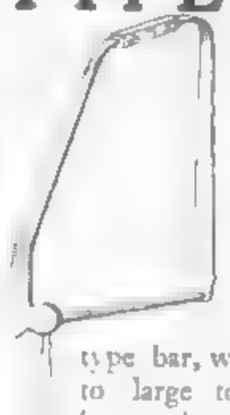

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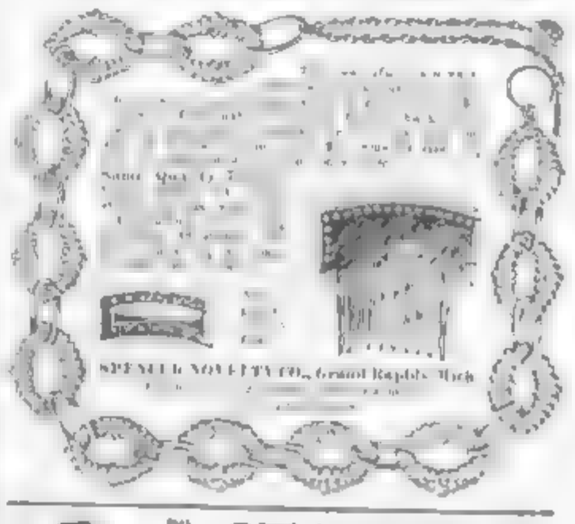

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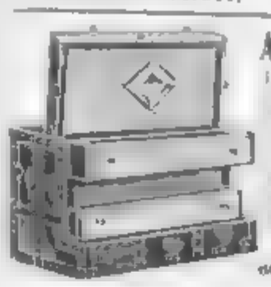

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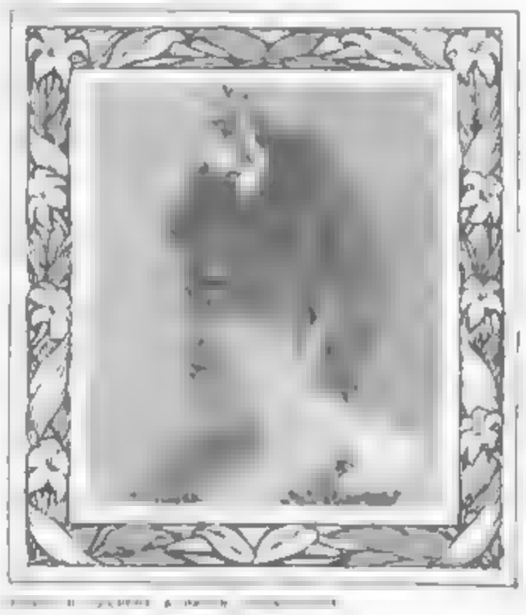
Christmas in Cuba Drawing by F. J. Bennett

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Madam Nevada's Young Critic

Madam Emma Nevada the great singer, takes her stage name, not from the Silver State, but from the town of Nevada, in California, where she was born, in 1861. Her maiden name was Emma Wixon, to which she added Palmer when she married Doctor Palmer, a prominent citizen of the Golden Gate. She was educated in Mills Seminary, Oakland, where she was the classmate of Lillian Mygatt, who married Honorable W. E. Sharon Mrs. Sharon was the first person to perceive the singer's extraordinary talent, and was of great aid to her in securing her musical education She introduced Madam Nevada to John W. Mackey who with his wife were her sponsors in Europe.



EMMA NEVADA

Her *début* was made in London, in 1880, in La Sonnambula, where she scored a memorable triumph. From that time on her career has been a continuous success. She had one extraordinary experience in Madrid, where she sang just after the war with this country The Spanish gentlemen who attended the opera expressed their patriotism by unanimously hissing and throwing things at the stage because of her nationality. Her indignation was mollified the next day when Queen Christina sent for her

"I am so sorry for last night," she said, "but then, my dear, you must remember that the arms of men, like their swords, are seemingly intended only to do harm, but the arms of women are for love and doing good."

Nevada carries with her her fiercest and most uncompromising critic. Bright-eyed, self-possessed, well-dressed, this musical expert lectures the great singer with marked acerbity, and never tires of exputiating vigorously upon the slightest error in phrasing, speaking, gesticulating, walking or costuming. The other evening, after Nevada had sung with great success, the critic was severely critical. One of the great singer's friends lost patience, and inquired

"Who is this young person that presumes to find fault with your magnificent work?"

Madam Nevada smiled and said: "This is my little daughter, Mignon, and she is studying for opera herself."

Absent-Minded Doctor MacCormac

Sir William MacCormac, the President of the Royal College of Surgeons, of London, who is best known to Americans by his many admirable works upon asepsis and Red Cross labors, is at times quite absent-minded. He is an indefatigable worker, and often, to save time when studying in his laboratory, has a light luncheon served there. Once his assistants heard him sigh heavily, and looking up saw the Doctor glaring at two glass receptacles on his table

"What is the matter, Doctor?" asked one of the youngsters. "Nothing in particular," was the reply "only I am uncertain whether I drank the beef tea or that compound I am working on."

A True Story for Office-Seekers

"Of all the queer folks," says Chief Clerk Walker, of the United States Treasury Department, "the oldest are the office seekers When McKinley took office a Southern gentleman of moderate means applied for a foreign mission. He prosecuted his 'claim' until the President had appointed another man. Then he applied for an important Consul-Generalship. This took several more months to urge Meantime the Colonel had moved by easy stages from a first-class hotel to a cheap boarding-house. When this office went to some one else he applied for a Consulship, then a chief clerkship, then a clerkship. By this time he had been reduced to a lodging house. At last he landed. He is now employed in this department as a laborer. If he had stayed at home he would be worth $2000 more than he is and be earning $1200 a year"

Lady Grey Egerton's Wit

Lady Grey Egerton, one of the Court beauties of England, is a member of that large army of lovely American girls who have captured English hearts and coronets. She was a widow when she married Sir Philip Henry Brian Grey Egerton, baronet, in 1893. Her maiden name was May Caroline Culver, and she is the daughter of Major J. W. Culver, U. S. A. The Grey Egerton family was [illegible] in 1617, and [illegible] Cheshire and Lancashire. Lady Grey Egerton is noted for her wit. Once at a family reunion there was considerable solemnity, which was finally broken by her remarking, "Instead of being called the Grey Egertons we should have been called the Blue Egertons"

LADY GREY EGERTON

On another occasion several distinguished men were talking to Lady Cornwallis West. She observed, "A charming illustration of Berkeley's line, 'Westward the Star of Empire takes its way.'"

An American Giant at Manila

Lieutenant Colonel Potter, of General Merritt's staff, took a brave part in the capture of Manila. From the place of landing near the bay to the inner city the soldiers were obliged to march through the Spanish and native lines, and although hostilities had not yet broken out between the natives and the Americans, battle was expected every moment. But Potter marched through the lines about a hundred yards ahead of the General and his men and entered the city alone to deliver his message. Every one expected him to be assassinated, but when his comrades reached the headquarters arranged for them they found him safe and very much amused.

"What's the matter?" they asked

"I met some native officers," he said, whom I expected to challenge me or [illegible] me, and I met some Spaniards and half breeds, and they all asked me the same questions. What do you think they were?"

"What?"

"How tall I was, and I told them 'Six feet seven odd inches,' although I think I am a bit taller. Then they asked if all my people were as tall and I said 'Yes,' and then they asked 'Why are you so tall?' I replied, 'Because we can't grow any taller.'"

The Ingersoll Family Treasury

The late Colonel Ingersoll managed his household on purely communistic principles There were several members of the family which, besides himself, included his wife, his two daughters, his son in-law, his mother-in-law, and his brother in-law. All of these stood on an equality, and a common treasury was kept in a strong-box for their support and for whatever use each chose. This box was kept supplied with money by the Colonel and the two other men of the family. To it each member went for whatever he or she required. Money was taken in such quantity as the taker wished and no memorandum was made nor explanation given. If one of the men wanted a horse, he bought it with the money in the strong-box; if one of the ladies wanted a fur coat, she took the necessary money from the same place.

They must have been a very unselfish family of very unselfish members when they could live in such freedom without one or the other taking advantage of the lack of restraint. But it's said to have worked admirably. When the Colonel died his estate was valued at only ten thousand dollars. This, his best friends say, was [illegible] what was left after he had provided for those who were dependent upon him. He really left in excess of two hundred thousand dollars, which was a large fortune for him to have accumulated, considering the procrastinating habits of his professional life and the generous way in which he gave to those who were needy and in distress.

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Christmas on a Cruiser in Mid-Pacific

The Ministry of Kindness

By Ian Maclaren

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POPULAR illustrations vary in different countries, because they correspond with the climate and with the life, so that they must be read by a foreigner with some imagination. It were poor comfort in our chill and rainy climate to offer any person a cup of cold water, but no gift could be more welcome in the dry and sultry heat. A traveler, Jesus suggests, is coming along the road and is weary with his journey. As he passes a house, some one, sitting in its shadow and moved by a kindly impulse, fetches a draught of water from the cool water-jars. He offers it with courteous words and gesture, and for a moment the stranger rests and enjoys the refreshment of God's best gift of earth. A little later he is again upon his journey, and soon he disappears over the crest of the hill, but the brief service of the householder is cherished in his heart. He has been encouraged on his way and many days will pass before the traveler forgets this act of willing and seasonable hospitality.

With this simple illustration drawn, as was His custom, from the incidents of common life, Jesus teaches us one of the lessons which was ever near His heart and which He desired to write upon the conscience of His disciples. We ought not to hide ourselves, so to say, within our cool homes with our comforts near to hand, while along the hot, dusty road our fellow men are traveling in weary procession. If one has a heart within him he ought to have eyes to see that a person here and there is fainting for a cup of water, and ought to be willing to take some little trouble to give it to his fellow men. This is Jesus' ministry of kindness.

NOTHING LIGHTENS THE BURDEN OF HUMAN LIFE LIKE KINDNESS

Many of the trials of life are inevitable and irrevocable, but one has a shrewd idea that life could be made much easier if every one of us bethought himself of his neighbor, and did his little part to cheer him upon the road. It is pathetic to notice that the sum of life's sorrow does not arise from the crushing weight of one or two heavy providences, but from the hardness, or thoughtlessness, or want of generosity, or want of sympathy of our fellow-men. Even the big black trials welcome the offices of kindness. If death enters a home and takes the dearest, it may seem as if mourners would be so dulled by the stroke that they could not be sensitive to little things. Yet the chief mourner, amid the sense of his bitter loss, will feel it keenly that a friend did not write and did not offer his little help. His supposed friend saw him pass, staggering in the way through weakness of soul and ready to drop, and did not hurry out with a cup of water. Never again can he feel that that man is quite true who failed him in his hour of distress. What can a man do in these agonies of life for his neighbor? Can he bring back the dead, or live with him in his lonely home? How impotent does human sympathy appear in these dark moments, and how lonely is a man in his Gethsemane! What good is it to write a note—some few words upon a sheet of paper? Is it not an impertinent intrusion upon the sacredness of grief? Cease thy meddling, some one may say, and let the man go past in the isolation of his affliction. You are wrong and shallow, knowing neither human nature nor human life. Strange as it may appear, he will lift a corner of the blind in the darkened room to read your note, and he will read it more than once, when some one comes in of his family he will give him the note, also, to read. Days after, he will refer to that note, and tell his friends that it comforted him. Afterward he will tie up half a dozen notes of this kind and lay them in his desk, and as often as he opens his desk and sees the package his heart will grow warm.

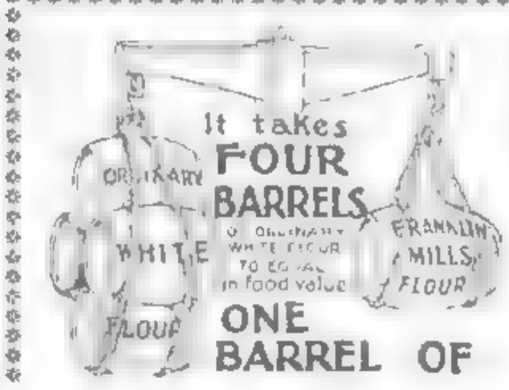
We cannot relieve our brother of the fatigue and weariness of his journey, nor can we carry for him the burden which is bending down his soul and beneath which he is apt to sink. It is only a mouthful of water that we can give, which costs us nothing, and is the commonest of things. Only that, but the water was a sacramental cup; it meant that no sorrow could befall this man but it also touched his friend, that a human heart was beating with his in his loneliness, and that behind that heart was the heart of God. When a man says that he never could have endured had it not been for the sympathy of his friends, is this only a graceful sentiment? It is the solemn truth, and the man who says it may be the most matter of fact of all your acquaintances. No man can endure his sorrow alone, not even Jesus Christ, who took disciples with Him into the Garden. What sustains a man is an atmosphere of sympathy and love—the thought that he has been remembered, that his brother has given him what he could. The note was but the common cup; the contents thereof were love.

It is only once, perhaps, in twenty years that a big sorrow comes, but every day we are suffering something just through the dust and heat of life; through the commonplaceness of duty and the tedium of its repetitions; through trifling disappointments which we would not mention, and little slights which perhaps we have imagined, through the irritation of other people's success, and the haunting sense of our own failure. It is not only gloomy-looking and complaining people who are cast down; they have their comfort in their pessimism and in their endless whining. Quiet folk who never murmur, and take life, as we say, with admirable patience, may conceal sore hearts, and even people who ever smile in public and add to the gayety of life may not smile when they are alone, but drop the mask from the face of sadness. Perhaps it may be taken for granted that almost every man needs a word of good cheer, and will be the better for your cup of water, even although you saw him laugh as he entered your village street.

Were we all to enter into a general conspiracy of kindness, and now I mean commonplace, intangible, inexpensive kindness, we cannot imagine how much of the weariness of life would disappear. Suppose, for instance, you and I should only avoid controversy of every kind in conversation except in the emergencies of conscience. Suppose we took care not to tempt our neighbor to envy and jealousy by thoughtless references to his rivals or the people he did not like. Suppose we touched his peculiarity with a gentle hand instead of having our innocent sport with him—he has his peculiarities, but not quite so many as yourself. Are there not subjects he loves to talk about? Why not encourage him for a time? You also have your favorite themes. Did you congratulate that mother on her son's success with honesty of warm speech? She had forgotten the cares of the house that day. Did you tell that father you are glad to hear his boy was doing his work well in the city? It is curious, but that man would have gone down the street with a lighter step. When your friend acquitted himself well in some public work, had you sent him a pleasant note it would have carried him through a week of criticism. When it is possible, shake hands with a brother man and wish him God speed. He may have temptation that afternoon, and the grip of your hand will help him. Pass no man whom you see and know without some greeting; it will cheer him on his life's way. Take trouble to render little services; great services may never be asked of thee. Take trouble to say kindly things; if thou canst not say clever things none will miss them. Suppose only five people should show a man some kindness in a day, that man will come to the close of the day with a strong heart and a good hope. It may be unintelligible, but it is perfectly true that six words of approbation spoken by a true heart have clarified a man's brain and lifted the cloud from a man's heart and sent him on his way rejoicing. It is in our power to make our fellow traveler forget the hardness of the road and the blazing of the sun by the simplest of all means—friendly words and friendly acts as he passes, words and acts which cost us nothing, but are everything to him, which in an hour we have forgotten, which he remembers till the sun has set.

NO RIGHT-MINDED PERSON IS INDIFFERENT TO KINDNESS

Does it seem to you as if this law of commonplace service were of limited application because there are many people to whom your ministry were a superfluity and an impertinence? It is well enough to offer a draught of cold water to a poor man carrying his bundle and trudging along earth's highway; it is another thing when the traveler is clothed in purple and fine linen and is passing in a chariot. When our neighbor is poorer than ourselves, or is cast down, then must we be tender with him and stretch out our hand. If he be increased in goods, or if he has achieved fame; if he has risen to high position, or if all the world be praising him, then he can take care of himself, and I may let him pass. Were I to hurry out with my poor little cup he would stare at me, and refuse my tribute of interest; perhaps he might suspect me of selfish schemes, and might even allow himself to patronize me. With this mighty man I think that it becomes me to be cold and distant. Are we sure that we are not doing injustice to this successful man, who may be thirsty enough and tired enough, even in his chariot? Are we not much more charitable in our judgment of the poor than of the rich? If in the hour of success a man's friends draw away from him, and look at him from a distance, then the end thereof will be that they shall envy him, and he will grow insolent. If they congratulate him with a single heart, they will be saved from bitterness, and he will be saved from hardness. Success, instead of dividing, will unite, and life instead of being soured will be sweetened. While to our eyes Dives appears to swagger past in his prosperity, he is really remembering with regret the friends of former years whom he has lost, and he is as ready as any person for a hearty greeting. A man may be rich in houses, and lands, and stocks, and business, and be very poor in love. His very circumstances may isolate him and make him suspicious of advances, he would be willing to give a quarter of his fortune for a genial and honest friend. If indeed, any person be so satisfied with his possessions and so lifted above his fellows



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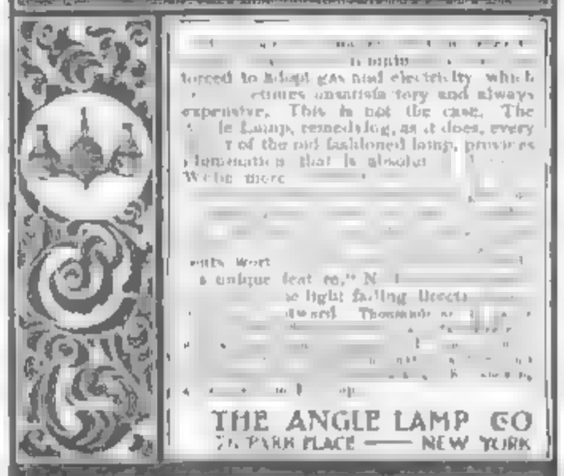

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that he does not thirst for their approval and good will, then I grant you it were no use to offer him this humble cup. He has lost the simple heart and the single mind; his humanity has been coarsened and has grown insensible his soul is filled with wind and pride. This miserable man is poor indeed, for he has cut himself off from human sympathy, so that in his hour of trial (it must come some day) no one will hasten to stand by his side, and no one will sorrow with him save they who are paid to serve him, or who wait for the reversion of his goods. He has ceased to be among the number of God's "little ones," who are humble and trustful, and human and brotherly. When any one is lifted above kindness he is either too good or too bad to live. He has declared himself independent both of the love of God and man. He is, however, one in a thousand, and to be counted an unfortunate freak of human life. And the rest of us, although we may not look or ask as we pass along the road, and although we may even pretend that we are self-sufficing and do not care, are all the while athirst for kindness, and note in an instant from the corner of our eye the shadow of the humblest host who is coming forward with the cup

■

KINDNESS ALWAYS REWARDED

When Jesus insisted on this duty of kindness He anticipated that people would be apt to belittle it and to think it was of small consequence, so He emphasized its value and insisted on its sure recompense. "A cup of cold water only," He said, to show that He really did intend, not huge gifts and costly sacrifices for His cause, but the ministry of kindness in humble daily life. "Verily," He said, "I say unto you, he shall in nowise lose his reward," to convince doubting hearts of His remembrance. When He laid such stress upon the inherent value of pure kindness and the absolute certainty of its reward, Jesus was in touch with the finest instincts of human nature and with the mind of His Heavenly Father. Do not we all estimate an act by its soul rather than by its body, so that we regard more the spirit of him that gives it than the gift? That this man should have been looking upon the highway at all, while he might have been resting in the cool of his house through the noontide of the day, and that he should have been concerned about me, a stranger, whom he had never seen before and might never see again, and that with his own hand he should have brought the cup and offered it after this kindly fashion, are far more to me than the water and its refreshment.

■

Had this man built a fountain of alabaster in the market-place, and caused the water to flow daily for all wayfarers, he had done a good thing, but I had never been so much touched—so curious is human nature—by the fountain as by the man. A fountain, after all, is but a machine for which a man paid so much and to which he gives no more thought, but a man has a heart, and love is more than money. There is too much public fountain kindness—the public charities of detached givers; too little cup-of-water kindness—the ministry of personal interest. Of course if munificence and kindness go together there can be no objection that the cup be gold instead of earthenware and the draught be wine instead of water; but if the kind heart and personal impulse be wanting, then perish gold cup and costly wine; give me the earthen cup and sweet, cold water. Why is it that many a celebrated and generous philanthropist has honor from the churches and titles from the State, and fame in religious journals, and the applause of packed meetings, and yet no man will say that he is loved, and his own servants, who are nearest to him, detest his name? It is not that he is bad, for he may be an honest and well-meaning man. It is that he is hard in his dealings with his brother men—pay me what thou owest; hard in his theology—regarding God as an angry despot; hard in his nature—without charity, liberality or geniality. He may give, but not in the "spirit of a disciple

■

How is it that another man who has not had the opportunity of rendering such public benefactions, and whose fame runneth not abroad throughout all the land, is yet regarded with such kindly respect that no one has a word to say against him and every one mentions his name with kindly accents? Ask the clerks in his office whom he befriends through health and sickness, with whose affairs he is acquainted and whose future he advances, and whose heart he has won by innumerable acts of thoughtful kindness, ask the workmen in his manufactory, their wives and their children, to whom he has been doing good and not evil all these years, ask that struggling firm whom he might have crushed, but which he helped, so that half a dozen homes have been kept in plenty which would have been closed, and half a dozen men who might have been broken have done their duty in the commonwealth. That is why the one man is detested, because he is hard; that is why the other is loved because he is brotherly

■

Both men shall have their reward, for the providence of God is just. Whatsoever a man soweth that also shall he reap. For [illegible] public and ostentatious benefactions the Pharisee shall have his high place in the synagogue and the applause of other Pharisees in the market place. For his kindness unto those whom God has placed under his charge and at his door the good Samaritan shall have the unaffected gratitude of unknown and voiceless people whom he has blessed, and beyond that, a reward, stored and accumulated, is awaiting him in the world to come. Good hearted man and simple-minded, he forgets the cup of cold water as soon as he has given it, and could not tell to save his life how many weary travelers he has helped. But his record is in the Heavens, and there is One who does not forget. The day is coming when these modest and nameless deeds of kindness shall all be laid to his charge before angels and men. When he begins to deny them in his humility, he shall be covered with joyful confusion, for behold the traveler to whom he gave his cup of cold water—the struggling clerk, the helpless widow, the toiling workman—is now Judge upon the throne; for inasmuch as he did it to the least of these he did it unto Christ

General Hale in the Philippines

BRIGADIER-GENERAL IRVING HALE [illegible] campaign, has returned with Mrs. Hale to his home in Denver, Colorado, where he is being feted as an American hero should be. He went away from his State a Colonel: he has returned a Brigadier-General, and is in the line of even greater promotion. His experiences in the Isles of Fragrant Spices have supplied him with a hund of anecdotes. He tells a thrilling tale of an Iggorote bowman who, with his comrades, faced the American Army dressed only in a garment of leaves.

The savage was pierced with American bullets, yet he braced himself against a low tree, tied himself to the branches with vines, and used his bow and arrow until he died.

■

Another illustration of the native life is of a Tagal politician who declared himself to be in favor of American annexation and who experienced a very sudden change of heart a few hours afterward. As an excuse for his fickleness he pointed to the sign of the Katapunin, a cruel secret society, which had been freshly burned upon his arm. It transpired that his servants mobbed him a few moments after his interview with the American officer, threatened him, and then put upon him the mark of death.

As to the home life in Luzon, Mrs. Hale thinks the flowers and fruits let into one's life a bit of Paradise, yet it is not pleasant to find an iguana in one's walking shoes at any hour of the day. The servants are quainter there, she thinks, than almost anywhere else in the Orient. Their power of imitation is shown in the fact that a friend took a felt walking hat to a tradesman to be cleaned and pressed. On the brim of the headpiece a moth had been pressed and dried unbeknown to the owner, who had used the hat only for steamer travel. When the work was finished the hat was returned, and even the moth had been cleaned, preserved and carefully ironed into its former hiding place.

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WHAT to READ

The Books of the Week

The Stevenson Letters *

AT LAST, after a generous foretaste in magazine installments, come the long expected and much desired Stevenson Letters To many, surely, this will be the book of the year. These epistles, with their explanatory links by the writer's dear friend and literary godfather, Sidney Colvin, offer a unique revelation of a master in modern literature. They furnish a biography of the most informal and hence fascinating kind

If it were only as documents supplementary to the study of contemporary social and literary history the letters would have a high value. Stevenson wrote familiarly to many people of importance—authors, artists, men and women of affairs and of society, and the two volumes therefore contain much material to which the future historian must infallibly turn for the sidelights often so illuminating to the student. For this reason alone these letters should have a permanent value. But of course to those of us who know and love this latter-day wizard of words, the supreme thing is the portrait of his own strong, winsome personality. And how delightfully that peeps out from between the lines of page after page! We are enabled to follow him in his wide wanderings; to keep a close watch (with loving anxiety) upon his ups and downs of health; to enjoy with the chief actor the Bohemian adventures through which, and largely by choice, his way of life led him, and to realize that whether in our own far West, among the Alps, on remote seas, or setting up his abode with dusky aliens on the other side of the globe, he was always Stevenson—the alluring, the brilliant, the deep-hearted, a very knight ready to ride a tilt for his Mistress Art, whose stainless white favor was never sullied by her champion. The Horatian line,

"Cœlum non animum, mutant qui trans mare currunt,"

—they change their skies, not their dispositions, who cross the seas—comes to mind here: Stevenson was Stevenson wherever his unrestful fate might bear him.

■

And then by what a careless, inimitable manner of speech these confessions are conveyed: Buffon's dictum, that the style's the man, was never better illustrated. Indeed, one hates to use the conventional term of the rhetorician concerning these offhand, intimate chats with divers friends, in all of which the whom of the man's soul stands revealed. Written with no thought of publication or literary effect, with a running pen and with a daring unconventionality due in part to this circumstance, but in part, as well, to the author's nature, they nevertheless, and for this very reason, deserve in their best examples to rank as literature along with his choicest of poem, story and essay. I would hazard the opinion that they must secure a high place among the masterpieces of letter-writing in English literature—one of its peculiarly attractive and noteworthy divisions. Not Walpole, nor Chesterfield, nor Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in the past, not Lamb nor Shelley, Scott nor Thackeray in later years, has left us a more precious legacy in the form of correspondence. The temptation to quote is almost irresistible, but must be sternly overcome in this case. To those who were already acquainted with the Vailima Letters the charm of the present volumes will come as no surprise; but where in the earlier book and in the selections printed in Scribner's Magazine we were allowed but tantalizing glimpses and prophecies of the good things in store, now we are permitted to range over what is practically the whole of this Scot's wonderful career as man and writer, and, as it were, to trace his struggle, his growth and splendid triumph in due sequence

In the last analysis it is the frank and full exposure of a noble character that makes us most thankful for these Letters. They enter into our thought as more than a contribution to biography or to literary history, as more than happy examples of mastery of the mother tongue: because they reflect clearly and winningly one of the most robust, honest souls of our time: a man in whom his Calvinist forbears still live and have their being, though genialized by much culture and broadened by much contact with men and things. There is *character* in the Letters, in the deep sense; and they may be read as one reads the musings of Amiel or the De Guérins, for the sake of the beautiful nature they all unconsciously mirror. —*Richard Burton.*

■

Of Life and Epitaphs *

UNDER the melancholy title, They that Walk in Darkness, Mr. Zangwill has given us some of his best and most significant work. The volume contains the Ghetto Tragedies, published in 1893, and a number of later stories that are no whit less tragic. All are well named, for through their murky atmosphere of squalor and infestivity we see life robbed of dignity and bloom; and the jocund world in which we love to play our cheerful parts grows suddenly hideous, burdened with ancient wrongs, and with tenacious superstitions that strangle joy

Three of these tales, Noah's Ark, Bethulah, and Satan Mekatrig, seem—to the Gentile mind, at least—incurably fantastic The rest are simple, serious and sincere Against one only, the Diary of a Meshumad, can be urged the reproach of dullness, and that is because, being a diary, it is prodigal of words; telling in fifty leisurely, long-drawn pages what could be better told in fifteen. Yet even this overflow is commendable on the score of veracity. A man who relieves his burdened mind by keeping a journal is not apt to be chary of his ink. Mr Zangwill knows this, as he knows many intricacies of human nature. He reveals them with a delicate yet unsparing hand in the first and beautiful story of a Jewish mother who carries her blind boy to Rome to be cured by the Pope—not that she believes in Christianity, but because she will leave no stone unturned; and in that masterly piece of cynicism called The Keeper of Conscience

This is the finest of the tales. Reading it, our own consciences cry out against us reproachfully for our unworthy sympathy with wrong. On the one side a shameless father, a foolish, fretful mother, a callous sister, a brother hopelessly and supremely selfish. On the other, a girl delicately organized, sensitive, high-minded, capable of heroic struggle and of lifelong devotion And yet—and yet! Who that has known the weariness of having his conscience kept by somebody else will refuse a meed of pity to the poor family, moulded out of coarsest clay, and forced into an alien atmosphere of honor and righteousness by the unswerving attitude of the youngest child? And who, at least, will not be a little sorry for Mrs. Brill, trying obediently to master the alphabet in middle age—as if there were not troubles enough ready-made in the world—and scampering headlong over obdurate sentences if she thinks Salvina is not listening? And when the end comes, and the poor girl dies because of the heaviness of her burden, who can wonder that father, mother, sister and brother feel their sorrow sensibly lightened by relief? "Underneath their feet lay the wormy dust that had once palpitated with truth and honor, that had kept the conscience of the household"; and a pompous granite memorial, erected by family affection—and Salvina's money—proclaims her virtues to

* Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Sidney Colvin, Editor. 2 vols *Charles Scribner's Sons*

* They that Walk in Darkness. By I. Zangwill. *The Macmillan Company*

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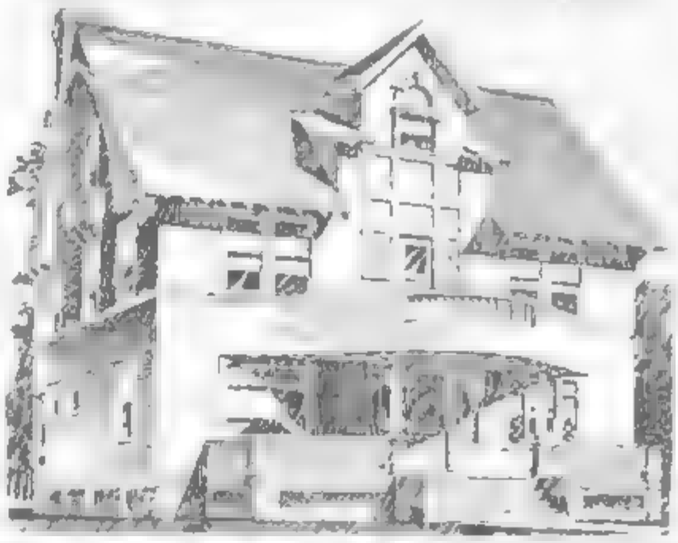

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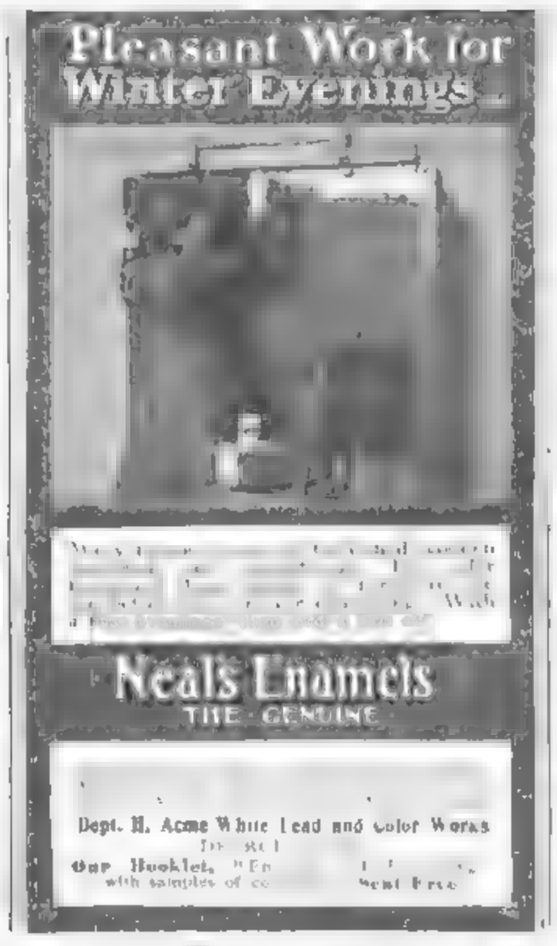

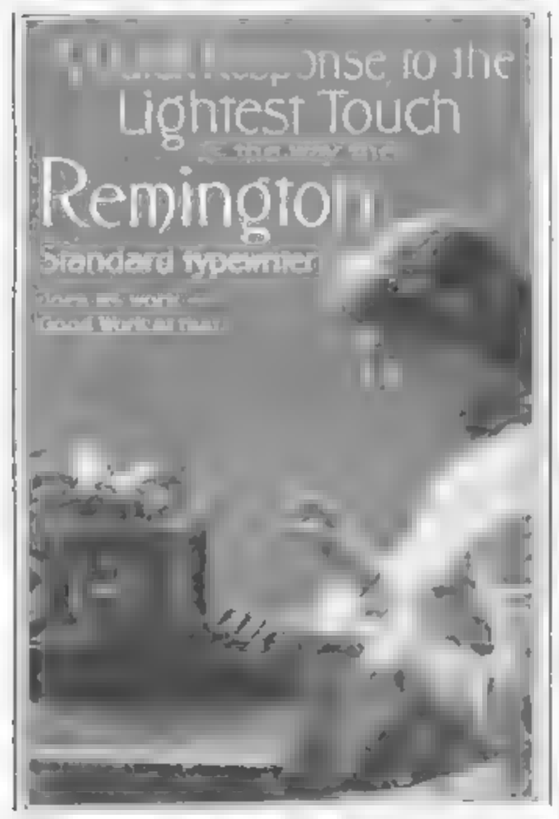

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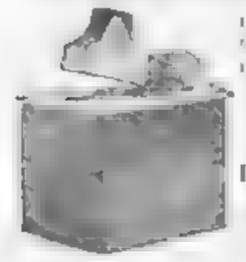

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the world. "Loved and lamented by all for her perfect goodness" is the inscription wrought upon the ornate tombstone; but that, as Mr. Brill sagaciously observes, never puts the whole truth on tombstones.

The Other Fellow*

AMONG the many volumes of short stories which the autumn has brought in its train is one by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith enigmatically entitled, The Other Fellow. There are nearly a dozen tales in the collection, and all have the same distinguishing characteristic—friendliness. The author writes himself broadly and genially on every page as one who loves his neighbor too well to quarrel with the weakness of humanity. Sometimes the "other fellow" is an attractive young convict, a character for whom most honest folk entertain a sneaking regard; sometimes a murderer—or at least a man hanged for murder, which is not necessarily the same thing; sometimes a slighted girl. In the two best and most convincing sketches he is a little orphan boy and a poor musician: the one just entering upon the hardships of life, the other plodding hopelessly through its [illegible]. These are not cheerful stories; but the book is in the main sturdily and buoyantly optimistic. A man who acknowledges an affection for Pullman porters, and who declares he has found them kind, courteous and "superior," is simply incapable of enmity. We can only wonder where and on what lines Mr. Hopkinson Smith has traveled to gain this delightful experience.

Optimism itself, however, is powerless to make good its case in The Man with the Empty Sleeve, a story sure to be read with enthusiasm by that large class of people who very sensibly prefer listening to agreeable compliments than to offensive truths. The *dramatis personæ* are passengers on board an ocean liner. One of them, a typical Anglomaniac of the kind so common in books and so rare in life, ventures to say that the citizens of the United States lack, as a rule, urbanity of manner. This assertion is [illegible] and [illegible] by the introduction into the tale of Mr. John Stedman, "the man with the empty sleeve," who has been for many years manager of the "Union Iron Works, of Parkington." Mr. Stedman's record is an honorable one. He has been a good worker, an honest manager, a brave man, a kind husband and father. He has twice [illegible] and he has refused to go to Congress [illegible] citizen of whom his country may [illegible] proud, and who embodies qualities which we believe to be essentially American. The Anglomaniac is crushed, and nobody appears to observe that the question at issue was not one of honesty, or courage, or kindness, but simply of manners. A man may possess the cardinal virtues; he may even keep out of Congress—and yet not be polite.

—*Agnes Repplier.*

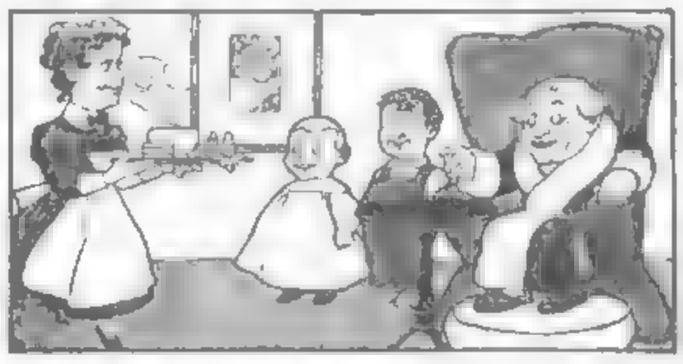
When Phil May Was Hungry

THAT the sketches of Phil May, of London Punch, are to be brought out in this country soon is welcome news to the lovers of the bright and cheerful incidents of everyday life. Mr. May was born in Leeds, England, and his father was an engineer, which, according to the artist, accounts for his own ignorance of mechanics. Part of his youth was spent in Australia, and he traveled through America many years ago making sketches for a London illustrated newspaper. For years his career has been both notable and prosperous. One evening at the Devonshire Club, in London, a New York friend was talking with him about his youth.

"You seem pretty well contented with the world. You haven't the appearance of a man who knows what unhappiness means."

"Haven't I?" responded the artist with his odd little chuckle. "Let me tell you a very short and very true little story. Not half a dozen blocks from where we are sitting I met a youngster one day with a big slice of bacon between two slices of bread in his hands. I was carrying a handsome walking-stick. The boy looked at my cane enviously, and I looked at his bacon hungrily. Our eyes met, and without speaking a word we swapped, and I needed the bread and bacon much more than he needed the cane."

*The Other Fellow. By F. Hopkinson Smith. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*



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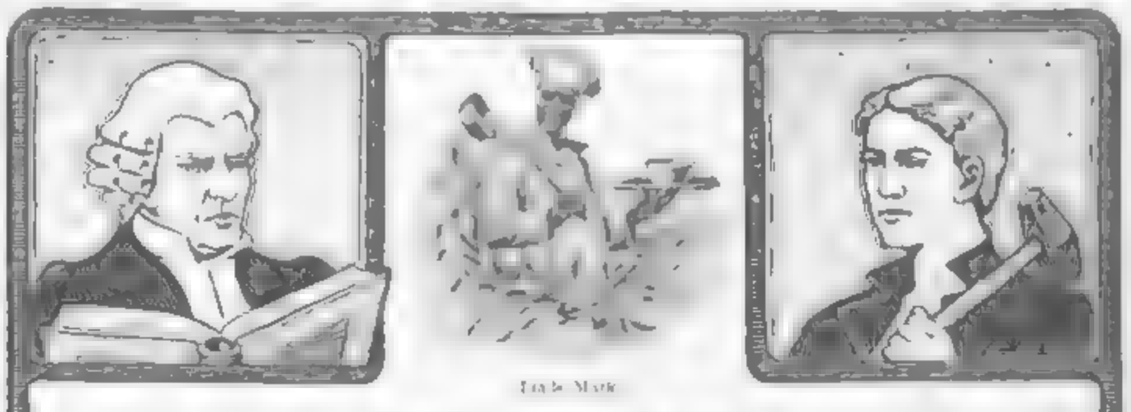

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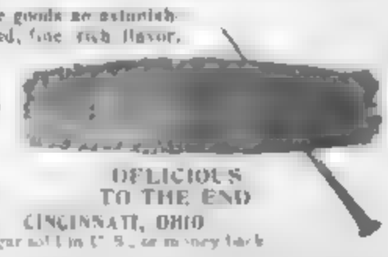

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WHY THE CONFEDERACY FAILED

(Continued from Page 549)

"Judge for yourself. You have the facts I could mention other circumstances, but these three stand out. As an old friend of mine used to say, they toot out like pot-legs.'

"But if you think Providence has a hand in the matter, why call yourself superstitious?" Flournoy inquired

"'Twas a convenient way of introducing what I had to say," replied McCarth

Silence fell on the two for a time. Finally McCarthy resumed the subject. "You say this document will enable the Confederates to win the day and put an end to the war?"

[illegible] Flournoy insisted; "I believe so sincerely. It embodies plans that cannot possibly be altered because the success of the Federals depends upon them, and it will enable General Lee and the Confederate authorities to checkmate every move made by our enemies on land from now on. Do you know that in the early spring Grant is to be given command of all the Federal forces? That is the least important information the document contains."

"A truly comprehensive paper," remarked McCarthy gravely. "It falls directly in the category of Lincoln, Manassas and the Merrimac, and we shall see what we shall see."

"You are certain the rest of the papers will reach Richmond safely?" Flournoy asked

"Those you turned over to the committee? As certain as that I am sitting here."

"Then let us place this other document with them," suggested Flournoy.

"If you think it best, certainly," said McCarthy with alacrity

Flournoy reflected a moment. "No; I'll carry out my first impulse," he declared. He rose and paced across the room [illegible] twice. Then he turned suddenly to McCarthy. "Shall we toss a penny?" he asked

"No! no!" cried the other, with a protesting gesture. "It is folly to match chance against Providence."

"Then the matter is settled," said Flournoy decisively.

"It was settled long ago," McCarthy remarked solemnly.

The Southern soldier looked hard at his companion, trying to find in his countenance an interpretation of his remark. But McCarthy's face was almost grim in its impassiveness.

He arose as Flournoy resumed his seat. "You will have your supper here, and your breakfast also. To-morrow morning you may be able to start on your journey. Do you go west or north? Ah, west; but it is a long way around. Did you ever try the Cumberland route? Omahundro would know which is the easiest."

"He advised the western route because I am familiar with it," explained Flournoy

McCarthy bowed, and in doing so became the head waiter again. The deferential smile flickered about his stern mouth, and then flared up as it were, changing all the lines of the face; and the straight and stalwart shoulders stooped forward a little so that humility might seat itself in the saddle

"I must be going about my duties, sir," he said. "I may call to bid you good-night. If I should not, may your dreams be pleasant." He bowed himself out, and Flournoy sat wondering at the fortunes of war and the curious demands of duty which had made a spy of him and a head waiter of Lawrence McCarthy. He mused over the matter until he fell asleep in his chair, where he nodded comfortably until a waiter touched him on the arm and informed him his supper was served

"Did you think I had company?" Flournoy asked. "You've brought enough for Company B of the Third Georgia"

"'Tis a sayin', sir, that travel sharpens the appetite," said the waiter, smiling brightly. Then, "The Third Georgia is Colonel Nisbet's ridgment; 'tis in Ranse Wright's brigade. To be sure, I know 'em well, sir. Should ye be goin' to Augusty [illegible] chance to see James Nagle, kindly tell him ye've seen Terence an' he's doin' well. He's me father, sir, an' he thinks I'm in Elmiry prison

"How did you get out? Did you take the oath?"

"Bless ye, sir, 'twas too strong for me stomach. I'll never tell ye, sir, whether I escaped by accident or design 'Twas this way, sir. I was in the hospital, sir, an' when I got stronger, Father Rafferty, seein' my need of trousers, brought me a pair of blue ones The next day he comes in a barouche along with an officer. He says to me, 'Terence, here's a coat to go with the trousers,' says he. 'Ye see the man drivin' the barouche?' says he 'Well,' says he, 'when I go inside, he'll fall down an' have a fit,' says he, 'an' do ye be ready,' he says, 'to hold the horses whiles I send out the doctor' he says Well, sir, 'twas like a theatre a [illegible]ent Down comes the man with a fit, [illegible] had one spasm he had forty. The horses were for edging away, sir, but I caught 'em an' held 'em. 'Take 'im inside' says the officer, 'an' 'tend to 'im,' he says, 'I do [illegible] me man,' he says to me, 'get up there an' [illegible] me back to quarters,' he says 'How about Father Rafferty?' I says. 'Oh, as for that,' he says, 'he'll be took with a fever if son Terence turns out to be a drivelin' idjut,' he says. I looked at 'im hard, sir, an' he looked at me. Says he, 'D—— ye, will ye drive on?' It was Captain McCarthy, sir."

Flournoy laughed, though he would have found it difficult to explain why. The reason doubtless was that such boldness and simplicity seemed so foreign to our complex civilization that they struck the note of incongruity. "He is a queer man," he remarked

Queer, sir?" said the waiter. "Oh, no, sir; not queer. He's simple as a little child He's a grand man, sir—nothin' less than that" There was no doubt of Terence Nagle's enthusiastic loyalty to his employer.

Supper was duly dispatched, the waiter enlivening the meal with many anecdotes of his own experience in the Confederate Army and in prison. Flournoy found that they had many acquaintances in common, and more than once when Terence was for returning to the dining room the guest found various excuses for detaining him

But he went at last, after replenishing the fire, and Captain Flournoy sat long before it, wondering over the chain of circumstances by which he had been dragged, rather than led, into his present position. He took no thought of time, and was surprised when he heard a clock in a distant room strike eleven. By the time the sound had died away a gentle tap at the door attracted his attention, and, following his invitation, Terence Nagle came in bearing a waiter on which was a bowl, a silver ladle and three glasses. In another moment the head waiter came in. He had doffed his evening dress, the badge of his position, and with it dropped the air and manner he assumed in the dining room. He was now himself, the educated Irishman, a fine specimen of a class that can be matched in few of the nations of the earth

[illegible] he asked when, [illegible] gesture, he seated himself

[illegible] replied the Southerner, "it is Christmas Eve"

"And hard upon Christmas," said McCarthy. "I hope that our Lord who is risen will have mercy upon us all, and help us to carry out all our plans that are not contrary to His own

"Amen!" responded Flournoy. It was like grace before meat, only simpler and less formal.

"Remembering the day, and the custom we have at the South," McCarthy explained, "I have taken the liberty of brewing you a bowl of nog. 'Twill be a reminder of old times, if nothing else"

Flournoy's face brightened. "My friend, you seem to think of everything," he declared. "The very flavor of it will carry me straight home

"'Twas no thought of mine. I have a little lass who comes to fetch me my toggery in the afternoons I was telling her of the Southern gentleman so far from home, and her eyes filled with tears, and says she, 'Dada, darling, why not make the gentleman a bowl of nog for his Christmas gift?' It is wonderful how thoughtful the womenfolk are, and how tender hearted. I'll fill your glass, [illegible]" insisted Flournoy.

"To be sure," cried McCarthy, "and one for my lieutenant, Terence Nagle. See the lad blush! You'd think he was a girl by the way he reddens Yet with half a dozen men like him I could meet a company of regulars."

"He's overdoin' it, sir!" Terence protested, "he's overdoin' it" The lad was so overcome he dropped a glass on the floor, but the carpet saved it

"Were you ever drunk?" McCarthy asked, after they had made away with the nog. The inquiry was bluntly put, and Flournoy looked hard at his companion.

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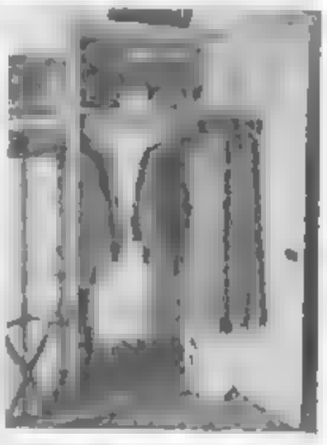

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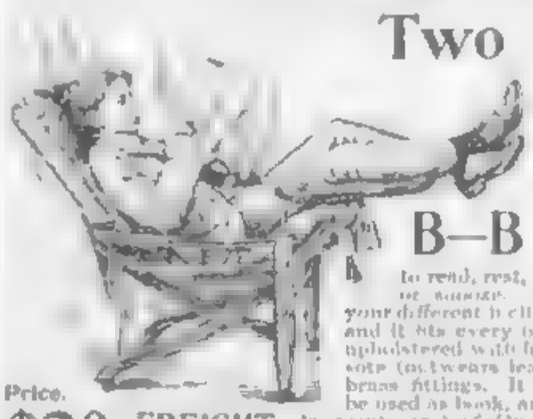

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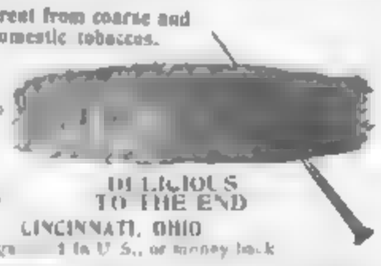

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"Yes, once when I was a youngster of fourteen. It was at a corn-shucking," he replied.

"Well, recall your feelings and actions if you can. To-morrow morning you must not only be drunk—you must be very drunk."

"I don't understand," said Flournoy.

"To-morrow morning a cabman will be waiting for a fare on the other side of the street, opposite this window. The blinds must be opened early, but some one will attend to that. If the sun is shining the cabman will take out his watch. The hour will be anywhere from nine to ten. The sun will shine on the face of his watch, and the reflection will be thrown on the wall of your room. If the sun is obscured, you will hear a policeman's rattle. Then your spree must begin. And make it a jolly one. Here is a small pistol loaded with blank cartridges. Use it at your discretion. At the head of the stairs you will fall into the arms of a big policeman, who will be joined by another. Take no offense if they hustle you. A bruise or two won't hurt you. It is all for the good of the cause."

"But——"

"It's our only chance. I can see that you have a temper; don't lose it with our friends, the policemen. They will have a very critical crowd to play to, and must play as if they meant business. I must bid you good-night."

"One moment," said Flournoy. He drew from his pocket a five-dollar gold piece and laid it on the table.

McCarthy drew back, his face flushing. "What is that for?" he asked sternly.

"It is a Christmas gift for your daughter."

"For Nora!" cried the other; "why, she'll be the happiest lass in the town!" His eyes sparkled and his whole manner changed. "This must be my real good-night," he went on. "I have work to do and you will need rest." He went out, followed by Terence.

Captain Flournoy was up betimes, his plantation habits following him wherever he went. But he was not a man on whose hands time hung heavily. Just now one of his windows commanded a view of about twenty feet of Broadway, and he watched, with more interest than usual, the fluctuating stream of humanity that flowed through it. When he grew tired of that panorama, he had his own thoughts for company, and the thoughts that are bred by a cheerful disposition are the best of companions. And then he had in his pocket a copy of Virgil. Under such circumstances only a man with a bad conscience could be either lonely or gloomy.

Presently his breakfast came, and by the time Terence had cleared away the fragments nine o'clock had struck, and the sky, which had been overcast in the early morning hours, was clear. At nine, too, a closed cab came leisurely from the direction of Washington Square and took up its position in the side street opposite the ladies' entrance of the hotel. From behind the curtains Flournoy watched the driver closely, and never once did the man give so much as a side glance at the upper windows of the hotel. His curiosity seemed to be dead. For a while he read a newspaper, nor did he cease from reading when a man, passing quickly by, pitched a small valise into the cab. But presently the paper palled on him, and he folded it neatly and tucked it away under the cushion. Then he looked at the sun, and, as if to verify the time of day, pulled out his watch and sprung the case open. The reflection from the crystal, or from the burnished case, flashed through Flournoy's window, and danced upon the wall, once, twice, thrice.

Now was the time to act, and act promptly, but Flournoy paused and drew a long breath. The whole business seemed to be child's play. He seized his overcoat by one sleeve, slung it over his shoulder, threw open the door, gave a fox-hunter's view-halloo—the same that is called the "rebel yell"—fired two blank cartridges, and went staggering blindly along the corridor, crying, "There 'e goes! there 'e goes! I'll shoot 'im. Out o' the way an' lemme shoot 'im!"

At the head of the stairs a policeman loomed up as big as a giant. "Come out o' this, ye maunderin' divil!" he cried. "They tell me ye've been kapin' the house awake the livelong night. Be aisy, or I'll twist yure dommed neck, ye dribblin' idjit!"

"Fling 'im down to me, Tim, while I whale the jimmies out av 'im. 'Tis the second time the howlin' divil has broke loose the fortnight." This from the policeman at the foot of the stairs.

Now, while these policemen were talking, they were also acting. They cuffed Flournoy about between them, and knocked and dragged and bundled him along with a zeal that was almost unbearable. By the time they reached the sidewalk he was limp and exhausted, but he did not fail to notice that Terence Nagle was prominent in the considerable crowd collected there.

"Take 'im to the hospital, Tim; 'tis the only way to clear the jimmies from his head."

"The hospital!" cried Terence Nagle; "an' if he was a poor man, he'd be hauled to the station an' be left there!"

"Aint it the truth!" exclaimed a keen-faced, shabby-looking man.

"Cheese it!" cried the policeman who had been left behind; "cheese it an' move on, ivery livin' sowl av ye!"

By this time the cab was rattling away up Fifth Avenue. "You fellows have heavy hands," said Flournoy to his companion when he had pulled himself together.

"Faith we had to limber ye up, Cap. Why, ye don't know the A B C av a jag. Whin ye landed me one in the jaw, I says to meself, 'Bedad, av he goes down hittin' straight an' hard like this, he'll be nabbed be thim keenies at the dure,' says I, an' I tipped the wink to Moike an' we doubled ye up same ez jinin' the Improved Order av Red Min, sorr. All we needed to give the job reg'larity, sorr, was the pile-driver."

At Fortieth Street the cab halted, the policeman shook hands with Flournoy and got out, and in a very short time thereafter the latter found himself at the passenger station of the New York Central. He descended from the cab, and was about to pay the fare when the cabman lifted his hat with "Good luck to you, sir," touched up his horse and went whirling away.

Two weeks afterward, Captain Flournoy, with a companion, a scout who knew the country well, was feeling his way southward through West Virginia. They had good horses, but traveled mainly at night. As they drew near the Virginia line, Flournoy's uneasiness became perceptible. The important document he carried became a burden almost intolerable to him, whereas the scout, one James Kirkpatrick, grew gayer and gayer with each passing hour. While Flournoy was riding gloomily along, Kirkpatrick was whistling or singing softly all the lilting tunes he knew. One night, in a heavily wooded valley, the wayfarers scented danger. They heard a horse whinneying, the clinking of spurs, and the rattling of sabres or carbines.

"It's the Yanks," said Kirkpatrick.

"You know this country, you say?" queried Flournoy.

"Like a book," replied the other.

"Well, here is a paper as important to the Confederacy as Lee's army. Stow it in an inner pocket, and if anything should happen to me, do you ride right on to Richmond. You have the fate of your country in your hands."

"Phew!" whistled Kirkpatrick softly.

Instantly a voice cried "Halt!"

"Do you save yourself," said Flournoy, and spurred forward, while Kirkpatrick turned to the left, struck a footpath, and went clattering away in the gloom. Captain Flournoy spurred forward and found himself in the arms of the Confederate videttes. In a moment he heard shots as of skirmishers firing and falling back. In the distance they heard the drums beating to arms.

"Your friend has stampeded a whole Yankee brigade," remarked one of the videttes.

But this was a mistake. Kirkpatrick was lying dead not a mile away, killed by a stray bullet. It was his horse running wild that disturbed the Federal camp.

Next morning the Federals advanced, feeling their way cautiously. One of their skirmishers, a German, found Kirkpatrick stark and stiff. He appropriated the dead man's overcoat, searched his pockets for valuables, and found the document that was to decide the fate of the Confederacy. He looked at it critically, crumpled it in his hand and made as if to throw it away. A second thought caused him to cram it in one of his pockets, where it remained until he needed something with which to light his pipe.

On the fourth of the following March Grant was made General-in-Chief of the land forces of the United States, and the program set forth in the paper—Grant's move on Virginia and Sherman's march to the sea—was promptly begun and carried out.

(THE END)

A Thirty-Day
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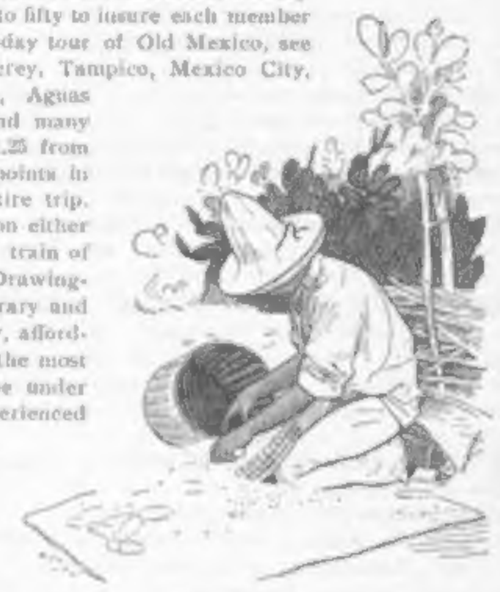
February 14, 1900—9.00 P. M.
Second Tour leaves TOLEDO
February 28, 1900—5.00 P. M.



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E. H. BEACH, Editor.

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We guarantee flavor equal to any imported cigar sold in U. S., or money back.

CHRISTMAS BOXES

(Concluded from Page 532)

KITTY (*icily*): Mr. Sylvester is *informed* that the flannel bandage *he* is flourishing was knitted for Granny Oldsmith, who at this moment is perhaps wiping her respectable nose on his handkerchiefs—and I am glad of it. (*Marches off to left of stage, followed by* SYLVESTER, *who vainly implores her pardon.*)

LAURA: And a certain gold pencil now adorns the pocket of Daddy Solomon. I am glad of it. (*Walks off to right of stage.* LAMBERTON *follows.*)

LAM.: Laura—Miss Maxwell, I am a fool, a brute. If you will only look at me I'll—I'll wear Solomon's nightcap the rest of my life. (*Goes down on knees.*)

KITTY: I think you said you were going, Mr. Sylvester. Good-night. (*Sweeping curtsy.*) I trust you will catch your train.

SYL. (*goes down on knees*): Kitty, I implore you!

NORA (*in background to* DENNIS): Now, thin, ye blunderin' Oirishman, see phwat ye've done! Shure an' couldn't ye rade, ye spalpeen? An' didn't yer harrt tell ye which av thim boxes was love-boxes an' which was charity! Don't open yer desavin' lips, Dennis McShane. I'm done wid ye. Go an' fade pigs in Oirland. I'll never spake to ye ag'in.

DENNIS: But, Nora, me darlin'. (*Goes down on knees.*)

(*Enter* MARY *L unperceived.*)

LAURA to LAM.: Cousin Mary is right. Man is a loathsome, detestable creature. I am done with man from this time henceforth and forever. I will follow Cousin Mary's example.

KITTY (*tearfully*): I will never l–look at a man again.

NORA: Desateful craythurs is min. An' Oirishmin in particular. An' County Cork Oirishmin in special. An' Dennis McShane's the desatefullest, lyinest av all. I'll follow Miss Mary's example. (*Tossing her head.*)

MARY (*advancing*): What is all this about? Quarreling, all of you? (*Men scramble to feet.*) For shame! For shame!

LAURA: But, Cousin Mary, if you only knew.

KITTY: If you only had the least idea, Cousin Mary!

LAM.: Let *me* explain, Miss Redmond!

SYL.: Just a word, Miss Redmond!

DENNIS: Och, Miss, an' Nora's tratin' me awful!

NORA: Hould yer tongue, ye thafe!

MARY (*waving them all back*): Listen to *me*, all of you. I do not know what you have been quarreling about. I do not wish to know. But I do want you all to take heed to what I am about to say. (*Solemnly.*) For a trifle, for the sake of some foolish difference not even worth remembering, just one year ago to-night, I killed my own happiness and that of one who was dearer to me than life itself. I charge you all to take warning by my suffering, and put aside the egotism and selfishness which I know but too well are the ground of most differences between friends and lovers. (*All look at each other relenting.* MARY *advances to centre of group.*) And I wish also to tell you—— (*She stops abruptly, turning a little and lifting a hand to enjoin silence. A voice in the distance outside draws nearer and nearer singing:*

"Home again! Home again!
From a foreign shore!"

MARY *clasps her hands and stands still, trembling. The door L C opens and* ARTHUR POWELL *appears on the threshold. He wears the uniform of a Lieutenant U. S. A. His arm is in a sling. He stands silent a moment, then comes forward slowly, as if seeing no one but* MARY.)

ARTHUR (*with outstretched hands*): Mary! (*Drawing nearer.*) Forgive me! But you have already forgiven me, I know. For you have put the light in the window. (*Takes her hand in his.*) I have come across the world to see that light, Mary!

MARY (*overcome*): Oh, Arthur! Forgive *me!*

ARTHUR: I have crossed the world to see that star in your window. But I must warn you, Mary, that had your window been as dark as Erebus I should still have come in, vow or no vow! But it *was* glorious to find my star shining out once more into the night! How did you know I was coming?

MARY: It *is* your star, Arthur. But—I did not know you were coming. I did not put the light there for you this time. I thought you were at the other side of the world!

ARTHUR (*drops her hand and steps back*): Not for me? For some one else? Then (*bitterly*) I have indeed come on a fool's errand. (*Turns away.*)

MARY (*laying her hand on his arm*): I dared not hope that you would ever forgive me or that I should ever see you again. I placed the star in the window (*solemnly*) in token of memory, of peace and good will, of my own repentance, of love——

ARTHUR (*joyously*): Then it *is* my star. (*Seizing her hands.*) And I am indeed home again! (*Turns and sees others for the first time.*) Why, boys! Paul! Jim! How came you here? (*Shakes hands and is presented to* LAURA *and* KITTY.)

MARY: These are my wards, Arthur. They are very good, *obedient* little girls (*meaningly*). They were just on the point of pledging themselves to follow my better example in certain matters.

LAM. (*to* LAURA): Am I forgiven?

LAURA (*giving him her hand*): I shall follow Cousin Mary's example—if you will follow Arthur's.

LAM.: Done!

KITTY (*to* SYLVESTER): I will follow Cousin Mary's example provided——

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ALL: Home again!

CURTAIN

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not know you were coming. I did not put the light there for you this time. I thought you were at the other side of the world!

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ALL: Home again!

CURTAIN

Mr. Hearn's Defective Education

LAFCADIO HEARN, the writer and traveler who recently took a chair in the University of Tokyo, is the first American citizen to become a Japanese. When he first went to Japan he was much amused and pleased at the queer customs. He had an enjoyable time in the beautiful country, and was received everywhere with the exquisite courtesy for which the Japanese are famous. The natives soon found that he was a literary man, and in consequence treated him in the odd but pleasant ways so often described by Sir Edwin Arnold.

An author of distinction in the far East usually holds some high office which invests him with an authority unknown to the Western world.

The honor carries with it peculiar burdens and responsibilities, one of which is the necessity of writing artistically. Nearly every native in the world of letters possesses a chirography equal to copperplate. Upon one occasion, before he was familiar with the Japanese language, some persons who were entertaining Mr. Hearn noticed some sheets of paper he had with him on which he had scribbled memoranda.

They looked at the manuscript with great respect and thanked him for the privilege. His pride received a certain fall, however, when the interpreter told him that the chief visitor had said:

"He must have great personal popularity at home that they did not send him to writing-school before they sent him abroad."

The Undoing of a Tramp

H. PHELPS WHITMARSH, the author of The World's Rough Hand, rather gloried in his title of the nineteenth century tramp. He has walked all over Australia and even South Africa. He was sent to Havana by a publishing house some time ago to write sketches of adventure and to report on the prisons and prisoners. After much trouble a pass was secured from General Ludlow, largely upon his reputation as an all-around-the-world tramp.

An American soldier and a correspondent were delegated to look after him, and they determined to have a joke on him, so they took him to Morro Castle and Cabanas Prison by the roughest and rockiest roundabout way they could find.

They kept him circling around and around the roads in the hot sun just as long as they dared, and before they got him to his destination he was on the point of fainting, and had to give up.

At the next town Mr. Whitmarsh modestly requested that his reputation as a tramp be forgotten. Then the joke was told and he joined in the general laughter.

He is at present tramping through the Philippines, and something unique and stirring may be expected as a result.

The Oldest Paper in America
FOUNDED A. D. 1728
By Benjamin Franklin

FOR 1900
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE BEST WEEKLY Magazine Published
Price 5c. the Copy
***$2.50** the Year*

Offers attractions that will commend it to all who appreciate the best in periodical literature. The Post's staff of contributors includes not only the old favorites, but also the younger writers who are coming into popular favor. The fiction that appears in the Post is chosen for its strong, wholesome story-interest quite as much as for its purely literary excellence. It is the best work of the best authors.

The New Year will bring some wonderful changes in the magazine: the double numbers of the Post have been so immensely popular, and have had such a wide sale, that in the near future the magazine will be permanently enlarged to thirty-two pages, with a handsome colored cover—every number will be a "double number." Photographic supplements and other special features will have a share in making the Post the best and the most widely-read weekly magazine in America.

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT IT

SERIAL STORIES

• • •

Three Men on a Bicycle

The author of Three Men in a Boat and The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow has just completed a series of irresistibly funny stories, which will appear in the Post, beginning January 6. This series is as deliciously humorous as Three Men in a Boat, and it promises to have as great a vogue as the author's former great success. Each of the parts may be read with enjoyment, independently.

By JEROME K. JEROME

Hall Caine's New Story

Hall Caine has written for the Post a characteristic story of great strength. It deals with phases of life with which the author is thoroughly familiar and shows him at his best. The story will be in three parts.

By HALL CAINE

Gilbert Parker's Short Serial

Gilbert Parker, who has done for the Northwest what Mr. Kipling has done for India, will contribute a short, but very powerful, serial, dealing with the trappers, traders, Indians and half-breeds of the land of Pierre and his People. This story has all the fascinating interest of the author's best work.

By GILBERT PARKER

A Romance of Paul Jones

Cyrus Townsend Brady's splendid historical serial, For the Freedom of the Sea, has met with such great favor in every quarter, and so many letters have been received asking for another serial by the same author, that arrangements have been made for publishing Doctor Brady's new Revolutionary romance, Paul Jones. Though not the hero of the story, the dauntless Captain of the Bonhomme Richard is one of its principal characters. Paul Jones is a rattling story of adventure, and one of the most exciting ever written against the War of the Revolution as a background. The love interest is powerful throughout, and the story is brought to a most unexpected and dramatic conclusion.

By C. T. BRADY

• • •

For the Women Folk

The wife of a member of the National Government, herself a brilliant writer, will tell how she got into Washington society, how the new life impresses her, what she is doing to advance her husband's interests, and how women take part in national affairs.

The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

Women in English Politics

An interesting article about English political campaigns, and the work done for the candidates by their wives.

By JUSTIN McCARTHY, M. P.

The "Great" Houses of New York

A New York society woman tells how they are managed, how the corps of servants is organized, how large dinners are managed, and how the business of the household is carried on.

By MRS. BURTON HARRISON

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

The author of Soldiers of Fortune, Van Bibber, etc., etc., has written for one of the January numbers of the Post an exceptionally clever story, which has all the indefinable charm of manner and distinction of style for which this author is noted. This story will be superbly illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy, who has proved such a worthy successor to Mr. Gibson in his treatment of Mr. Davis' text.

La Lettre d'Amour

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

This brilliant Southern writer will tell in the Post some remarkable stories —true stories—of war-time adventures in the sixties. One of these will be a sequel to Why the Confederacy Failed. Another will give the inside history of the plot to assassinate President Lincoln and the miscarrying of the plans to warn him. Mr. Harris has other stories in preparation.

Among other writers whose stories appear in the POST are:

RUDYARD KIPLING	STANLEY WATERLOO	HAYDEN CARRUTH
BRET HARTE	ROBERT W. CHAMBERS	PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR
STEPHEN CRANE	VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN	IAN MACLAREN
GENERAL CHARLES KING	OCTAVE THANET	JEROME K. JEROME
MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL	WILL ALLEN WHITE	ROBERT BARR
HALL CAINE	F. HOPKINSON SMITH	E. NESBIT
MORGAN ROBERTSON	JOHN LUTHER LONG	CHARLES M. FLANDRAU
VANCE THOMPSON	ROBERT HERRICK	MAARTEN MAARTENS
CUTCLIFFE HYNE	SARAH GRAND	W. A. FRASER
GILBERT PARKER	H. PHELPS WHITMARSH	FLORENCE M. KINGSLEY

THOMAS BRACKETT REED

Mr. Reed's next article, Crises in Congress, pictures the House of Representatives at some of the most critical times through which the country has passed. This is the fourth article in the notable series that the Hon. T. B. Reed is writing for the Post. Mr. Reed speaks as one in authority and his papers form a most important contribution to the discussion of the vital phases of American life. The former Speaker of the National House is known from Maine to Manila, and his articles are exciting comment wherever our flag flies.

Crises in Congress

For One Dollar we will send THE SATURDAY EVENING POST to any address *every week* for five months, and also a copy of the first number of the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, date of 1728; also a unique little booklet, daintily illustrated, telling the most interesting and wonderful story of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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GENERAL ARTICLES

• • •

Letters from Celebrities

Letters from Bill Nye, which appear in this number of the Post, are the first of a most entertaining series. For thirty-five years Major James B. Pond has been the foremost lecture manager in America. During that time he has managed practically all of the famous men who have spoken from American platforms. Most of these have been his warm personal friends and have written to him familiarly and charmingly. Among Major Pond's correspondents were: Horace Greeley, H. M. Stanley, Ian Maclaren, Henry Ward Beecher, F. Marion Crawford, Mark Twain, Wendell Phillips, John B. Gough and Sir Edwin Arnold. Many of their letters will be printed in the Post, with entertaining reminiscences and personal anecdotes.

By MAJOR JAMES B. POND

Chances for Young Men

Mr. Frank G. Carpenter, the correspondent, is now in the Orient gathering material for a series of trustworthy papers on the chances for young Americans in Hawaii, the Philippines, China and Japan. He will devote an article to the opportunities afforded in each of these places.

The Making of a Railroad Man

This is a series of practical papers, enlivened by personal anecdotes, upon the greatest business of the country. Among the contributors are such men as President Ripley, of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, and General Manager Harahan, of the Illinois Central Railroad.

How Presidents are Made

A series of papers of permanent value, by Col. A. K. McClure, the veteran journalist and the staunch friend of Abraham Lincoln. These articles consist of personal recollections of the most famous Presidential campaigns and conventions of the last fifty years.

By COL. A. K. McCLURE

The Humorous Side of Politics

One of a series of brilliant papers on political life at Washington.

By Ex-SENATOR INGALLS

The Argonauts of '49

A reminiscent paper on the life of the gold seekers, plainsmen and pioneers of California in the old days.

By BRET HARTE

• • •

These are but a few of several hundred live, interesting and informing general articles that will appear in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST during 1900.

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A new-born year is wafted to our shore;
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A century's dawn breaks on the world once more.

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